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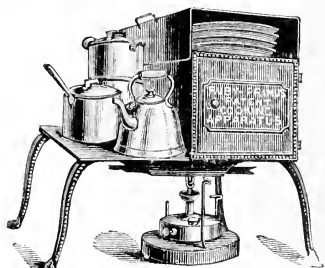
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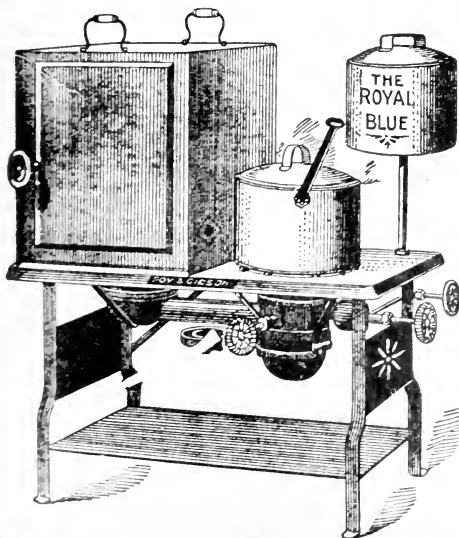
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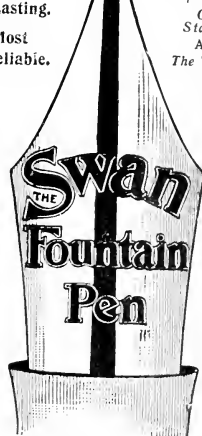
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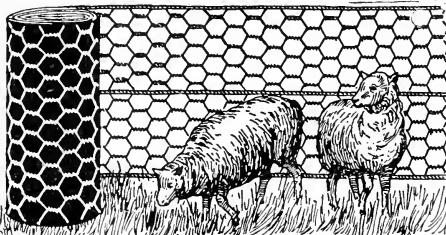
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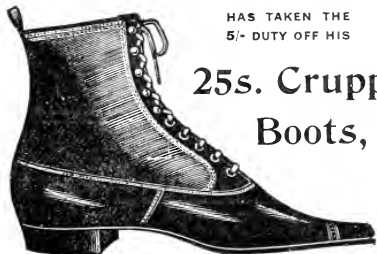
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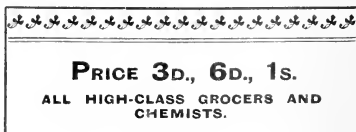
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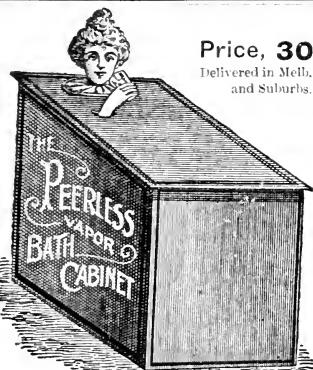
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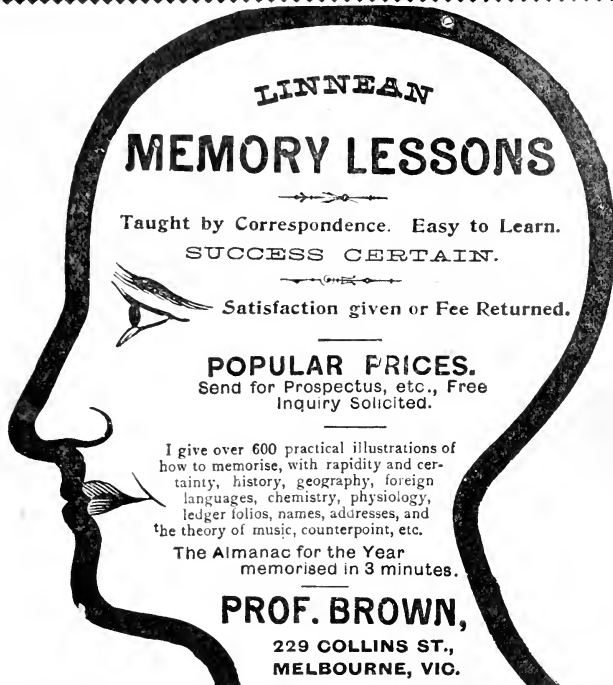
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Dear Sir,—I have pleasure in giving my testimony as to the good quality and curing power of Webber's VITADATIO. Some four years ago I was taken ill. One doctor said it was typhoid fever. I was in bed some three weeks, then got weaker and weaker, until I went to another doctor, who said that it was intercurrent phthisis (what people know as consumption) and ordered me to Echuca at once. I went to Echuca, stayed there five or six weeks, and came home again. About three weeks after coming home I had hemorrhage come on. I laid up and thought I was getting round again, when it came on again (after an interval of six months). Then they got oftener and oftener until they were coming on every month. The doctor (the third one) told me at the finish he could do no more. On the afternoon of the day he told me, one of the Vitadatio pamphlets was pushed under my front door, my boy brought it to me, and on reading of a similar case to my own as having been cured, I said I would try some. I sent down for a bottle at once, and commenced to take it. At this time I was laid up with the worst turn of the hemorrhage that I had had. The bleeding began to stop, and I did not

have another turn for nearly twelve months. I then had a slight attack, but it did not last one day. I thought I would go and see Mr. Palmer and tell him I did so. He told me to take another bottle or so, and that possibly that would be the last I would see of the hemorrhage. I did as he said, and have not seen a sign of bleeding since (nearly three years).

(Signed) ALFRED JACKSON.

Full address on application to Vitadatio Institute, 184 Pitt-street, Sydney.

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192 Elizabeth-street, North Richmond.
Melbourne, April 22, 1901.

MR. S. A. PALMER,

Dear Sir,—It affords me very great pleasure to let you know what Webber's VITADATIO has done for me. Two years ago last January I was brought home to my wife very ill; a very peculiar feeling came over me, which caused me to become quite helpless. My wife sent for a doctor; he ordered me to be painted with iodine. This was done for seven weeks, and he (the doctor) then ordered me to the Alfred Hospital. After being there for two months, the doctor sent me home, stating that I was too weak to go under an operation, and said that I must go for a trip in the country. I did so, and returned home slightly better; but after a few days I became much worse with pneumonia, and after suffering six months between life and death, it was decided that I should go to the Sanatorium for Consumptives at Echuca. My wife interviewed the lady secretary of the Sanatorium, stationed at Kew, and after examination by the doctors they pronounced me a fit patient for that institution, as I was full of consumption, but that I could not get in for a fortnight, as there would not be a vacant bed till then. At this time, Mr. Campbell, grocer and wood and coal merchant, of Vere and Nicholson streets, Abbotsford, and now of Fairfield, urged me very strongly to try Vitadatio, which I did. The first bottle upset me very much, but by the time I had finished the second bottle I was able to get out of bed, and on taking the third bottle I felt so improved that I decided not to go to the Echuca Sanatorium. My wife took that message to the secretary to that effect. I continued with Vitadatio, and after taking nine bottles I was able to go to work, so I called on Mr. Wallbridge, carrier, Lincoln-street, North Richmond (my last employer) and started at once, and have been there ever since. I do very heavy work delivering coal.—Yours faithfully,

THOMAS O. RUDDOCK.

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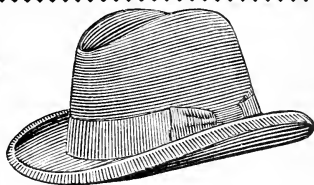
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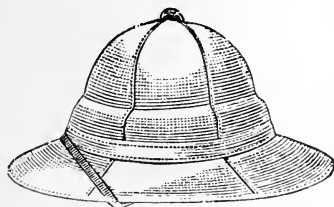
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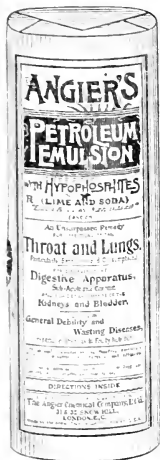
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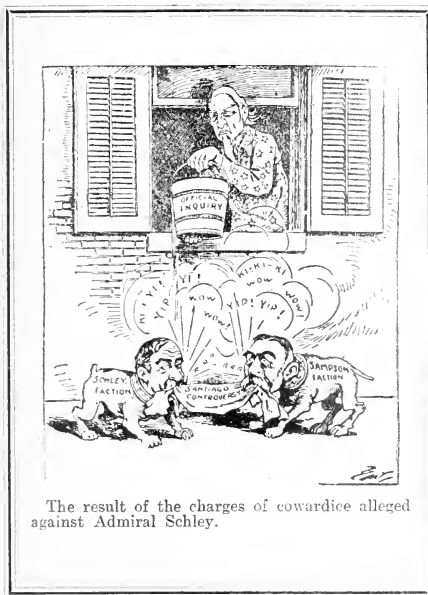
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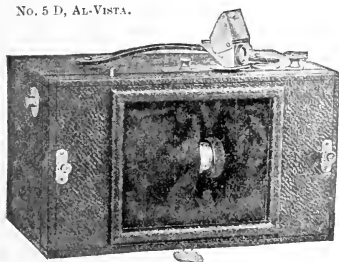
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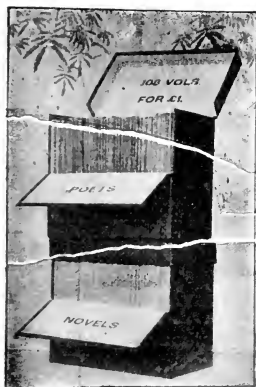
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I.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
 By the Nine Gods he swore
 That the great house of Tarquin
 Should suffer wrong no more.
 By the Nine Gods he swore it,
 And named a trysting day,
 And bade his messengers ride forth,
 East and west and south and north,
 To summon his array.

II.

East and west and south and north
 The messengers ride fast,
 And tower and town and cottage
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.
 Shame on the false Etruscan
 Who lingers in his home,
 When Porsena of Clusium
 Is on the march for Rome.

III.

The horsemen and the footmen
 Are pouring in amain
 From many a stately market-place;
 From many a fruitful plain;
 From many a lonely hamlet,
 Which, hid by beach and pine,
 Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the
 crest
 Of purple Apennine;

IV.

From lordly Volaterræ,
 Where scowls the far-famed hold
 Piled by the hands of giants
 For godlike kings of old;
 From seagirt Populonia,
 Whose sentinels descry
 Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
 Fringing the southern sky;

* The legend of Horatius Cocles, as told by Livy, is briefly this. Two hundred and forty-five years after the founding of Rome, and two years after the expulsion of the Tarquins, Lars Porsena of Clusium rallied the Etruscan tribes for an attack upon Rome. The citizens, overwhelmed by the overpowering number of their foes, fell back upon the city. Janiculum, which defended the approaches of the bridge crossing the Tiber, was taken. The order was then given to destroy the bridge. This work required time, and in order to check the advance of the enemy three illustrious Romans, Horatius Cocles, Spurius Lartius and Herminius, undertook to hold the bridge. This task they achieved, performing prodigies of valour. As the bridge was reeling to its fall, Spurius Lartius and Herminius darted back and reached the other side in safety, leaving Horatius Cocles, the Captain of the Gate, alone. He flung himself into the swollen Tiber and swam safely across its turbid flood. The ultimate result of the war is in dispute, but the Tarquins were not restored.

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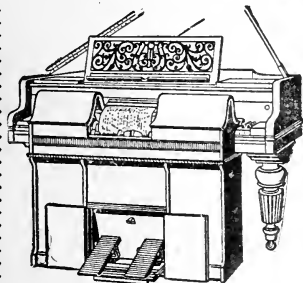
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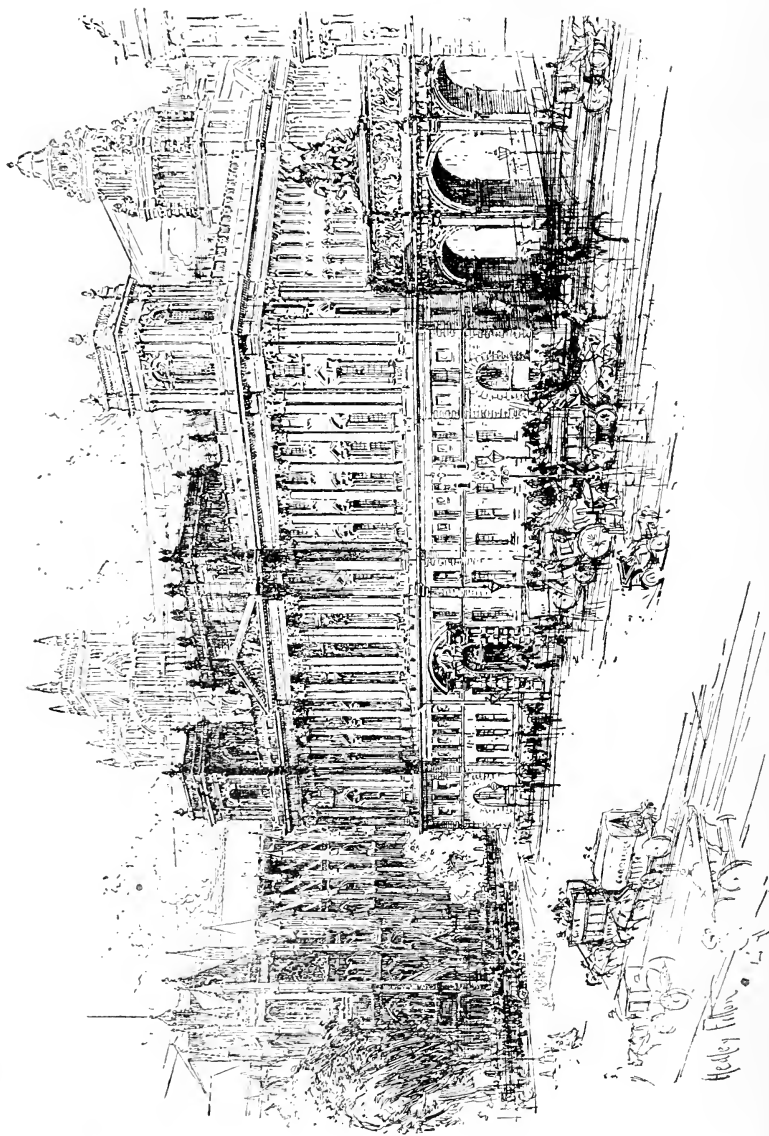
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TEN YEARS HENCE: NEW GOVERNMENT OFFICES NEAR WESTMINSTER.

From a drawing by Hedley Fitton in the "Pall Mall Magazine."

(See page 361.)

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

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THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

Two Speakers

On October 8, Sir George Turner expounded to the House of Representatives the first Federal budget, and Mr. Kingston followed immediately with the first Federal tariff. Two more unlike orators can scarcely be imagined. Sir George Turner talks with the soothing accent of a family solicitor expounding a will to a group of expectant heirs. He has the art, too, of taking the line of least resistance. Unpleasant themes are judiciously minimised or ignored; points as to which everyone is agreed are emphasised. Mr. Kingston inverts these methods. His speech consists of a series of rhetorical explosions. The speech which introduced the tariff—to vary the figure—was the performance of the proverbial Irishman dragging his coat-tails on the earth before a hostile faction and inviting them in warlike tones to tread on it. Like Milton's Moloch, Mr. Kingston's sentence is always for open war. "We know what our views are," was his agreeable opening remark to the Opposition benches: "we are here; and a majority is here; and if there is any doubt about the question and the way in which Australia has spoken on the Barton fiscal policy, let it be settled at once." Mr. Kingston probably cares more for the fight than he does for the victory. He would probably have been a profoundly disgusted man if the tariff had been accepted without the preface of a general melee. As it happens, the tariff has temporarily turned the whole community into one vast debating chamber, with every newspaper in the land as a sounding-board.

The Budget

Sir George Turner has usually a gift for luminous exposition; but somehow it appeared to fail him when delivering what must be—the first syllable in Federal arithmetic—always memorable, the first Federal budget. Like Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," "he is the first that ever burst into that silent sea." Sir George had no inherited statistics; he had an arithmetical tangle consisting of the finances of six States to deal with; and perhaps no more complex bit of arithmetic ever perplexed a State treasurer. Sir George, however, has that useful and almost extinct virtue in politics, frugality. He was able to assure the House that the original estimate of the cost of the Federal Government (£300,000) will not be exceeded; that there will be a modest surplus on the Commonwealth revenue; and that repayment to the contributing States will be larger than even the constitution requires. But the Commonwealth, characteristically loyal to Australian precedent is to begin its financial career with a loan! The loan, it is true, is of modest dimensions—only £1,000,000; it is to be floated locally, and in instalments. But the first Federal budget would have possessed a unique and shining distinction if it had not included a loan.

The Tariff

Mr. Kingston had probably a more difficult task than even Sir George Turner. He had to dissolve into a common element six several tariffs, ranging from the almost non-ex-

istent duties of New South Wales to the lofty altitudes of the West Australian or the Victorian tariff. To bring the interests, the fiscal policies, and the products of a whole continent—with such wide diversities of climate—within the limits of one tariff is a feat which might have taxed the sagacity of a Peel, or left bankrupt the subtlety of a Gladstone. If Mr. Kingston has not succeeded, the failure is scarcely to his discredit. The task almost outran the wit of man for its accomplishment. In one respect the failure can scarcely be denied. The tariff was to be a compromise. It was to maintain a judicious equipoise between the severities of the Victorian tariff on the one side and the laxity of Sydney on the other. It was to be primarily a revenue tariff, and to undertake the office of nourishing particular industries only incidentally. But the members of the Cabinet are all convinced protectionists, and Mr. Kingston, in particular, is a protectionist of a highly aggressive quality. Nature and habit proved too much for him, and his bias is reflected in his tariff, just as the bias of a ball is registered in the curve it describes on a bowling-green. The new duties, on the whole, delight the protectionists; they fill the free-traders with disgust. Mr. Barton is an honourable man, and has, no doubt, striven to keep faith. But if, when delivering his famous and soothing Maitland speech, there had risen before him the vision of Mr. Kingston's tariff, he himself would probably have been the most astonished man in the community.

Nature of the Tariff

The tariff offends free-traders by the scale and complexity of its duties, and by its "N.E.I."—"Not elsewhere included"—memoranda. The innocent-looking letters "N.E.I.," in a word, form a drag-net clause of great sweep and very fine meshes. But the tariff also exasperates protectionists, at some points, by what can only be described as its contradictions. In many instances it seems to protect the manufactured article by a high duty, and then cancels that protection by a crushing tax on the raw material. In many cases, too, the tariff, by its caprices, its apparent want of definite and controlling ideas, and of adjustment to actual business affairs, irritates the commercial mind. Any possible tariff would, of course, have provoked angry criticism; but the Kingston tariff does this unnecessarily, and by its mere planlessness.

Mr. Reid's Attack

Mr. Reid at once challenged the tariff with what is practically a vote of want of confidence, and spent three hours in the exposition of its vices. His attack was both able and earnest; but it cannot be described as one of Mr. Reid's happiest efforts. By a stroke of genius Ministers hit upon the policy of not interrupting Mr. Reid; and Mr. Reid, in one particular, resembles an arc-light. The flame is only developed by resistance! When he has to discourse to an audience that will not expend a single interjection upon him, he resembles a bird in a glass-receiver exhausted of oxygen. His indictment of the tariff is made up, in brief, of three counts. It is excessive. Mr. Kingston took the State revenues for one year, because they were high, and the imports of another year, because they were low; wrote off a portion of these last unnecessarily, and so created an apparent necessity for a big tariff revenue. He did this, Mr. Reid contended, in order to find a pretext for high duties. The tariff, too, Mr. Reid argued, hits the poor man, and lets off the rich man. It burdens the farmer, and tricks him with illusive duties in his favour. It bristles with anomalies and blunders. It taxes the many in the interests of the few; it starves great natural industries in order to spoon-feed artificial manufactures.

Mr. Barton's defence was able, if not entirely convincing. He claimed that his Cabinet had practically already "gone to the country on the tariff question, and the country had approved its policy." How the country could approve of a tariff before it was framed, Mr. Barton did not linger to explain. The necessities of the States, he went on to argue, required a high tariff. No art could frame a tariff to yield the necessary revenue more happily than Mr. Kingston had done. The tariff, he claimed, was an honest attempt to fulfil election pledges. It conserved the interests of the States; it imposed no burden which was not inevitable. The average duty per head of the States before Federation was £2 8s. 5d.; under the new tariff it will be £2 7s. 6d. Thus, Mr. Barton claimed, "Australia gets the benefit of inter-State free trade, with the saving of 1s. per head all round."

The Outlook

The debate, as we go to press, has only begun; but it seems highly probable that Ministers will win on the vote of want of confidence, but



Talma, photo.]

Sir J. Langdon Bonython (S.A.); Mr. J. Thomas (N.S.W.); Sir John Quick (Vic.); Right Hon. Sir Edward Braddon (Tas.)

THE FOUR CORNISH MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

their tariff will undergo serious modifications in committee. It can hardly be doubted, too, that the tariff, apart from any question of its strongly protective bias, is too heroic in scale. Mr. Barton estimates that it will yield £9,000,000; it will probably yield more. Now the population of the Commonwealth is roughly 4,000,000; and it is certain there is no other community of 4,000,000 in the civilised world which pays £9,000,000 per annum in Custom House duties. The United States have a very high tariff; but if they had one on the Australian scale it would yield a Customs revenue of £160,000,000 per annum! As a matter of fact the revenue of the United States is not one-third that amount. Many causes combine to make the Australian Commonwealth one of the most heavily taxed political communities in the whole world. We have fourteen Houses of Parliament for a population less than that of London. Everywhere the State is charging itself with new functions; and every enlargement of the area of State control means a corresponding expansion in the area of taxation.

**The Logic
of Facts**

One incidental effect of the new tariff is to bring to instant and visible wreck the favourite argument of protectionists: that it is the importer, and not the consumer, who pays the duty; and that high duties do not mean high prices. As a matter of fact the whole commercial landscape, since the tariff was introduced, has been one far-stretching vista of ascending and descending prices, according as duties have been imposed or removed. A Sydney journal, borrowing its ideas from a well-known passage in Sydney Smith, thus recites the long litany of Australian duties:—

Beginning with a tax on infants' food, it dogs man through life with a demand for the payment of duty on children's shoes and apparel, on boys' boots and suits, on the honey and jams and jellies he consumes, on the toys his parents purchase for him, on the tools he uses in learning and practising his trade, on the wedding-ring he purchases for his wife, on every article of household use and wearing apparel, on every meal from breakfast to supper, on the medicine prescribed for him in his illness, on the very paper on which the prescription is written, even to the timbers used to make his coffin, and the metal plate that bears his epitaph.

There is, of course, a touch of humorous exaggeration in this; but it can hardly be

doubted that the burden of Australian taxes is heavy, and ought to be lightened.

External Effects

The new tariff, of course, affects outside nations. The German press, keenly alert for foreign markets, is alarmed; but Germany itself has built up such a tariff against the outside world, and is so busy rearing that tariff to yet loftier altitudes, that it has lost any right to protest against the tariffs of other communities. But the tariff affects New Zealand injuriously, and will almost certainly provoke reprisals. Some of the New Zealand papers, indeed, profess to have discovered that the tariff is "expressly framed with a view to the exclusion of New Zealand products." This is, of course, a mere flight of alarmed imagination; yet there is no doubt the tariff will hit some New Zealand imports badly. It will almost destroy the timber-trade; and Mr. Mackenzie, speaking in the New Zealand House of Representatives, declared that the tariff would, on the average, put about 22 per cent. on the cost of exports from New Zealand. Mr. Seddon, in reply, said that "the island policy of New Zealand made her independent of Australia." Moreover, reprisals were easy. "If Australia put up a fence against New Zealand products, New Zealand could keep out Australian fruits." Tariff wars are amongst the most disastrous forms of strife; and it will be a calamity if a fiscal war breaks out betwixt New Zealand and Australia.

A Fiscal Revolution

One immediate result of the tariff is altogether delightful. With the first syllables from Mr. Kingston's lips on the night of October 8, all inter-State tariffs vanished like ghosts, and the fiscal barriers by which the States have been fencing themselves off from each other disappeared. Now, from Cape Leeuwin to Cape York, from Hobart to the Gulf of Carpentaria, there is a free and common market. It is true that there are some temporary qualifications of this statement. For two years, for example, goods admitted free in one State can be pursued by the Federal Customs Collector on passing to another State. Western Australia, too, has conceded to it a temporary right of imposing duties on goods from the other States. But, taken broadly, all the six States within the Commonwealth crystallised, at a given moment, on the night of October 8 into one common commercial system. Whatever the altitude of the tariff wall yet to be

built around the shores of Australia, within that wall there is complete fiscal freedom. This is one of the chief benefits sought in federation; and its achievement may well outweigh much of the visible cost of federation. The opening words of Mr. Kingston's speech, in this sense, "made history."

Australian Disasters

Australian sentiment has been sharply pricked, and at a very sensitive point, by the misadventures of the Fifth Victorian Contingent in South Africa. That ill-fated contingent suffered the worst disaster that has yet befallen Australian troops in the tragical business at Wilmansrust, and still worse disaster in the shape of a procession of court-martials. One took place before the contingent had completed its first week's service in the field, when a private, for saying "I won't" to his sergeant, suffered a penalty of twelve months' imprisonment. Later, three other members were court-martialled and were sentenced to death, the sentence in one case being commuted by Lord Kitchener to twelve years' imprisonment, and in the others to shorter terms. The offence in each case was "mutinous remarks" about their officers—reimarks to which a non-commissioned officer had not wit enough to turn a deaf ear. Nelson's blind eye at Copenhagen was a very useful and sensible organ, and every wise officer knows how to be judiciously blind and deaf on occasion. But this branch of wise leadership some officers in the Fifth Contingent have plainly not mastered.

The Reason of It

Many explanations of the discredit which has befallen the Fifth Contingent are offered, some of them plainly absurd. It is said, for example, that the men were inferior both in physique and spirit to previous contingents. But, taken physically, the men were a very fine body, as everyone who saw their march through the streets of Melbourne will know; and as they were of the same blood and race as the other contingents, they cannot have been inferior to them in pluck and dash. As a matter of fact, Steel, one of the men sentenced to death, had a specially gallant record. It is both asserted and denied that the contingent was badly officered, and things are whispered of some of the officers in private which no respectable journal will publish. Camp gossip is very apt to be both unconstructive and malicious. Foolish and incompetent officers are of course always possible. It is said that

out of 400 officers sent out with the last drafts of the Imperial Yeomanry from England, no less than 100 were sent back by Lord Kitchener as incompetent! It is easy to understand that a contingent of citizen soldiers, quite untrained in the severities of military discipline, and handled badly by officers equally inexperienced themselves, would come to grief.

Bad Leadership What stings Australian feeling most keenly, however, is the conduct attributed to the British officers under whose leadership the contingent was placed. The men accuse them of childish blunders in leadership; of indifference to their comfort, and of throwing away their lives by rashness. The disaster at Wilmansrust, they declare, was due solely to their want of skill and care. All this, of course, may be unjust. The man in the ranks is a keen, but scarcely an instructed, critic of the leadership of his officers. But General Beatson is accused of using language to the contingent which would almost justify mutiny. "White-livered curs" may be taken as a sample of General Beatson's verbal elegancies. If the statements publicly made are true, General Beatson belongs to the same military school as General Braddock, the hero of the tragedy at Little Meadows, one of the worst disasters the British army has known, and which helped to rob Great Britain of America. General Beatson may have the red-faced ignorant courage of Braddock, but he seems to have also that incontinence of speech and foolish contempt for "provincials" which brought Braddock to shame and death. There is to be full enquiry into the case; but if what is charged against General Beatson is proved, he ought to be dismissed the army. He has done an injury to the whole Empire by helping to slay the generous sentiment which sent the Australians to fight for the motherland in South Africa. If all that is said of General Beatson prove to be true, however, that curious officer is unique. British officers, with scarcely an exception, have borne themselves towards Australians with a fine generosity worthy of the highest praise.

Visitors Australia has had some distinguished visitors during the month. Mr. William Macarthur, M.P., one of the Liberal whips, is one of the most distinguished and promising among the rising men in the House of Commons. He has large business interests in these States, and his visit has perhaps no political signifi-

cance; yet a visit which enlarges the personal knowledge of Australia of one of the coming men of the Empire is a happy incident. General Sir Hector Macdonald is enjoying a popular welcome of a very enthusiastic sort everywhere he goes. He has many titles to public interest. He is a Scotchman, and stirs the national sentiment of all Scotsmen by his presence. His career is a romance. He has risen from the ranks. He "did sentry-go" outside the Prince of Wales' marquee in India, and he has sat as an honoured guest at the Prince's dinner-table in London. Above all, he is "Fighting Mac," with the hereditary valour of his clan in his blood. And a British crowd forgives everything, and grudges nothing, to a dogged and dauntless fighter. Sir Hector Macdonald has explained that he is simply "taking a holiday," and "wanted to see some friends in New Zealand," and to "look at Australia." Australia, however, finds it hard to believe that while the rifles are cracking in South Africa "Fighting Mac" is sauntering through Australia and New Zealand merely to "see a few friends," and to "look at the country." What a popular Federal commandant "Fighting Mac" would be!

Labour Legislation Industrial peace by no means prevails in New Zealand. There is some truth in Mr. Seddon's assertion that "New Zealand has gone a long way towards solving the problem that had troubled the civilised world;" but the problem, after all, is not quite solved, even in New Zealand. A deputation of Labour representatives recently told Mr. Seddon that "there would be no finality to industrial strife until the trades unions got what they wanted, a week of forty-four hours." The eight hours' day is now, it seems, too long! The amended Conciliation and Arbitration Bill is significant by its omissions. Mr. Seddon refused to include the State departments in its scope. If the Arbitration Courts had power to raise the wages of State employes this would practically clothe them with the power to tax the country. A new definition of the term "worker" was adopted, which excludes any person employed in agricultural and pastoral pursuits. This is a concession to the Farmers' Union, and to common sense. A farm could certainly not be run on the principle of an eight hours' day and a weekly half-holiday. It is clear, too, that the Conciliation Boards are doomed. They have, in too many cases, bred industrial strife, rather than allayed it. But the New Zealand Arbitration Court grows

in effectiveness and influence, and the right is now given to approach it directly, instead of via a Conciliation Board.

Wages Boards A Royal Commission in Victoria is still pursuing its laborious and distressful enquiries into the working of the Wages Boards. What may be its findings cannot yet be guessed, as both the sentiments of its members and the evidence offered by witnesses are of a strangely mixed character. The broad facts, however, are plain. The Wages Boards do not make for industrial peace; their administration is marked by some indefensible blunders; Ministers do not venture to extend them over the country districts, and nobody is quite satisfied with them. They improve the earnings of some classes of workers, but they seriously injure the conditions of yet other classes. The evidence, it may be added, sheds curious light on labour ideals. Some witnesses on behalf of the unions, for example, are strongly of the opinion that the principle of "one man one trade" should be enforced by law. Manufacturers should be allowed to make only one class of articles, and shopkeepers to sell only one class of goods! If industry and trade in this manner were simplified, regulation by Act of Parliament would, no doubt, be much more easy.

The Home under the Harrow Logically, of course, if the State regulates any industry, it should regulate all; and the domestic servants of Victoria have appealed to Mr. Peacock to be brought under the Factories Act. The system of Wages Boards and of State inspectors, they claim, ought to be applied to the Victorian home. Domestic servants demand a maximum of sixty hours a week, alternate Sundays off, one half-holiday a week, a whole day's holiday a month, and the abolition of Sunday labour "as far as practicable." Mr. Peacock was "sympathetic" to the requests of the petticoated deputation which interviewed him; but the social revolution which turned the domestic fireside into a factory, and required an astonished wife and mother to live under the eye of a Government inspector, would probably result in a petticoated revolt, and a general march—not of Maenads, but of matrons—upon Parliament House. Parliament, indeed, it is scoffingly suggested, might pass a Bill limiting the number of hours during which a Victorian baby might cry; but, alas! there are limits to the efficacy of the most well-intentioned law.

Other Federal Measures

The tariff, of course, like Pharaoh's lean kine, swallows up all other subjects. There will not be much other Government business done till it is disposed of; and when the tariff is passed, the Federal Parliament will have earned a holiday, and be eager to enjoy it. It is to be noted, however, that Sir W. Lyne has given notice of important amendments in the Inter-State Commission Bill. The term "common carrier" is now defined so as to make it clear that only the carrying trade which is linked with the rivers or railways of the Commonwealth is included. The Alien Immigration Bill has been pushed relentlessly forward. A "white Australia" is to be secured at no matter what cost. The precautions taken to guard the tint of the Commonwealth are of a very jealous kind. Australian letters must not be carried on a mail-boat guilty of employing a black cook! A pearling fleet with coloured crews is at work for many months in the year off the north-west coast of the continent, where, practically, no settlement exists. But no coloured member of the crews is to be allowed to land. If a cyclone wrecked the pearling fleet, and any coloured member of the shipwrecked crews was discovered crawling ashore, he would be promptly fined or imprisoned! The severity of the provisions for securing a white Australia proves how completely the Labour party has captured the Federal Parliament. Taking the House of Representatives, they number only 17 in a Chamber of 75; but they are a compact body, careless of the fate of Ministers and of tariffs, and jealous only for the interests of their class. Mr. Barton and Mr. Reid watch to outbid each other for the Labour vote; and the result is that, if the Labour party does not absolutely determine the politics of the Commonwealth, yet it has an influence over them altogether disproportionate to its numbers. The Labour party, as a whole, is indifferent to the fate of the tariff; but on the question of a white Australia it scorns compromise. Coloured labour means cheap labour!

The Kanaka

The Bill dealing with the Kanaka traffic was introduced on October 1. No Kanaka is to be allowed to enter Australia after March 31, 1904; those already in Australia after March 1902, are to be dismissed to their native homes, or elsewhere, in instalments spread over succeeding years. By the end of 1906 the Kanaka will have vanished completely from the

Australian horizon! Any Pacific islander found on Australian soil after December 31, 1906, will be deported. Mr. Barton introduced the Bill in perhaps the ablest speech he has yet delivered. This measure, he declared, was only carrying out the accepted policy of Queensland itself. The Kanaka was but a temporary and vanishing accident in the sugar industry, and the time had come for his disappearance. The sugar traffic would survive him, and the general interests of Australia demanded that he should vanish. Some compensation could be given to the sugar-growers for the withdrawal of the Kanaka in the shape of a differential duty; and Mr. Barton hoped that "the Bill would be accepted as a handsome New Year's gift for a new nation."

Queensland Feeling Queensland is the State most concerned, and it contemplates Mr. Barton's "New Year's gift" as a child might contemplate a tablespoonful of castor oil! The measure, it is contended, will kill the greatest industry of the State, and give back tropical Australia to the jungle. The protests against the Bill from Queensland are widespread and most energetic; and Mr. Philp has summed up the case for the sugar plantations in a memorandum of signal force and ability. He will use, he declared, every device, and appeal to every tribunal, in order to stay the measure. He "did not," he added, "advocate civil war;" but he would fight against the Bill with every other weapon he could discover! There can be no doubt that popular feeling in Queensland against the Bill, if not universal, is both widespread and indignant. What would satisfy Queensland would be the appointment of a Royal Commission to enquire into the whole question; or if this cannot be granted, there should be an extension of the years of grace during which the sugar industry must learn to adjust itself to new conditions. The whole situation is perplexed; and one feature of it is very peculiar. Queensland has two forms of Parliamentary representation; one in the Federal Houses, and one in the State Legislature; and on the Kanaka question they are in open quarrel with each other! Which represents Queensland? It suits Mr. Barton to take the Federal representatives; Mr. Philp stands by the State Legislature. He is probably right. A plebiscite throughout Queensland would almost certainly be in favour of more generous terms than Mr. Barton grants to the Kanaka. But Queensland is perhaps paying the price for its neglect to see that its

Federal representatives accurately represented its mind on this subject.

The See Cabinet

The See Cabinet during the month has met, and triumphantly survived, another motion of want of confidence. Mr. Lee moved that, "in view of the tariff proposals of the Commonwealth Government, the State Budget for 1901-2 was unsatisfactory." Mr. See had no difficulty in proving that he was not responsible for the Federal tariff, and that the State finances were in a quite healthy condition; and, after a brief debate, Mr. Lee's motion was defeated by 58 votes to 26. The See Cabinet—until it is guilty of some strange blunder—is plainly unassailable.

An odd Proposal

The process by which the State Parliaments are adjusting themselves to the new political conditions, by reducing their own scale and cost, is very leisurely; and some odd ideas emerge during the process. In the S.A. Assembly, for example, Mr. Calder suggested that twelve managers should be elected by the tax-payers to administer the State, but with no powers of legislation; that the ordinary legislative Parliament should meet only once in ten years, to alter old Acts or pass new ones. The State, Mr. Calder argued, suffered from too much Parliament. What the community wanted was "rest and quiet and freedom from legislative interference." Mr. Calder's proposal was, of course, treated as a mere stroke of humour; but he was plainly in earnest, and it cannot be doubted that throughout Australia there is a growing sense that Parliaments err in undertaking too many functions, and meddling with too many interests. The average citizen does not desire to be pursued in his down-sitting and his up-rising, through every hour of the day and in every act of his life, by Acts of Parliament and State inspectors.

Tasmania

Tasmania suffers by the tariff arrangements, and the Tasmanian Cabinet, to meet the State necessities, has introduced a scheme of taxation which has, at least, the merit of courage. It proposes a general tax on all incomes above £80 a year, no matter how earned. In addition, there is to be a direct tax on every householder and landowner; though care is taken to see that the taxes do not overlap. The income from land carrying a land-tax, for example, is exempt from the general tax. The aim of the new measure is to distribute

taxation over every member of the community above the position of a labourer. Tasmania, fortunately, is developing great natural resources, and rising steadily in prosperity; for, under the new scheme, it will certainly have a more minute and far-reaching scheme of taxation than ever before.

Ourselves The article on "New Zealand at the Beginning of the Century," which appeared in our January number, has supplied the text for a

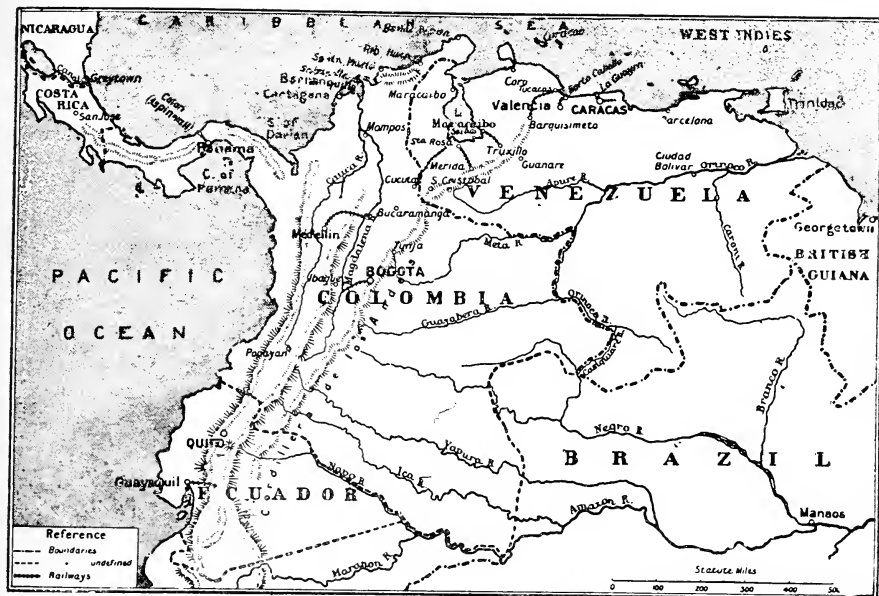
debate in the New Zealand House of Representatives, and has been the subject of press cablegrams both to and from England. The New Zealand Government took a certain number of copies of the number containing this article, for distribution in England and elsewhere, on the ground that the article would be of public service to New Zealand. But the transaction, as it found its way to the English press, took an amusing form. Mr. Seddon, it was asserted, had paid the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" a sum of money for an article which was practically a puff for himself! Our readers will need no assurance from us that this is a childishly foolish story. The "Review of Reviews for Australasia" does not sell its pages in this fashion. As a matter of fact, Mr. Seddon was not consulted as to the character of the article, expressed no wish whatever in relation to it, and never saw a line of it till it was published. The article was written by an independent and able man, the Rev. Joseph Berry, formerly of Auckland; it is an honest and straightforward description of the resources and prospects of New Zealand; and it certainly includes no special eulogy of Mr. Seddon. That gentleman's name, indeed—except in the titles of the photographs—occurs only three times in the article! Nothing, we may add, could be more straightforward, businesslike, and honourable than the manner in which Mr. Seddon carried this transaction through with us.

LONDON, September 2.

The Shadow of Coming Wars August was a quiet month, and produced little or nothing in the way of exciting incident. It brought us, however, one or two shadows of coming events, the most serious of which is the curious and somewhat obscure quarrel which has broken out between the United States of Colombia and its neighbours. For

the most part quarrels between South American republics interest the outside world about as much as the quarrels of choughs and crows to which Milton compared the wars of the earlier inhabitants of these islands. But several circumstances combine to lend gravity to the present quarrel. That which differentiates the present from other disputes of the kind is that the Isthmus of Panama lies within the frontier of Colombia. French capital is very largely sunk in the construction of the canal, which for the time being is in the hands of a Receiver. But, in addition to the capital sunk in the attempt to cut the canal, the French claim that they have more than £30,000,000 invested in Central America. According to Monsieur Georges Aubert, the head of a well-known French commercial house, France has an absolutely preponderating interest in Central America. She is and has been the first in importing to and exporting from Colombia, Venezuela, and Nicaragua. German interests are also involved, and the German cruiser *Veneta* has been ordered to proceed to the Colombian coast in order to protect German interests. A French warship is already there.

Revolution and War in Central America The people of the United States are naturally somewhat anxious. They are in no mood to tolerate any European intervention either in Central or in South America; but, on the other hand, they are naturally reluctant to interfere in a squalid South American quarrel. The precise reason why war has broken out between Colombia and her neighbours is involved in some obscurity, nor do the intrinsic merits of the question seem to matter very much. According to what seems to be the most generally accepted version, the Governments of Ecuador and Venezuela have fostered a revolutionary movement in Colombia, to which the Colombian Government replies by sending troops across the frontier into Venezuela, which, if seriously attacked, will be supported by the Government of Ecuador. Ecuador and Venezuela are in the hands of a Liberal Anti-Clerical Government, whereas the Colombian Government is dominated by Conservatives and Clericals. The Colombian Government hopes by fomenting an insurrection in Venezuela to upset the Government of the President or Dictator, Senor Castro. The Colombian authorities maintain that it is impossible to secure peace at home unless they wage war abroad against those who feed the



THE WAR BETWEEN VENEZUELA AND COLOMBIA.

(Map of the affected districts.)

forces of disorder within the States of Colombia. Whatever the intrinsic merits of the dispute may be, there seems to be no question that there is imminent danger of a war between Colombia, which owns the Isthmus of Panama, and the neighbouring Governments of Venezuela and Ecuador.

**How it
affects the
United
States**

Now such a war might at any time endanger the security of the Isthmus of Panama. Should the disturbance threaten the Isthmus, the United States would be bound to intervene, and this not on account of the Monroe doctrine, but because of the Convention of July 12, 1848, by which the United States guaranteed positively and efficaciously to protect the neutrality of the Isthmus of Panama, with a view that the free transit from one to the other sea "might not be interrupted at any future time while this treaty exists." By the same treaty the United States guaranteed in the same manner the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada, now one of the States of Colombia, has and possesses over the said territory. In 1885 a formidable revolution in Co-

lombia spread to the State of Panama, and the American Government then acted promptly, sent ships to both sides of the Isthmus, landed marines, and took action which, while fulfilling their agreement to preserve the freedom of traffic in Panama, also largely helped to suppress the insurrection. This was early in the year. Late in the same year, when conditions were again disturbed, the Government of Washington once more promptly reinforced its squadron in the waters adjacent to Colombia. Subsequent to the dispatch of ships last month, it was reported that the railroad was in free operation, and that the trouble in Panama seemed at an end.

**Will they
Acquire
Panama?**

The United States, being bound by this Convention, will probably act again as they acted before, and unless the war can be damped down, it is probable that we shall see the United States troops in command of both ends of the Panama railway. Dr. Shaw, writing upon the subject in the current number of the "American Review of Reviews," argues in favour of the purchase of the Isthmus of Panama

from Colombia at a fair price. Events, he remarks, may show that the time is nearly ripe for the United States to acquire Panama as well as to assume new relations to Nicaragua. This points to an early expansion of the United States, which may give diplomatists on both sides of the sea a good deal more to do than they have at present. The French gentleman already quoted, who has just returned from Colombia, where he was nearly killed by the revolutionists, declared that the French diplomatists whom he has interviewed are all desirous of European intervention. He says:—

It is necessary for our commerce, for our financial interests, for our moral situation, for the Panama Canal; in fact, for everything. Common action is necessary on the part of France, England, Germany, and Italy, who have interests to defend and to preserve.

The Near East and its Forebodings. Simultaneously with the announcement of the approaching visit of the Tsar to France, there is quite a crop of rumours as to possible developments in the Balkan Peninsula. The Roumanians, for some reason or other, seem to be a little scared concerning the development of Russian policy in their neighbourhood, and are displaying some desire to bury themselves yet more deeply in the Austrian embrace. On the other side of the Danube there is an astonishing story to the effect that the Prince of Montenegro is to be recognised as the Heir to the Servian throne, in case Queen Draga should fail to perpetuate the Obrenovitch dynasty. There is more talk concerning the Italian aspirations in Albania, and altogether the Near Eastern horizon, if not exactly dark with clouds, does not seem quite so serene as it was twelve months ago. The unrest in Macedonia continues, and while these uneasy rumblings are heard in the Balkans, Russia's ally, France, has had so serious a difference with the Sultan as to withdraw her ambassador as a protest against what she regards as the bad faith of the Ottoman Government.

The French Dispute With the Sultan The quarrel between France and the Porte is financial, and can be settled by cash. The Turkish Government owes various French subjects about £2,000,000, which it refuses to pay. Add to this the objection of the Sultan to hand over the title-deeds of the land which was granted to a French company for the construction of quays to the port of Galata. The French company did not find quay-building very profitable, but owing to the absence of title-deeds it could not effect any sale. The

Sultan was thereupon asked to pay compensation, which was fixed at the sum of forty-one million francs. This he at first refused, then afterwards promised to do; but there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and before the transaction was completed M. Constans cut short the shuffling of the Turk by departing from Constantinople. He had reached Paris at the end of the month, where he will remain until some settlement is arrived at. There is no question of any war, but as M. Delcasse and M. Constans probably wish to assert themselves, they are rather grateful than otherwise to the Sultan for giving them a chance. Note as the humorous development of the situation, that the Sultan has issued an Irade, subjecting the French religious orders in Asiatic Turkey to regulations modelled upon the new Law of Associations which has just been passed by the French Chamber. Before long, therefore, we shall see the French Government indignantly protesting against the Sultan subjecting French monks to the same treatment which they enforce upon the religious orders in France.

The New German Tariff The domestic situation in Germany shows no sign of amelioration. The conviction gains ground that Count von Bulow has only introduced the new Tariff Bill with the object of securing its rejection. It is violently opposed by the Social Democrats, by the National Liberals, and by all classes of the community excepting the Agrarians, who are not by any means enthusiastic in its support. There is general agreement that, whoever else suffers, the Social Democrats will profit, and as they seem to be manifesting a tendency to develop in the direction of opportunism, it is possible that at the next General Election they will be sufficiently powerful to constitute an effective check upon the militarism which in Germany is at the present moment directed towards increasing the fleet. M. Witte has given the Germans, through the Russian press, a tolerably plain hint that if they accept the new tariff they may give up all hope of negotiating a commercial treaty with Russia. As M. Witte shows no sign of weakening in his dispute with the United States, it is possible that he may be seeing his way to the negotiation of a new loan in France. A little more ready money would be very acceptable in St. Petersburg just now.

**Death of
the
Empress
Frederick**

Last month death mercifully released the Empress Frederick from the horrible disease from which she had been suffering for months past, and the papers have been full of praises of the deceased Empress. I quote elsewhere the more notable tributes to her memory to be found in the periodical press, of which the most interesting is the paper of personal reminiscence contributed by Princess Radziwill to the "New Liberal Review." The Empress was the only child of Queen Victoria who had any intellectual distinction. She was married too young; but notwithstanding her early transplantation to the Prussian Court she was never properly acclimatised in her adopted country. She was a woman of strong character, whose political ideas ran violently counter to those of the great Chancellor, whose policy cost her many tears, and who in his conflict with the Englishwoman did not always use the velvet glove to conceal the iron hand. In her later life she married Count Seckendorf, who for many years had been her private secretary and chamberlain, and most devoted counsellor. The fact has been suppressed by the English papers, but after her death it was printed in most of the Berlin papers. The Kaiser is reported to have formally contradicted the statement, but it is difficult to believe that the editors of Berlin would have ventured to print the story if it had been without foundation.

**The
Inspection
of
Convent
Laundries**

At home nothing has been doing in politics since Parliament rose. The last sittings of the House of Commons were not altogether edifying, owing to the way in which the business of the House had been mismanaged by the happy-go-lucky Mr. Balfour. Quite a storm in a tea-cup was caused in the last week of the session over the question of the inspection of conventual laundries. Mr. Ritchie, in his Factory Bill, proposed that all laundries should be subjected to official inspection, and provision was made for enforcing regulations in the interest of the health, safety, and welfare of the workers. To this provision the Irish members took strong exception. They entertain what seems to most Englishmen an altogether irrational dread of the official inspection of any conventual laundries. When Mr. Asquith last legislated upon the subject, he was absolutely dependent upon the Irish vote for his Ministerial existence from day to day in the House of Commons, and he therefore accepted a clause excluding the bona fide cha-

ritable laundries from the operation of the law. Mr. Ritchie, having a majority of 150 at his back, and being independent of the Irish vote, thought it was possible to carry a clause compelling all laundries, charitable included, to submit to the more stringent provisions for inspection laid down in the new Bill. The Irish members protested, and intimidated their resolution to offer an uncompromising opposition to the proposal. Mr. Balfour capitulated. Mr. Ritchie abandoned the clause increasing the stringency of the provisions for the protection of laundrywomen. Mr. Asquith led the opposition, and vehement protests were made on both sides of the House against this surrender to the Irish; but on a division Mr. Balfour and Mr. Dillon carried their point by a majority of 237 to 65.

**Are there
Too Many
Irish at
West-
minster?**

Mr. Chamberlain, at the great Unionist demonstration held at Blenheim, just as Parliament was rising, made a somewhat sinister allusion as to what he regards as the over-representation of the Irish people in the House of Commons. His words were:—

The mother of Parliaments would know how to defend herself against attacks by men who by our liberality come to us in numbers altogether disproportionate to the wealth, to the intelligence, and to the population they represent. But this great question, which has now become urgent, was not before the country at the last General Election.

His hint was eagerly seized upon by his supporters in the press as an intimation that Ministers had made up their minds to reduce the number of members to which Ireland is entitled in the House of Commons. At present, by the arrangement which existed ever since the Act of Union, Ireland returns 101 members to Parliament. The population of Ireland has dropped 30 per cent. since the Act was passed. The population of England and Scotland has increased. If seats were distributed in strict arithmetical proportions, so that one member was allotted to every 10,000 electors, Ireland would only be entitled to 70 members; and Mr. Chamberlain's words were held to indicate a determination on the part of the Government to reduce the Irish contingent to that figure.

**A
Ten to One
Chance**

They are not likely to do any such thing, and for three reasons. In the first place, the Conservative Party is by no means anxious to introduce a radical redistribution Bill; in the second place, if they did so, it would have to be followed by an early dissolution; in the third place, they have not, despite all their ma-

majority, sufficient strength to force such a Bill through in face of the desperate opposition of the Irish members. The editor of the "National Review," who from time to time tells his party very unpleasant truths, scoffs at the idea that a Ministry which capitulated to the Irish on the question of the inspection of laundries could possibly muster up sufficient courage to face the Irish on a question which affects them so very much more deeply; and Ministers themselves are not agreed upon the subject. Lord James of Hereford publicly committed himself some months ago to a declaration against any attempt to tamper with Irish representation as fixed by the Act of Union. Mr. T. W. Russell, who, despite his agrarian leanings, is a thoroughgoing Unionist, has pledged himself to fight tooth and nail against any reduction of the Irish representation until after the land question has been settled and the financial relations of the two countries placed upon a more equitable basis than that which prevails at present. Taking all things into account, therefore, the odds are ten to one against any interference with the Irish representation at Westminster.

The Blenheim Banquet

The Liberals have held no meetings as yet, but the air is full of ominous rumours which bode ill for the maintenance of Party unity. The League of Liberals against Aggression and Militarism are preparing a series of public meetings in support of the policy advocated by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and Mr. Asquith is to deliver a series of speeches in the opposite direction in support of the African policy of Lord Milner. The Unionists are resting on their oars after their great demonstration at Blenheim, where Mr. Chamberlain had a reception which leads some people to imagine that it is he rather than Mr. Balfour who will be the next Prime Minister of England. Mr. Balfour made a speech notable for a solitary epigram that "We will neither sacrifice our Empire to the Boers nor our Constitution to the bores." An American observer who was present at what is called the Blenheim banquet was much impressed by the democratic note of the Tory gathering. With the exception of the three words "My Lord Duke," with which each speaker began his remarks, and the singing of "God Save the King" at the close of the demonstration, there was no one word which might not have been uttered at a democratic caucus in the Western States. Indeed, he went so far as to say that the submission of the authorities to the

people and the recognition of the right of the electorate to decide all questions of Imperial policy, was much more emphasised at Blenheim than it would be at any American political meeting.

The "Spectator" is responsible for getting up a twopenny-halfpenny storm in a tea-cup as a political scandal of the first magnitude. Our contemporary learned that Mr. Rhodes had subscribed £5,000 to a Liberal campaign fund in 1888 after he had been assured by Mr. Schnadhorst that there was no danger that the Liberal Party, if victorious at the polls, would evacuate Egypt. Upon this simple fact, which reflected no discredit either upon Mr. Schnadhorst or Mr. Rhodes, the "Spectator" built up an astonishing theory that Lord Rosebery, as Foreign Minister, had found Mr. Rhodes' £5,000 a sufficient argument to justify the retention of Egypt; and secondly, that having done so, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir William Harcourt therefore dared not push home the inquiry into the Jameson Raid lest Mr. Rhodes might retaliate by revealing the transaction to which they had been parties! So far from screening Mr. Rhodes, the South African Committee did nothing of the kind. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harcourt, and the other Liberal members missed the opportunity of ridding the country of the dangerous influence of Mr. Chamberlain simply because of their determination to punish Mr. Rhodes. Now, if Sir William Harcourt had probed the matter to the bottom, Mr. Rhodes would have been, if not vindicated, at least entirely exonerated from the charge of having acted without the cognisance of the Colonial Office and of Mr. Chamberlain. To screen Mr. Chamberlain and to snatch a verdict against Mr. Rhodes, the inquiry was hushed up, with results from which we are now suffering. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman promptly denounced the "Spectator's" charges as an unfounded lie; but so inveterate is the "Spectator's" dislike of Mr. Rhodes, that its editor has not even yet had the grace to apologise for imputing gross misconduct to the Liberal Leaders.

Royalty at the Cape

South Africa last month welcomed with cordiality and enthusiasm the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, who called at Natal and Cape Town on their way from Australia to Canada. The Royal visit, so far, appears to have been a brilliant success, but there has



LORD MILNER.

Portrait taken soon after his return to South Africa.

been a certain sameness about the receptions which was picturesquely diversified by the introduction of deputations of natives. The Maories appear to have given the Royal party the first distinct thrill of novel emotion, and both in Natal and in Cape Colony deputations of the native chiefs figure conspicuously in the celebrations. There is every reason to expect that their reception in Canada will be quite as enthusiastic as in any other part of the Empire. The enthusiasm has been so universal that there is some danger of its becoming just a trifle monotonous, and the Duke and Duchess and their suite will be very glad to have a quiet time when they return to the Old Country.

The Race for the Cup

In the United States there is an absolute lull in politics. The papers are full of corruption among police officials in New York, which can hardly be said to be news. The detailed disclosures of the crimes of the particular offenders will probably tell against Tammany at the approaching election. Mr. Croker, however, still remains in this country, recruiting his health on the Turf and biding his time. Next month the only news from America that will command any popular interest in this country will be the daily telegrams as to the fate of Sir Thomas Lipton's second attempt to lift the America Cup. Shamrock II. has crossed the Atlantic, and, judging from the newspaper reports, has created rather a favourable impression. It is not yet decided which yacht will be put forward to maintain the supremacy which for many years past the Americans have enjoyed in this particular sport.

The Great Steel Strike

The great dispute between the Steel Trust and organised labour in the Trades Unions of the United States drags its slow length along in a fashion which is quite unintelligible to the outside world. This is very far from being a general strike, but there is sufficient dislocation of industry to keep things simmering, nor does it yet appear what the ultimate result of the struggle will be. It has certainly not attained anything approaching to the gigantic proportions which were threatened at one time; but it has brought about one interesting development. Mr. Morgan is reported to have declared that he would only deal with Trades Unions if they were incorporated, and their officials could be held legally responsible for the execution of the contracts into which they entered. This

touches the very point which has been raised in this country by the recent decision of the House of Lords as to the responsibility of Trades Unions as corporations. Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose paper in the "Positivist Review" I quote elsewhere, takes the gloomiest view as to the effect which this judicial decision will have upon the future of organised labour, and Mr. Morgan seems to have taken a hint from the recent judgment in the House of Lords. Note also in this connection a curious development mentioned by the American correspondent of the "National Review" of the use or abuse of the right of injunction by the courts:—

The abuse of the writ of injunction by courts in this country has long been a subject of criticism by thoughtful persons, but it has remained for a judge in Connecticut to afford the most flagrant example of the perversion to which the process has been applied. A foundry company obtained an injunction against 200 of its striking working-men. These men were specifically enjoined by name from "picketing, boycotting, threatening, or in any way molesting any one now in the employ of the company, or who may hereafter be employed." And to make effective the mandate of the court, the property of the strikers, consisting of their houses, was attached, so that in case of a violation of the injunction it could be confiscated to satisfy damages.

Public- Houses as Public Trusts

After nearly thirty years, in which the obstinacy and stupidity of temperance reformers have blocked any and every attempt to improve the licensing system, which is the disgrace of modern England, there seems to be some hope that something practical will be done. Lord Grey's agitation in favour of securing the licences of all new public-houses for a public trust is spreading like wildfire, and Lord Grey is not without hope that by this time twelve months every county in England will have its Public Trust Company, and we shall never again hear of the free gifts of valuable licences to individuals without fee. At Eastbourne, last month, the licensing magistrate refused to grant new licences on the old conditions, so that it may be regarded as a settled principle, in one district at least, that henceforth there will be no more licences issued, excepting to the Public Trust Company, so as to secure for the public some share in the value of the new licences. How great that value is may be inferred from the fact that the Sunderland licensed victuallers have declared their readiness to give £10,000 to local charity in return for the issue of ten fresh licences. When we reflect upon the thousands of licences that have been granted free, gratis, and for nothing, since Mr. Bruce's Bill was introduced in 1870, we can only marvel at the stupidity of a nation

which has allowed so valuable a source of revenue to be wasted in the creation of vested interests which it will cost millions to get rid of.

The Rations of Bluejackets The Committee which has reported upon the rations of our bluejackets has made a very sensible series of recommendations, the net result of which will be to increase the annual vote for victualling by £187,000. In future the men will have five meals a day, instead of three, mutton may be given instead of beef, and a much greater variety is introduced into the dietary. It will be interesting, as a study in the progress of luxury, to compare the rations of the British fleet in the times of Drake, of Blake, and of Nelson with the new and amended dietary scale drawn up by the Committee.

The New Bishop of Durham Lord Salisbury has at last appointed an Evangelical Bishop. It was reported at first that Dr. Westcott was to be succeeded by Dr. Welldon, the Bishop of Calcutta, but the report was without foundation. The successor of Dr. Westcott is Dr. Moule, a Cambridge man of much repute both in the University and with the religious public generally. He is a devout evangelical, and good Protestants are beginning to hope that at last the traditions of Bishop Baring's time may be revived in Auckland Castle. It is interesting to know how far Lord Salisbury was prompted to appoint an Evangelical by the recent outbursts of Protestant fervour on the subject of the Royal Declaration.

The Disappearance of the Daily News One of the incidents of the month has been the disappearance of Mr. Lehmann from the editorial chair of the "Daily News." This misfortune—for so we must regard it—has been observed with a certain grim satisfaction by the dispossessed members of the old staff. Mr. Lehmann has gone the way of Mr. Cook, and no one reigns in his stead. The "Daily News" is at present without an editor, nor does it appear that its proprietors realise the necessity for appointing any successor to Mr. Lehmann. As everyone knows that newspapers can be edited without brains, there is nothing out of the way in assuming that they can be published without editors. The result is apt to be unfortunate. The cause of this

unhappy change for the worse in the fortunes of the "Daily News" has surprised no one familiar with the details of the negotiations which preceded the ejection of Mr. Cook. Mr. Cook went on the ground that it was impossible to harmonise his views with the views of the new directors. Mr. Lehmann has gone because it has been found impossible to conduct a newspaper unless the control of the contents is vested in the hands of the editor. No difference of opinion on questions of policy disturbed the peace of Bouverie-street. The whole trouble lies in a nutshell. Mr. Edwards, the publisher, aspires to fill the place formerly occupied by Sir John Robinson when he added the editorial duties to those of publisher and manager. Of Mr. Edwards' competence to discharge the double role there are only two opinions—one that of Mr. Edwards himself, the other that of everyone else who has ever worked with Mr. Edwards, either under the old regime or the new.

The Reign of King Edwards The editor and the manager appear to have agreed that it is impossible for two men to ride the same horse without one sitting behind. The point where the difficulty came in was as to which person had to occupy the position nearest the tail of the beast. When Mr. Lehmann was appointed, some of the dispossessed cynically remarked that his was only a warming-pan appointment, and that in a very few months the real controller of the destinies of the "Daily News" would show his hand and Mr. Lehmann would disappear. Mr. Lehmann has disappeared, and Mr. Edwards is within a stride of attaining the summit of his ambition. Liberals devoutly hope that Mr. Edwards will prove himself—I will not say as good a man as he thinks himself, but that he will come within ten per cent. of that valuation. In any case he has his chance, and if he does not utterly succeed in ruining the "Daily News" in the next six months, he will at least have had a chance of vindicating the touching confidence reposed in him by his friend and countryman Mr. Lloyd George. It is understood that Mr. Edwards' ideal is to make the "Daily News" as much like the "Daily Mail" as can be done upon a policy of pinchpenny parsimony. The staff are anxiously looking for the revelation of that journalistic flair which will enable him to work the miracle of making bricks without straw.

NOTES ON BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Australian Cavalry," by Frank Wilkinson, the well-known war-correspondent (Angus and Robertson, Sydney and Melbourne, 2s.) is a most admirable record of the history and services of the N.S.W. Lancers, and the First Australian Horse. It is not until the services of its contingents are brought to a focus in this fashion that Australia can realise their scale and value. The present volume shows that the Lancers took part in no less than thirty-four general engagements in South Africa, betwixt November 23, 1899, and October 25, 1900. The First Australian Horse, betwixt January 13 and October 26, 1900, took part in forty-five engagements! This is a record of services worthy of veterans; and in all these fights these regiments bore themselves like soldiers of the very first order. The book is enriched with beautifully reproduced photographs, and includes a preface by Major-General French, the N.S.W. Commandant. Some day a volume dealing with all the Australian Contingents, in the same style as the present volume, must be written. Australia and New Zealand cannot afford to forget the deeds of their soldier-sons.

"The Warrigals' Well," by Donald Macdonald, the brilliant author of "How We Kept the Flag Flying at Ladysmith," and J. F. Edgar, is a cheap edition (Ward, Lock and Co.) of a tale already well known—a tale of wild adventures in the Great Australian Desert.

"The Awakening of Anthony Weir," by Silas Hocking, and "Heather's Mistress," by Amy le Feuvre, are sent us by the Religious Tract Society. They are wholesome tales, with a distinctly re-

ligious flavour, and of considerable literary merit.

"Old Marlborough," by T. Lindsay Buick, M.H.R. for Wairau, 1890-96 (Hay and Keeling, Palmerston) is a substantial and well-written volume, giving the story of a New Zealand province. The book has, of course, great provincial interest; but it has also historical value, as it deals with a province which has a very stirring history, and Mr. Buick tells it with great thoroughness, from the days of the ancient pit-dwellers to the days of State-schools and conciliation boards. The story of the Wairau massacre is one of the tragedies of N.Z. history. The county histories of Great Britain are a distinct branch of very interesting literature, and the provincial histories of Australasia, of which Mr. Buick's volume is the forerunner, will, in their turn, be of great value.

The Religious Tract Society sends us "An Artist's Walks in Bible Lands," by Henry A. Harper, a very beautiful volume, enriched with more than fifty illustrations from drawings by the author.

Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell, the well-known authors of "The Temperance Problem and Social Reform," send us "British Gothenburg Experiments, and Public-house Trusts" (London: Hodder and Stoughton). This is the story of the attempts being made in Great Britain to extinguish private ownership in the liquor-trade, and is full of interest for all temperance reformers. There can be no doubt that the best hope for temperance reform in Australia lies somewhere in the direction described in this volume.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.

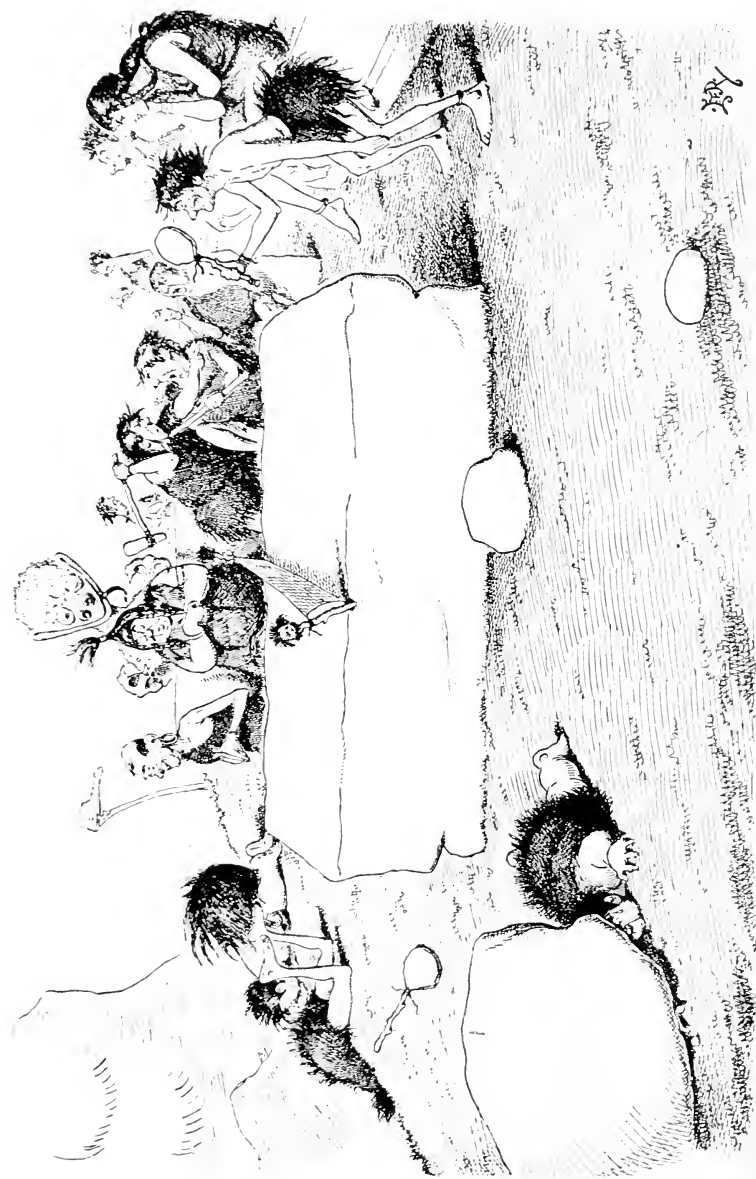


THE GREAT TRUSSED: OR, THE AMERICAN GULLIVER.



Intelligent Foreigner. "I AM AFRAID ZEY ARE NOT MUCH USE, ZEZE GRAND WORKS OF YOURS AT DOVAIRE. VOI CAN ZEY DO AGAINST OUR SUBMARINES!—OUR LITTLE GUSTAVE ZÈDE! AH, ZE SUBMARINE E' IS MOS TERRIBLE, AN' ZE CREWS ALSO—ZE MATELOTS—ZEY ARE 'ERDENS'! VY, EVERY TIME ZEY GO ON BOARD OF HIM ZEY SAY GOODBYE TO ZER VIVES AN' FAMILIES!"

(By permission of the proprietors of "London Punch.")



PING-PONG IN THE STONE AGE.

(By permission of the proprietors of "London Punch.")



It was bound to
come. The Aus-
tralian Commonwealth
wealth seal has a horse on it. Considering the way Australia always running to
the old country for a loan, it looks like a case of a legation horse.

THE MAORILANDER'S TOAST

814 084 PPD 0018 (good luck for us)

Seddon, replying to a member who asserted that "women do not raise the
franchise." "Sir, the hon. member, though old enough, does not understand
women. On the West Coast I know of one female who forded a river three times
—and once had to swim in order to record her vote for 'Dick of Kumara'."

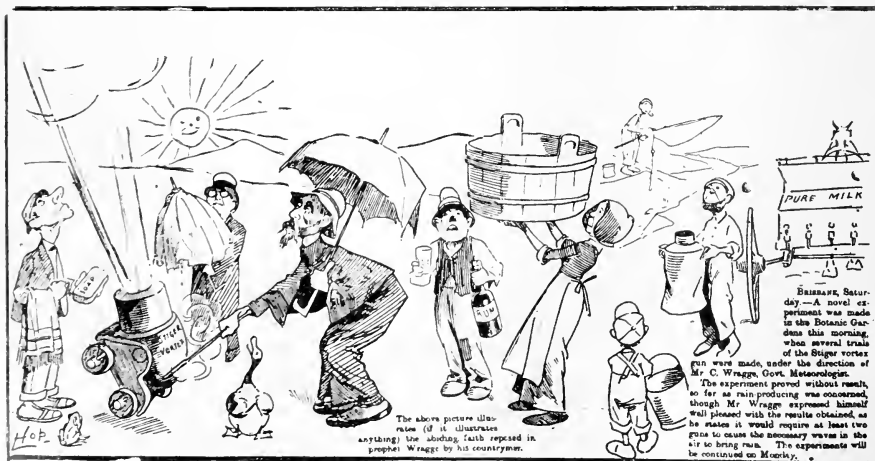




"Bulletin."]

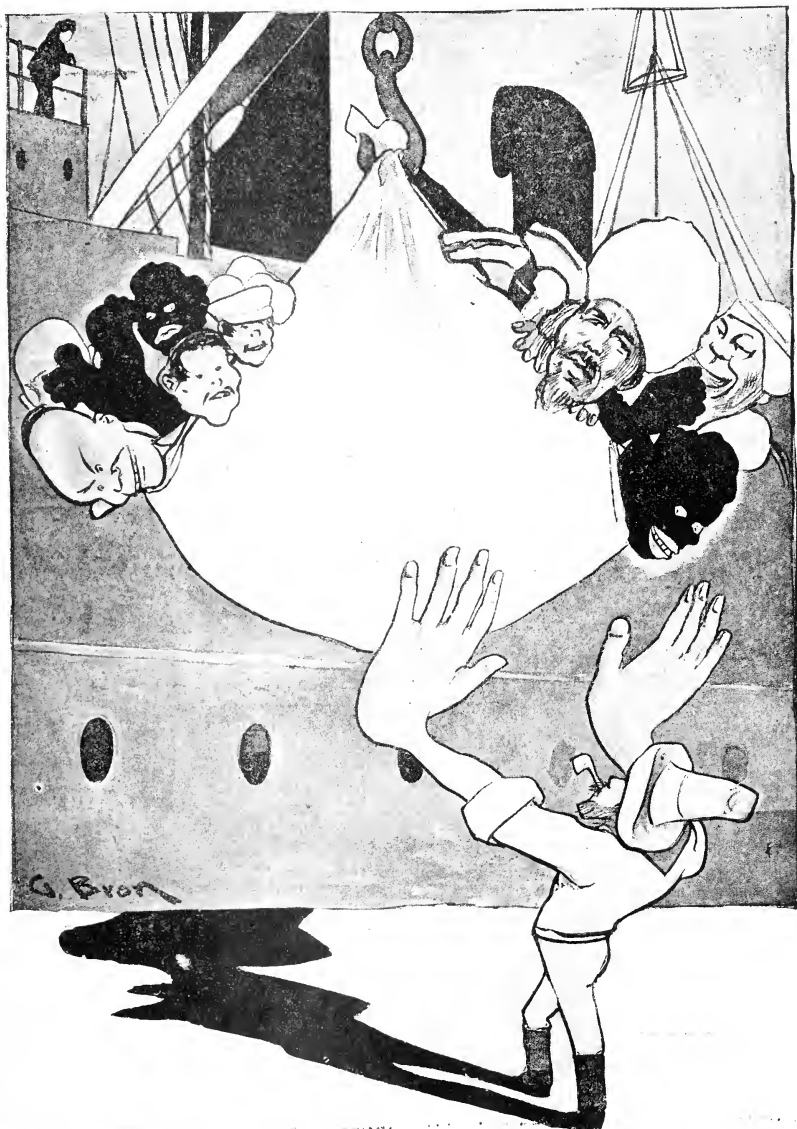
AN AL FRESCO PARLIAMENT.

[It is proposed to select at once the site of the Federal capital, and provide "temporary accommodation" there for the Federal Parliament. This is Hop's view of what would follow.]



"Bulletin."]

MR. WRAGGE'S RAIN-MAKING EXPERIMENTS.



AUSTRALIA'S LIE FOR BRITAIN'S SAKE:

"'Tisn't the colour I object to: that's nothin'—it's the spellin'."



"N.Z. Graphic."]

IN THE COAL HOLE.

Premier Seddon: "By Jupiter! Joseph, if that rope broke, where should we be?"

"It is reported that the Government will shortly work as a State colliery the Westport-Cardiff mine, which the Crown resumed some time ago." Press par.



"Arena."]

THE NEW BABY.

Nurse Turner: "Oh dear! oh dear! Did ever body see such awkwardness? Why wouldn't his ma let me show him to the company? What will they think of the poor darling? And it isn't even as if he was the first."



"Bulletin."]

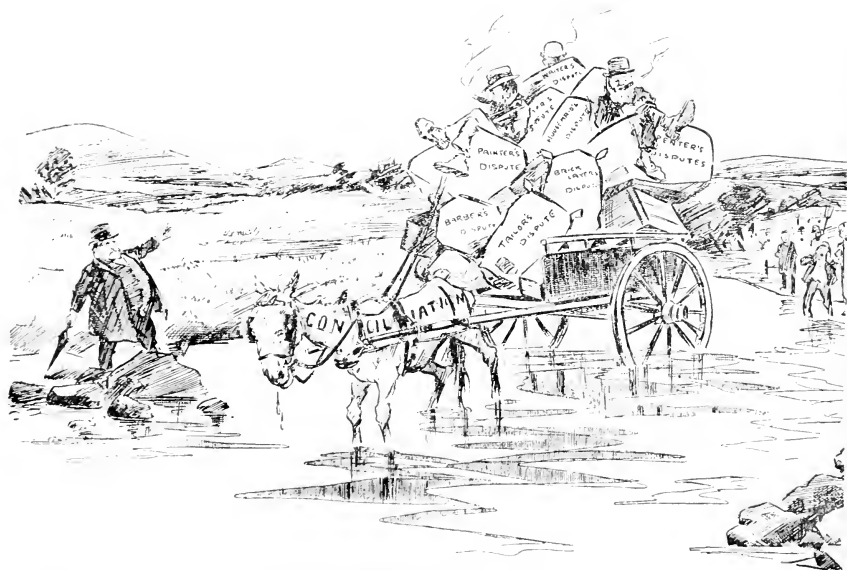
THE TARIFF KICK-OFF.



"N.Z. Graphic."

THE FARMERS' FRIENDS.

[Messrs. Massey and Monk have been trying, in Parliament, to secure for the farmers a little milk from the Government cow.]



"Free Lance."]

THE N.Z. CONCILIATION BOARDS.

"As to the Conciliation Board, I think there is too much sitting—they are driving the thing to death. There ought to be more Court and less Board."—Mr. Seddon in the House.

THE HUMOUR OF THE MONTH.

Humour grows painfully rare in modern literature. The immortal Mr. Dooley, indeed, is almost the one living writer who can make the world smile. We take from an American exchange two of the latest examples of his humour.

I.—Mr. Dooley on a Legal Question.

Mr. Dooley reviews the decision of the United States Supreme Court on the question of whether the constitution follows the flag:

"I see," said Mr. Dooley, "th' Supreme Court has decided th' constitution don't follow th' flag."

"Who said it did?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Some wan," said Mr. Dooley. "It happened a long time ago an' I don't raymber clearly how it came up, but some fellow said that ivrywhere th' Constitution wint the flag was sure to go. 'I don't believe wan wurruk iv it,' says th' other fellow. 'Ye can't make me think th' Constitution is goin' thrapezin' around ivrywhere a young liftment in th' ar-rmy takes it into his head to stick a flag-pole. It's too old. It's a home-stayin' Constitution with a blue coat with brass buttons onto it, an' it walks with a goold-headed cane. It's old an' feeble, an' it prefers to set on th' front stoop an' amuse th' childlher. It wudden't last a minyit in thim tropical climes. 'Twud get a pain in th' fourteenth amindment, an' die before th' doctors cud get ar-round to cut it out. No, sir, we'll keep it with us, an' threat it tenderly without too much hard wurruk, an' whin it plays out entirely we'll give it dacent buryal an' incorp'rate oursilves undher th' laws iv New Jersey. That's what we'll do,' says he. 'But,' says the other, 'if it wants to thravel, why not lave it? But it don't want to! I say it does.' 'How'll we find out?' 'We'll ask th' Supreme Court. They'll know what's good fr' it.'"

"Fr' awhile ivrybody watched to see what the Supreme Court wud do. I know meself I felt I cudden't make another move in th' game til I heard fr'm thim. Buildin' op'rations was suspended an' we stud wringin' our hands outside th' dure waitin' fr' information fr'm th' bedside. 'What're they doin' now?' 'They just put th' argymints iv larned counsel in th' ice-box, an' th' Chief Justice is in a corner writin' a pome. Brown, J., an' Harlan, J., is discussin' th' condition iv th' Roman Empire before th' fire. Th' rest iv th' Court is considerin' th' question whether they ought or ought not to wear ruchin' on their skirts an' hopin' crinolene won't come in again. No decision to-day.' 'An' so it wint fr' days an' weeks an' months.' 'Th' men that had argied that th' Constitution ought to shadow th' flag to all th' t'wargies in th' Passyfic coast an' th' men that argied that th' flag was so lively that no Constitution cud follow it an' survive, they died or lost their jobs or wint back to Salem an' were fr'gotten. Expansionists contracted an' anti-expansionists blew up, an' little childlher was born into th' wurruk an' grew to manhood an' never heard iv Porther Ricky except when some wan got a job there. I'd about made up me mind to thry an' put th' thing out of me thoughts an' go back to wurruk whin I

woke up wan mornin' an' see be th' pa-aper that th' Supreme Court had warn'd th' Constitution to lave th' flag alone an' tind to its own business.

"That's what th' pa-aper says, but I've r-read over th' decision, and I don't see anything iv th' kind there. They're not a wurruk about th' flag, an' not enough to tire ye about th' Constitution. 'Tis a matter iv limons, Hennessy, that th' Supreme Court has been settin' on fr' this generation—a cargo iv limons sint fr'm Porther Ricky to some Eyetalian in Phillydelphy. Th' decision was r-read be Brown, J., him bein' the las' justice to make up his mind, an' ex-officio, as Hogan says, th' first to speak, afther a crool an' bitter contest. Says Brown, J.: 'Th' question here is wan iv such gr-rear importance that we've been strugglin' over it iver since ye see us las', an' only come to a decision (Fuller, C. J., Grav, J., Harlan, J., Shiras, J., McKenna, J., White, J., Brewer, J., an' Peckham, J., dissentin' fr'm me an' each other) because iv th' hot weather comin' on. Wash'n'ton is a threedful place in summer. (Fuller, C.J., dissentin'.) Th' whole fabric iv our government is threatened, th' lives iv our people an' th' progress iv civilisation put to th' bad. Men ar-re excited. But why? We ar-re not. (Harlan, J.: 'I am.' Fuller, C. J., dissentin'. but not fr' th' same reason.) This thing must be settled wan way or th' other undher that dear ol' Constitution be vachue iv which we are here an' ye ar-re there an' Congress is out West practisin' law. Now what does th' Constitution say? We'll look it up thoroughly whin we get through with this case. (Th' rest iv the Court dissentin'.) In the manetime we must be governed he th' ordnances iv th' Khan iv Beloochistan, th' laws iv Hinnery th' Eighth, th' opinyon iv Justice iv th' Peace Oscar Larson in th' case iv th' township iv Red Wing versus Petersen, an' th' Dhred Scott decision. What do they say about limons? Nawthin' at all."

"Again, we take th' Dhred Scott decision. This was wan iv th' worst I iver r-read. If I cudden't write a better wan with blinders on, I'd leav off th' bench. This horrible fluke iv a decision throps a gr-rear, an almost blindin' light on th' case. I will turn it off. (McKenna, J., concurs, but thinks it ought to be blowed out.) But where was I? I must put on me specs. Oh, about th' limons. Well, th' decision iv th' Court (the others dissentin') is as follows: First, that th' District iv Columbia is a State; second, that it is not; third, that New York is a State; fourth, that it is a Crown Colony; fifth, that all States ar-re States, an' all Territories ar-re Territories in th' eyes iv other Powers, but Gawd knows what they ar-re at home. In the case of Hogan versus Mullins, th' decision is he must paper th' barn. (Hinnery VIII., sixteen, six, four, eleven.) In Wiggins versus et, al th' cow belonged. (Louis XIV., 90 in rem.) In E. P. Vigore versus Ad Lib., th' custody iv th' childer. A voice fr'm th' audience: 'Do I get me money back?' Brown, J.: 'Who ar-re ye?' Th' Voice: 'Th' man that ownded th' limons.' Brown, J.: 'I don't know.' (Gray, J., White, J., dissentin' an' th' rest iv th' birds concurrin', but fr' entirely diff'rent reasons.)"

"An' there ye have th' decision, Hinnissy, that's shaken th' intellects iv th' nation to their very foundations, or will if they thry to read it. 'Tis all r-right. Look it over some time. 'Tis fine sport iv ye don't

care f'r checkers. "Some say it laves th' flag up in th' air an' some say that's where it laves th' Constitution. Anyhow, something's in th' air. But there's wan thing I'm sure about."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"That is," said Mr. Dooley, "no matter whether th' Constitution follows th' flag or not, th' Supreme Court follows th' election returns."

II.—Mr. Dooley on the Weather Bureau.

"I'm goin' to make me apologies to Clancy's leg," said Mr. Dooley.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "I've done it an injustice. I've spoken ill iv it as a weather prophet. F'r years that rheumatic prop has been indicatin' th' weather. If Clancy was seen walkin' briskly down the street everybody up an' down th' road made plans f'r a buggy ride. If Clancy come along leamin' on a stick, they begun to keep their eye on their umbrellies. Iver since I was a young man, Clancy's leg has tipped off rain storms before they got as far as th' Rocky Mountains, an' manny a barque has it prevented from goin' out on the canal whin th' sky was clear overhead, but a twist in th' knee told Clancy a hurricane was brewin' down below Lemont. That leg dealt in anny kind iv weather, hot or cold, wet or dhry. Clancy used to make a verse about it: 'What,' says he, 'is th' use iv rapinin'?' he says. 'Dhriue care an' sorrow away. To-morrow,' he says, 'th' leg may be aisy, although it is,' he says, 'achin' to-day.' People bought their coal an' ice be Clancy's leg, arranged their parties an' mended their roofs. It predicted th' hard frost iv seventy-nine an' the hot spell iv eighty-eight. Th' night before th' big wind come that blew down the steeple iv the church, ye could hear Clancy howlin' like a wolf, an' before the heavy floods two years ago he had to be wheeled round in a chair f'r a week. I used to laugh at th' people that watched that of peg, but, mind ye, if I was Mack, I'd have th' weather bureau take observations on Clancy's leg, an' issue bulletins: 'Clancy in gr-reat agny. Look out f'r storms on th' lakes.' Or: 'Clancy went to a dance last night. Continued fair an' clear, with light south-westerly breeze.' I wud so."

"Las' Foorth of March, Mack sint f'r th' laad that r-runs th' weather bureau an' says he: 'Pro-fessor,' says he, 'what kind iv weather ar-re ye goin' to give us to-morrath?' he says. 'Can I wear me plug hat?' says he. 'Ye cud go in tressie pa-pier,' says th' pro-fessor. 'Since the Lord sint you an' me to bless this gran' counthry,' he says, 'there niver was seen such a fine day as to-morrath will be,' he says. 'The sun will shine in th' hoochus sky,' he says, 'an' th' bur-rds will

carol fr'm th' three,' he says. 'Twill be a glorious day, an' ye'll be glad,' he says, 'that ye give me th' job,' he says. Well, sir, Clancy come in to see me that night, groanin' with pain. 'What ails ye,' says I. 'Me leg,' says he. 'Th' weather's got into it,' he says. 'Tis goin' to rain a deluge,' he says. 'But,' says I, 'th' arya iv low barometer is stationary over Texas, an' th' arya iv high barometer is tearing round in th' neighbourhood iv Goshen, Injianty.' I says, 'How can it rain?' says I. 'I don't care,' says he, 'tis goin' to rain,' he says. Well, sir, d'ye raymimber, Mack had to put on a life-preserver before he got half-way through tellin' what he'd done f'r us. 'Twas a gr-reat victhry for Clancy's leg."

"But along in April, aither th' grass had begun to come out, Clancy dhropped in on me, carryin' a stick. 'Ye'd better put in some coal,' says he. 'I'd better be puttin' in ice,' says I, f'r 'twas as warm as summer. 'Me leg is snowin' says he. 'Let's look at what th' pro-fessor says,' says I. 'Here it is. An arya iv high pressure is circulatin' in th' upper lake region, persued by an arya of low pressure. Th' weather will continue warum an' cosy.' 'With snow,' says Clancy, hobblin' away. Well, sir, that night I woke up with a chill an' there was an inch iv snow on th' sidewalk. Another triumph f'r Clancy's leg."

"I've been thinking over it, Hinnessy, an' I come to th' conclusion that there's two kinds iv weather, human weather and weather-bureau weather. No wan knows what causes human weather. Hogan says th' seasons is caused be th' sun movin' fr'm th' thropic iv Cancer to th' thropic iv Capicorn, an' whin 'tis in wan place we suffer fr'm th' cold, an' that's winter, an' whin 'tis in th' other place we suffer fr'm th' heat, an' that's summer. Hogan says it, but Hogan can't tell ye why, if that's so, th' days don't get hotter fr'm March straight through to October. Some people says th' summer's caused by fires in th' bowels iv th' earth, where hell used to be whin I was a boy, but if ye believe that why ain't we cooked the year around? Father Kelly thinks 'tis th' spots on th' sun does it, an' Schwartzmeister thinks 'tis th' brewer's agent. Irvy body has a guess, an' wan man's guess is as good as another. That's our weather. Th' weather bureau ought to lave it alone, an' shlick to its own, that rains whin they're a high pressure in Maine an' snows whin they're a low pressure in Texas. Th' weather bureau's weather is a good parlour weather, but th' kind we have to dhriue shytret curs in is out-of-dure weather, subject to all the rigours iv th' climate. Th' weather bureau's weather is on a map an' our weather is in th' air. That's why th' pro-fessor fails an' Clancy's leg is a gr-reat success. 'Tis an out-iv-dure leg."

"I don't believe in anny kind iv weather prognostications," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "if I was going into th' business, I niver wud prophesy till th' day aither."

The "Young Man" offers biographic samples from three very different stages of life. Mr. Crooks gives fine thumbnail sketches of coming young Unionists—Lord Curzon, Lord Hugh Cecil, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Wyndham. Dean Farrar is characterised by Mr. A. R. Buckland; and Dr. Newman Hall tells what he finds life to be like at 85. Mr. Crooks thinks Lord Hugh's proper metier would have been a Cardinal in the Middle Ages.

Dog lovers of both sexes will turn with interest to the illustrated interview with Mr. Cecil Aldin on "The Humour of Dogs," which appears in the "Young Woman" for September. Mr. Aldin is afraid that dogs are, as a rule, devoid of humour. "A dog likes fun—a good romp and game with children—but his sense of humour has not been developed, and it is not subtle. . . . Perhaps a dog's best attempt at humour is when he is being tickled."

CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT.

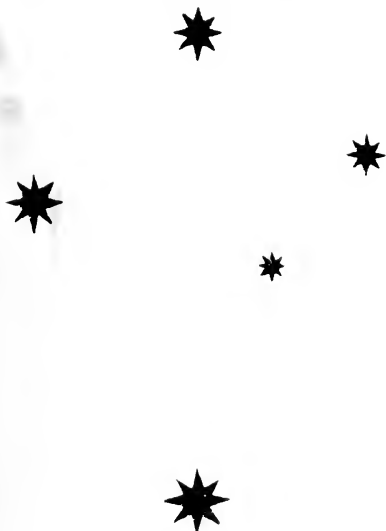
[The "Review of Reviews for Australasia" has not, hitherto, given any space in its columns to correspondence. Yet many letters reach us which are of general interest, and which we should be very glad to publish. To serve as a vehicle for the expression of public opinion is both a legitimate and a useful office for either a magazine or a newspaper. We shall be glad to give space in each issue for letters of general interest.—Editor "Review of Reviews for Australasia."]

The Southern Cross to Scale.

On this subject Mr. Clement L. Wragge, Government Meteorologist, Queensland, writes:—

"As every representation that I have yet seen of the Southern Cross in reference to the Federal flag is incorrect, I venture to send you, under separate cover, a drawing of the constellation, which is correct to scale, and in every particular. If you reproduce it, it might not inaptly suit your cover, and it will serve as a guide to flag-makers and others who wish the Cross correctly represented. I am not in any way attempting to detract from the accepted design of the new flag, the idea of which is appropriate and excellent—only, Australians ought to know how to picture their guardian constellation."

We reproduce the drawing Mr. Wragge kindly sends:



impossible ones. I cannot but think, however, that if the Australians are wanting a 'national' flag, it would have been as well not to exclude many symbolical and symmetrical designs because they were not reversible—for the Union Jack itself is not so. It would seem as if a unique opportunity has been lost of presenting to the world a flag as unique in its beauty as the national flag of the United Kingdom. Perhaps distress could be indicated by standing any of the symmetrical flags up on end, instead of reversing."

"Croix du Sud" (South Australia) says:

"'Fight for a Flag' adequately expresses the general feeling prevalent in this colony (S.A.) regarding the chosen design; but I would point out, as one who has given more than a few casual glances at the art of heraldry, that the knowledge of that art possessed by the judges must be rudimentary in the extreme; if otherwise, they would have known that a six-pointed star cannot represent six objects joined in one, but that six objects charged alongside one another on the same quarter or division, can and do;—to wit, the United States' flag shows a star and a stripe for each State (stripes, of course, have now been limited to 13); also, they would have known that the principal charge—the representation of the Federation—is not in the principal quarter or division, but vice versa, that the subordinate charge (the Southern Hemisphere) is; and, again, we have neither right nor reason to warrant us in making distinctions between stars celestial and stars metaphorical or symbolical; the total number of states thus represented would amount to 40 or more!! on the basis of one ray, one State; this might suit the United States, but is altogether premature for the Commonwealth."

"In heraldry, the star is always six-pointed, unless specially stated to be otherwise; the seven-pointed star is the ecclesiastical; when New Zealand joins we will become quite saintly!"

"The five-pointed star can scarcely be distinguished from the mullet or rovel, which forms the special mark borne by the third son."

"At the Battle of Barnet, Warwick the King-maker was slain on account of his mistaking a huge solitary star borne by John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, for the sun borne by the King, consequently he directed his charge against the wrong opponent. The solitary star is already flown by Lunkey, Chili, and Liberia, whilst Ecuador flies seven white stars on blue. The chosen design being hopeless, both from an artistic and heraldic point of view, let it be consigned to oblivion, and a fresh competition inaugurated, restricted to designs which are correct or nearly correct in heraldry; artistic excellence should atone for many defects."

"In the seal design, the attitude of the horse is impossible, and suggests that peace will be fought, and justice wayward and given to pranks; surely a bride might have been provided for Australia riding astride such a mettlesome charger."

"The reverse, although neat and appropriate, shows certain errors which ought to be corrected before the die is cast. New South Wales ought to occupy dexter, the position at present occupied by Victoria; precedence ought to follow according to age, or, preferably, population. Again, the Cross of Queensland is not the

The "Review of Reviews" Commonwealth Flag.

Many letters reach us on this subject, and we regret that we can only publish a few of them.

E. King, B.A. (Petone, Wellington, N.Z.), writes:

"I read with much interest your recent criticisms on the designs submitted for a 'Commonwealth Flag,' and quite agree with you that a large number were

'Cross Moine,' but the 'Croix de Malthe' (Maltese Cross) and its four arms ought to be prolonged to the margin of the shield, like those of the Cross of New South Wales. The suggestion of Mr. Butterfield that the Pointers and Cross (six stars) should represent the various States is too fantastic; apart from the possibility of the number exceeding six ere long, it is incorrect in heraldry. Stars cannot be celestial and metaphorical at one and the same time, and the prime object of that gentle art is to prevent confusion. The remarks of the judges regarding the small size of some of the stars show them to be unacquainted with the fact that there is no fixity of proportion in regard to the size of a number of objects charged; they may be large or small, according to fancy, unless expressly stated to be one or other.

Mr. H. B. Huddleston, C.E., writes from Blenheim, New Zealand:—

"Availing myself of your proffered space set aside for correspondence, I wish to congratulate those responsible in their success over the selection of a national flag, which, with one exception, seems to embrace all required; the omission being the national emblem. This could appropriately be placed on the star representing the united colonies by a shield charged with a kangaroo. A precedent for a similar introduction occurs in the flag of the Lord Lieutenant for Ireland, which has a small shield, carrying a harp, and occupying a prominent place on the Union Jack, which is also placed in the top corner, as in the Commonwealth and N.Z. flags.

"The seal selected from designs sent in would appear hardly so happy a conception, heraldic designs and inscriptions in Latin being very unlikely to touch the heartstrings of the new nation; while the beautiful idea conveyed by the Southern Cross, our own national constellation and emblem, could be further deepened and endorsed by a chaste and beautiful Maltese Cross, encircled with a garter, bearing a suitable inscription in honest Anglo-Saxon. The reverse bearing the crowned head and bust of Queen Victoria, encircled with a wreath of immortal laurel, and the legend, 'Victoria the Good'—to which none will object. Seeing that the group of southern colonies have developed into prosperous States under the long reign of our late and beloved Queen, and the visit of the Duke and Duchess was due to her sympathetic forthrightness, and that Australia's sons rallied to the support of their Queen and country at the Cape, it seems to me that nothing could be more suitable or acceptable."

On the Side of the Fools!

Henry Mills (Fiji) offers an original and amusing plea for "Tattersall's." We regret we have to omit some portions of his letter:

"Noticing that, year by year, about this time, you have something to say about the multitude of fools who are responsible for the support of the Tattersall and Co. lotteries, I would ask your patience to look on one side of the question—for, of course, as on all questions there are many sides—that you seem, naturally, to be unaware of, I mean the fools' side.

"I fancy people like yourself, with congenial pursuits and surroundings, a comfortable income, and unharassed with mean and paltry cares, can hardly enter into the feelings of those whose lives are spent in related parts of the world, struggling to support a family on a yearly income that would hardly suffice you for a fortnight. In many parts of the world I have often come into contact with these people, and I may say I have been for some years one of them. We work from January 1 to December 31, without any change or holiday, from year to year, trying to feel content if we can honestly pay our way, and be indebted to no one. We have no pleasant social sur-

roundings, our nearest white neighbour being many miles away, and there being no roads, only approachable by water. We have, therefore, to live in ourselves; those luckily still young may have visions of a different future; but those like your correspondent, with youth left far behind, can live only in the present, while trying to pick out the pictures from the book of the past. Is it not natural that we should be given much to building castles in the air? And it is only those whose dreary lives are like what I have pointed out, know the luxury and happiness we fools enjoy while wandering in these unsubstantial buildings. I do not think that when we come tumbling down to mother earth we are much hurt on coming to our senses.

We are not in the habit of crying over spilt milk of any kind, and all the time were quite aware of the probable catastrophe awaiting us. Out of our small yearly income we pinch a few pounds to furnish ourselves with some reading matter, a few papers, a magazine or two, and now and then a treat in a small case of books; so that, though we may be quite out of the world, we would try and not be totally ignorant of it. This supplies, in a measure, the wants of social intercourse, and keeps the brain from complete withering and our thoughts occasionally detached from our mean surroundings. The only other luxury, perhaps, we indulge, is a lottery ticket or two, to the extent, maybe, of twenty or thirty shillings. Certainly we never get a prize, but we spend many pleasant hours in imagining we have gained one, and we spend it over and over again in these imaginations: How, at last, we shall be able to educate our children; how, perhaps, we may revisit the home of our youth; how we shall be able to afford this little luxury (you would call it a necessity), and we often think what unhappiness and misery we shall be able to relieve.

"As for the Mr. 'Adams' and his brother, they may be rogues, or they may not; that does not affect my view of the matter. There are rogues everywhere, and gambling everywhere, though called speculation, or any other name. There are rogues amongst shopkeepers, lawyers, clergymen, and even, as I well know, amongst professional philanthropists. You, I presume, would not call the successful trader or broker or politician a fool, and, perhaps, would be too polite to call him a knave; but he is just as much (or more) a gambler as the poor man who risks his pound in a lottery ticket, Tattersall's or any other.

"It is not often, perhaps, you hear the fool's side of the question, and this is my apology for troubling you."

[That persons running "Tattersall's" are or are not "rogues" is, in a sense, an irrelevant detail. Gambling is a vice; like all vice, it tends to spread, and, if unchecked, it would ruin the community. All civilised governments once used lotteries as a legitimate device for raising revenue. But all have now abandoned that device. They found, by experience, that it was attended with the deadliest social peril.—Editor "Review of Reviews for Australasia."]

New Zealand Labour Laws.

We receive many letters on this subject, and publish extracts from two letters, as giving opposite views of the subject.

B. Brankston (Manukau Heads, Auckland) writes at length, and with great faithfulness; we regret we can publish only portion of his letter:—

"I have been a subscriber to the 'Review of Reviews.' I think, nearly ever since it started, and I often wonder where you get your information from about New Zealand; for it seems to me it always creates a wrong impression as to what is going on in our country. I think this is very much to be regretted, particularly as your paper travels so far, and is read by so many. Your notes about New Zealand have a strong flavour of Sir R. Stout about them. . .

"I wish to let you know that I am a farmer, as you spoke about the Farmers' Union which is being formed here. My opinion is the Farmers' Union will make very little difference to the Government. With the exception of a few discontents in the Auckland province the farmers are all in favour of the Government. Where Mr. Seddon has made himself so popular, he has done some good for everybody; so a man that does that must be popular. The work of the Boards of Conciliation and Arbitration has increased the wages of the men, and this has increased the prosperity of the farmers by the greatly increased demand for farm produce—butter, cheese, eggs, bacon, etc., oatmeal, etc. The reason for the rush on the Boards of Conciliation and Arbitration is certain trades being brought under it which were not so before, such as carters, etc. Now, it was the employers that summoned all these people; simply, I suppose, to try and bring the Act into discredit, and create discontent, but the Act has come to stay!

"The reason they (the farmers) know only one side, like yourself, there is only one weekly paper in the province, viz., 'Auckland Weekly News.' With very few exceptions, the farmers take their politics from this paper; and, of course, it rails against the Government continually. Now, in every other province there are papers on both sides, and the farmers know something of what is going on.

"I don't know, Mr. Editor, what you will think of this letter; but, being a constant reader of the 'Review of Reviews,' I thought I had a right to tell you that your news about New Zealand is not reliable or

correct, and I may say this: I am perfectly satisfied with the Government, and I believe nine-tenths of the farmers of New Zealand are so too. In fact, we never had a Government that gave such general satisfaction."

A New Zealand manufacturer gives the opposite view (though here, again, we are compelled to abridge):—

"We employ, on an average, about forty-five hands, and have had no dispute with them; but of late they have formed two unions, one for men and the other for women; and, since they have discovered their newly-acquired power, they are framing all sorts of regulations which, if granted by the Board, means that our business will be hampered considerably. With regard to our so-called Conciliation Board ('Aggravation Board' would be a more appropriate name) our experience in New Zealand is that it does not conciliate, but has a contrary effect. Great numbers of disputes have arisen that were never thought of before; and instead of employers and employed working amicably together, they are constantly at loggerheads. Employers are harassed in every conceivable way, and contracts bid fair to be a thing of the past. Another ridiculous thing is, while the Government is over-riding private employers as to the number of hours their hands shall work, they are working their own in some departments—notably the railways—very much longer hours. Prices are going up in nearly every line, so what better off will the working man be?"

The Humanitarian.

A fine portrait of Professor Rhys Davids is the frontispiece to a suggestive fragment by him on Buddhism as a moral force, in the September "Humanitarian." He mentions the special training of the heart inculcated in the direction of love, and the four Sublime States which resulted. A man was to sit down and deliberately set himself to regard, first, those near him, and especially his enemy, with thoughts of love. He was then gradually to extend the circle of the objects of his love till it included the whole world:

And thus the whole wide world, above, below, around and everywhere, doth he pervade with heart of Love, far-reaching, grown great, beyond measure, free from the last trace of anger or ill-will.

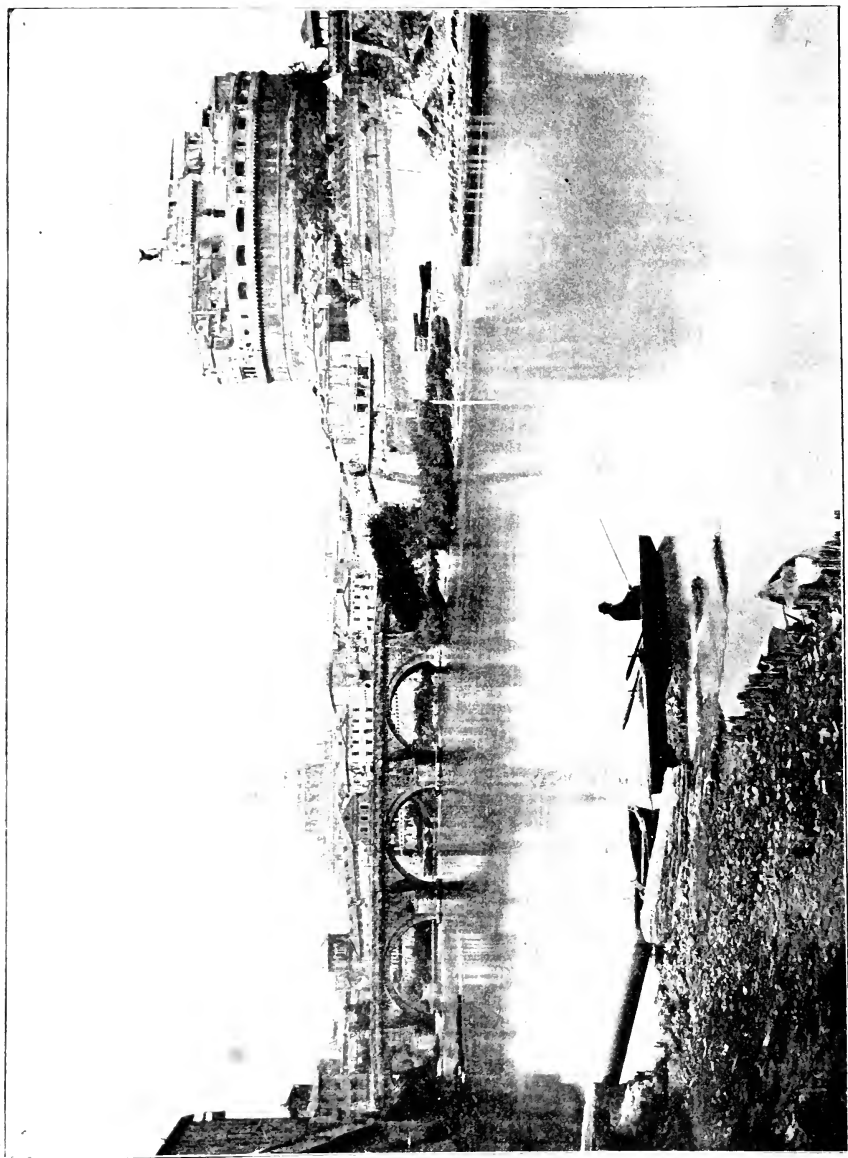
Next must be exercised Pity for all beings, then Sympathy, and finally the Even Mind is attained.

The Greek Charge d'Affaires in London chats of his countrymen's life and work. He remarks that there are very few abstentions from the poll in Greece, either in Parliamentary or in municipal elections. Auguste Sylvestre will win many thanks for his sympathetic survey of Maeterlinck and his works. A curious "sympathetic phenomenon" is recorded from America. Two telegraph operators, one at Pittsburg and the other at New York, began work together with the wire alone connecting them—they have not seen each other

—eleven years ago. Then they bore not the slightest resemblance to each other; now they are as alike as two peas. "They not only look alike, but think alike, talk alike, and act alike." This transformation is attributed to the daily and compulsory communication of identical matter by the simultaneous agency of electricity. They have the same words, ideas, feelings, at the same time. The review revives the memory of Komensky's work, "The Labyrinth of the World and the Paradise of the Heart."

The Amateur Spirit is the theme of a thoughtful paper in the "Atlantic Monthly." The writer insists "Ours must be, not 'a nation of amateurs,' but 'a nation of professionals,' if it is to hold its own in the coming struggles." His ideal is the "union of the generous spirit of the amateur with the method of the professional."

The use of the top stories of "sky scrapers" as "mid-air clubs" forms the subject of a bright and breezy paper by Mr. Cleveland Moffett in the September "Century." New York merchants are apparently abandoning the hurriedly swallowed counter-luncheon, and are finding an hour or two at lunch in sumptuous clubs, whither they rise by express elevators, to be a judicious and delightful outlay of time and money.



THE TIBER, WITH ST. PETER'S AND THE CASTLE OF SAN ANGELO.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

By W. T. STEAD.

"THE ETERNAL CITY," BY HALL CAINE.

"The Eternal City" is an ambitious failure. I am very sorry, for the author is a good man capable of better things. But this last book of his is his worst. I tried the experiment of reading aloud the first few chapters, but came to the conclusion that "The Eternal City" was going to be an eternal bore. Afterwards I read the last half of the book right through to the end, and came to the conclusion that it was a fantastic monstrosity. Having come to this conclusion, I read with some amazement extracts from the Press notices. From them I learn that the work is a "masterpiece;" it is "a pure, living, exquisite piece of work;" "to read it is to drink from a fountain of hope and strength." Nay, more, it is "a veritable gospel." In short, the praises bestowed upon this work by some of its critics would probably be regarded as a trifle overdone if the reviewers were handling the works of one William Shakespeare. It is "a triumph of imagination;" "reveals the author at the very zenith of his gift;" "the pace and passion of the story are tremendous;" "Mr. Caine's new work ranks among the vital things of literature;" "it is full of sorrow, gladness, humour, and its greatest wealth is in its wealth of contagious and engrossing emotion."

Most of these quotations are from our provincial friends, but the "Standard" finds it "an astonishing book;" and even the "British Weekly" finds that "the author has far higher and more prominent ends than the securing of a popular success. In this book he gives the public his very best."

I quote these eulogistic paragraphs in order to give Mr. Hall Caine the benefit of the judgment of the best things that have been said about his book by other reviewers, who, I am willing to admit, may be much more capable than myself of forming a judgment. So I read the book again; but I can only speak of the book as I found it at first. Heaven forbid that I should deny that Mr. Caine wrote it with other than the loftiest aims. I think Mr. Caine always writes with lofty aspirations, only he has tackled in this story a theme too high for him, and the result, so far as one reader is concerned, has been disastrous.

Rome in Fiction

Within the last year or two four novels have appeared dealing with modern Rome. Of these four by far the best, regarded as a study of the actual Rome of to-day, the Pope, the King, Cardinals, and financiers, was Zola's "Rome." As a story it was poor enough; but as a piece of journalistic photography, it leaves the reader simply lost in amazement at the fidelity of the portraiture and at the industry with which the detail is worked out. I had gone over the ground traversed by Zola a few years before, and in every page I recognised the fidelity with which the author had reproduced the actual conditions which exist both in the Vatican and the Quirinal. Compared with Zola's description, the books of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Marie Corelli are hardly to be regarded as serious efforts at accurate and comprehensive portraiture. For both of them Rome was but a background which they utilised as part of the machinery of their story. Mr.

Hall Caine's book more directly challenges comparison with Zola's, with results that are in almost every respect detrimental to the English author. Zola painted the Pope as he is. Mr. Hall Caine presents us with a fairyland kind of Pontiff, who ends the story by surrendering the temporal power, after a series of adventures which are quite fantastic. Roman Catholics will naturally be outraged by such a free handling of the august Pontiff, who is to them the viceregent of God, the official head on earth of the divine instrument appointed for the salvation of mankind. But if they reflect a little, they will discover in this attempt to exploit the Pope for the purpose of a popular novel an indirect tribute to the hold which the Pope possesses upon the imagination even of ultra Protestants.

Literary Screaming.

This book is literature in the same way that the mammoth posters on a gigantic hoarding are art. When you address a great mob, or when you have to catch the eye of an immense multitude of preoccupied persons, you need to print in very large capitals, and to illustrate your text by pictures executed in the most glaring colours. Mr. Hall Caine in this book develops the knack of the artist of the hoarding to its last point of development. Everything is strained, garish, violent, unreal. There is no rest. Everything is forced, exaggerated, intensified, so as to produce a sensational effect upon the mind of the reader. Hardly anything is left for the imagination. It is possible Mr. Hall Caine may deny this, may even be amazed that such a charge could be brought against him. Should this be so, we can only take shelter behind the familiar quotation of the north-country pitman's wife, who, when explaining her standard of taste in the choice of apparel, exclaimed: "None of your gaudy colours for me. Give me plain red and yellow." "The Eternal City" is not so much a painting as a printing executed in the most glaring and gaudy style of chromolithography, adapted for use on the city hoardings.

There is, of course, a great deal to be said in defence of this art of the hoarding. The plea that can be put forward for it is similar to the justification which is constantly pleaded for the actors who play to the penny gaff. The dense, uncultured crowd of costermongers and their girls, dock labourers and factory lasses, who come to spend an evening seeing the play, require the drama to be served up hot and strong. There must be no sparing of the limelight. The villain must have his villainy depicted on every inch of his ruffianly carcass; the limelight must be turned full on to the faces of the hero and the heroine at the critical moment, so that every boy and girl in the gallery may see their bosoms swell, and may note the agonised quiver which convulses their features, and see the tears rush in floods from their eyes. The simple, elemental emotions must be portrayed with exaggerated emphasis, otherwise they will not reach the gallery. The hero must not declaim—he must rant; the heroine must not sob—she must wail; and as for the villain, he departs scowling, with his hand upon his sword, declaring that "a time will come." His ac-

cents must be of the most blood-curdling description, if they are to go down with the gods. "The Eternal City," from the first page to the last, is conceived and carried out in the spirit of the penny gaff.

You can hardly repress a feeling of sorrowful sympathy for the author. His story might have been less offensive, had he not insisted upon displaying it, as it were, by magic lantern. Many a painted slide looks well enough when it is in the hand; but when it is placed in the lantern, and the oxy-hydrogen light is turned on, with the result that a picture magnified fifty diameters is flung upon the sheet, every defect comes out into glaring relief. It is impossible for anyone to display his characters in this stereoscopic fashion without subjecting both himself and his creations to an ordeal which it is almost impossible they can survive.

It would be absurd to complain of Mr. Hall Caine for dealing with the subject in this fashion. He has his public, and no one knows better than he what is necessary to fetch them. That he has fetched them in the present case appears to be beyond question. When the house is ringing with cheers, and the gods of the gallery Olympus shake the roof with their applause, it is ridiculous to complain that the actor in the melodrama has ignored the subtleties of his art, or that his style of rendering human emotion would seem little less than barbarous to the cultured habitués of the Comédie Française. The subtleties and the niceties of the dramatic art, which would be appreciated in the house of Molière, would be thrown away upon an audience in Whitechapel. It is a great thing to know your public, and to play up to it; and when you have to spread the canvas before a busy, indifferent, and apathetic crowd, you need your magic lantern and you need your megaphone. In "The Eternal City" we have the oxy-hydrogen in full blast, and chapter after chapter the author roars through a gigantic megaphone his message to the people.

Melodrama.

The whole setting of the thing is melodramatic. Here, for instance, is the scene when the heroine recalls the night of her undoing. Roma is in her boudoir, and the wood in the stove is burning in fitful blue and red flames:—

There was no light in the room, and Roma lay with her body on the floor and her face buried in the couch. The world outside was full of fearful and unusual noises. Snow was still falling, and the voices heard through it had a peculiar sound of throbbing. The soft rolling of thunder came from a long way off, like the boom of a slow wave on a distant beach. At intervals there was a crackle of musketry, like the noise of rockets sent up in the night, and sometimes there were pitiful cries, smothered by the unrecrberating snow, like the cries of a drowning man on a foundering ship at sea.

After this thrilling overture, Roma, face downwards, sees in her nightmare the incidents of a night that was hardly six weeks past, of which no more need be said than that at its close she went out of the room, "with a long shudder . . . trembling and silent, like one who had passed through an earthquake, the human earthquake that lays bare the secret of sex." Then again comes the throbbing beat of the big drum, and the slow music. We hear the consolations of the Countess, that "After all, God is merciful. . . Besides, the Baron is a man of honour."

The sobbing sounds in the snow, the cries far away, the crackle of the rifle-shots, the rumble of the thunder broke in again, and the elements outside seemed to whirl round her in the tempest of her trouble.

And as it is in that scene, so it is always, wherever you open the book. The physical sensations of the author's personages are portrayed with persistent iteration, and the same strain and effort which makes the villain on the stage roll his eyes and convulse his features. For instance, in a scene between Roma and her aunt, who was reproaching her for displaying herself at the theatre with the enemy of the man who had seduced her, Roma lost her temper with the old woman, which is thus described:—

Roma's bosom was swelling in her heavy breathing. Her heart was beating violently, and her head was dizzy. All the bitterness of the evening was boiling in her throat, and it burst out at length in a flood.

A few moments afterwards we are told that:—

Roma was superb, with her head thrown back, her eyes flaming, and her magnificent figure swelling and heaving under her clinging gown.

On another occasion we are told that "with colour heightened by emotion and the bath," Roma was more lovely that night than she had ever been before. The blood pulsed visibly under her skin; her bosom rose and fell, and her eyes gleamed with looks of love under the upward look of their black lashes.

This was the very style of the "London Journal" in the old days, when it was the favourite of the servants' parlour. Her violet eyes "became red with anger and terror." We are spared no sensation—how she goes to bed at night, and in the morning how she lies on her back and stretches out both arms "for sheer sweetness of strength and love." "Body and soul were suffused with joy, and she leapt out of bed with a spring."

On Stiffs.

In the love-scene, in which, in a flood of hysterical tears, she flings herself literally at the feet of her lover, we have the supreme example of Mr. Hall Caine in his megaphone style:—

"David," she cried.

"Don't do that. Get up," he answered—

a remark natural enough in the circumstances. But, Mr. Hall Caine tells us,

his thoughts were in a whirl. He had been standing aside trembling for Roma as he had never trembled for himself in the hottest moments of his public life; and now he was alone with her, and his love was beating in his breast in stabs. . . . Her tears and her passion bore down everything.

"Roma," he answered, breathing hard, "don't talk like that. I can't bear it."

But on she goes, through fresh bursts of tears, until she makes in plain words a declaration of her love.

He could not speak now. His words were choking in his throat.

She went on, in a torrent of tears. At last clenching his hands behind his back to keep himself from throwing his arms round her, he began, trembling all over, to repel her advances. Then, with a cry of passion and remorse, she flung both arms about his neck. "He had stood during this fierce struggle of love and pain, holding himself in, until his throbbing nerves could bear the strain no longer."

"Come to me, come to me," he cried, and at the moment when she threw herself upon him, he stretched out his arms to receive her. He clasped her in his arms with redoubled ardour, and pressed her to his breast, and kissed her. The love so long pent up was bursting out like a liberated cataract that sweeps the snow and ice before it. Under the warmth of his tenderness, she dropped her head on to his breast to conceal her face in her shame.

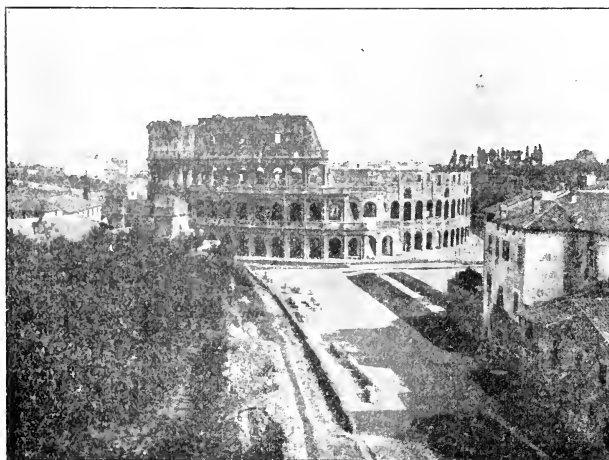
He put her to sit in a chair, and sat himself on the arm of it—

with his face to her face, and her arms still round his neck. He ran his hand through her hair, and kissed her forehead. She drew back her head so that she might put her lips to his forehead in return, and he kissed her full round throat. . . . Then, they heard all the bells of Rome were ringing for them, and the Ave Maria was their own. When they looked out of the window, the Mother of Cities lay below, in its lightsome whiteness, and over the ridge of its encircling hills the glow of the departing sun was rising in vaporous tints of amber and crimson into the transparent blue, with the dome of St. Peter's like a balloon ready to rise into a celestial sky.

It took him half an hour to say adieu, after the last kiss, and the last handshake. Their arms would stretch out to the utmost limit, and then close again for another and another, and yet another embrace.

When at length Rossi was gone, Roma ran into her bedroom to look at her face in the glass:—

appeal to his public; and as to reach your public is the first object of every author, Mr. Caine may naturally say that as he attains his end, he does not mind so much about his means. But no such excuse is available in answer to the second criticism which he has brought upon himself in this book. It is easy to understand why he should have placed the scene of his story in Rome. There is no city in the world round which cluster so many memories of the past or in which are to be found so many sharp contrasts in the present, as the city of the Caesars and the Popes. It affords a setting for any drama or melodrama which is without a rival. The Coliseum, St. Peter's, the castle of St. Angelo, the Vatican, the Quirinal, the Forum, the Pantheon—these are the names of places known to, and more or less realised by, all mankind. Therefore Mr. Hall Caine boldly lugs them upon the stage, and uses them as the background for his melodrama. Novelists are free to do anything, provided that they do not make themselves ridiculous by asking



THE COLISEUM.

The golden complexion was heightened by a bright spot on either cheek, and a tear drop was glistening in the corner of each of her eyes.

The Peril of Big Figures.

The key to the defects of this book is to be found on the back of the title-page. It is as follows:—

"This is to certify that we have printed 100,000 copies of the first edition of this volume."

It is that straining after great circulation, the necessity of attracting the 100,000 readers, that accounts for the defects to which I have alluded. Mr. Hall Caine has ever had his 100,000 public before his eye, and he lays on his paint not so much with a brush as with a trowel.

So much for the point of literary workmanship. From another point of view, the book is even more open to censure. What may be called the transportation, or bill-poster, or megaphonic style of Mr. Hall Caine has at least the justification of success in his

their readers to imagine things that are incredible. Shakespeare, it is true, imagined a shipwreck on the shores of Bohemia, a geographical impossibility which, however, in no way interferes with our enjoyment of the drama, for the geographical placing of the shipwreck bears no direct relation to the interests of the play. But when a novelist locates his plot in a city which most of us have visited, and with whose politics and personalities we are more or less familiar, he should at least keep himself within the bounds of possibility, not to say probability. The moment he oversteps those boundaries, his story becomes a mere "Alice in Wonderland" business, which has no relation to realities, and is more or less fantastical nonsense. If, instead of placing his story in Rome, Mr. Caine had chosen Greenland as a scene of operations, it is to be assumed that he would not have placed his personages in the midst of tropical vegetation. We should not have pictures of the hero and heroine meeting in the latitude of Greenland under the shade of palm-

trees, and enjoying the strains of the nightingales. Neither would he have furnished the imaginary inhabitants of Greenland with the costume, the diet, and the amusements natural to the citizens of Naples.

Human Anachronisms.

But this is very much what Mr. Hall Caine has done in this book. He has brought upon the stage personages whom he labels the Pope, the King, and the Prime Minister of Italy and the leader of the Republican democracy. But one and all of these people are about as recognisable as Greenlanders would be if, instead of being clad in sealskins and living on blubber, they were presented to us clad in the diaphanous costume of the tropics and enjoying daily repasts of fresh mangoes and pineapples. The Pope, the King, the Prime Minister and the revolutionary leader in Italy are well-known types. It is impossible to write about them, especially when you definitely choose a recent date for the existence of these imaginary persons, without leading or misleading the reader to identify them with the actual personages who then figured on the stage of contemporary politics. Mr. Hall Caine may protest, of course, that he did not wish to suggest Leo XIII. in his picture of Pius X., that there is no allusion to Victor Emmanuel in his King, and that Baron Bonelli is not intended to suggest Signor Crispi. But the moment you contrast his personages with the actual men, living or dead, from whom they appear to be modelled, even the most casual reader is impressed with a sense of the incongruity and fantastic absurdity of the situation. None of these men, with the possible exception of Baron Bonelli, act as their prototypes would have done. When, for instance, we are presented with a Pope who surrenders his temporal power in obedience to the appeals of his son, who seeks refuge in the Vatican after he has killed the Prime Minister, we feel we are not even in the domain of melodrama. We have arrived at the thrilling moment of the transformation scene in a pantomime.

David Rossi.

But the most incongruous of all Mr. Caine's characters is David Rossi, or, rather, David Rossi plus the democracy to whom he appeals. David Rossi is a character whom it is not very difficult to describe. Take two parts of Mazzini, one part of a Salvation Army officer, one part of a Tolstoyan Quaker. Boil the four together, and then let loose the result upon the Roman populace, and see the effect. Of all the people who on earth do dwell, the descendants of the ancient Romans whose legions conquered the world are about the least likely to respond favourably to the appeals addressed to them by Mr. Hall Caine's hero. The fierce antagonism which is generated by the opposition between the Pope and the King, between the blacks and the reds, renders it absolutely unthinkable that any assemblage of the fierce democracy of the Eternal City could be swayed and converted by the Salvationist oratory of David Rossi. The pater-noster possesses no magic power over the Roman populace. The men to whom Rossi would naturally appeal are those who set up the statue of Giordano Bruno, who sang psalms to Satan and carried the licence of protest against Catholic orthodoxy to the utmost verge of atheism and blasphemy. Mazzini, no doubt, in his own idealistic fashion, appealed to the religious sentiment; but he did not appeal solely to the people of Rome, but to all Italians, and the Revolutionists whom he inspired were too busy in conspiring and in arming and in revolting to care greatly with what phrases their leader garnished his appeals to action. But Mr. Hall Caine's hero insists upon preach-

ing sermons to the democracy from the Lord's Prayer, and at the same time adjures them to abandon all violence and forswear the use of force. This mixture of Mazzinism and Quakerism is of all others that one against which the Roman democrats would be certain to recoil; but instead of revolting, they are converted not only by platoons, but by a whole Coliseum full at a time. Mr. Hall Caine may say that similar miracles followed the preaching of the earliest Christian missionaries in Britain, among other places. We may allow him the precedent; but in our day it is to be feared his hundred thousand readers will find such a phenomenon unthinkable. Of course a novelist may work miracles, if he pleases. He only has to suffer from the drawback of not being able to convince his readers that the miracle can actually be performed.

In describing the streets and the Court and the churches of Rome the scenery is painted by Mr. Caine with an eye to effect that would make the fortune of a stage carpenter at Drury Lane.

Sometimes, however, his descriptions are a little strained. Take, for instance, the following picture of day-dawn at St. Peter's:—

The white sheets of vapour began to roll away, and silently out of the east rose the great drowsy disc of red. Then from some unseen rock above a mighty bell began, and it was followed after a moment by a grand pealing of all the bells of Rome.

As day dawned, the growing light showed a prodigious circle. It was like a mountain tarn whose vast amplitude has been swirled out of the rocks by the wash of ages. On either side the smooth, round walls, and in front a gigantic glacier, with two peaks and a round forehead in the sky, and giant boulders down below. You thought you could hear the waters as they moved in the mountain breeze, and were fed by streams that flowed into the mighty basin.

The light came in its leaden greenness, and the glacier was the great Basilica of St. Peter, the round walls were the embracing arms of the Colonnade of Bernini, the two peaks were the two clock towers, the giant boulders were the statues of Apostles with drawn swords, the obelisks with their inscriptions, and the fountains throwing up spray, and the noise of the waters was the murmur of an immense mass of people already crowded into the square.

The sun shot its first beam on to the golden cross of the Basilica, and it glistened in the sunrise like the topmost peaks at Chamounix, and the broad blaze came down the blue dome and over the white walls, and rested on the round sea of human faces.

The Ethics of the Confessional.

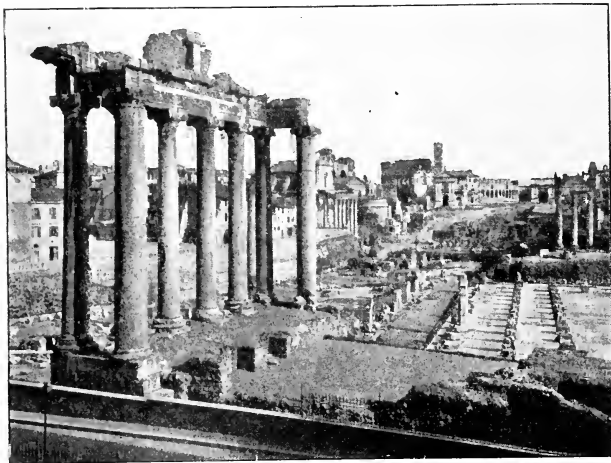
In the development of this story, Mr. Hall Caine has danced somewhat clumsily upon the horns of the Roman Catholics. It must be admitted that his conception of a Pope with a son sold into slavery in the streets of London is not calculated altogether to commend his book to orthodox Catholics. Of course it is quite true that, as Cardinal Manning was married before he was a priest, so Pius X. could have had a legitimate child before he took holy orders; but the suggestion offends good Papists.

This, however, by the way. The points on which Mr. Caine has contrived to irritate Roman Catholics are three. First, his attack upon the temporal power of the Pope, about which nothing need be said. No Roman Catholic need be seriously offended by a re-statement of the well-known argument against the theory that the direction of the Catholic Church must be inseparably united with the secular responsibility for looking after the drains and the police of an Italian city. I have stated the case a dozen times quite as strongly as Mr. Caine, and never found any Catholic offended thereby.

It is different with the other two questions, upon which some controversy has arisen. Mr. Caine makes his Pope violate the secrecy of the confessional in order to avert what he regarded as a crime threatening the welfare of the community, and in doing so makes the bad blunder which very nearly resulted in handing over his own son to death and degradation. Whether in any circumstances the sacred seal of secrecy imposed upon all statements made in confession should be broken is a question that affords a topic for interesting discussion. As it is one upon which Catholics do differ, there is no reason why Mr. Hall Caine should be regarded as greatly venturesome because he imputes to the Pope a decision of the question in favour of the subordination of individual interest to the general welfare. That the Pope, in doing so, made a mistake, seems to be supposed by some to have a direct bearing upon the question of Papal infallibility. Some of Mr. Hall Caine's friends, if not Mr. Hall Caine himself, seem to imagine that this is the case, and maintain

of Dr. Roselli. He adopts the Pope's son, not knowing who he is, and brings him up with his little daughter Roma, who is introduced to us as a little maid of three, with violet eyes, golden complexion and glossy black hair. Roselli, Roma, and Leone meet in the prologue.

The story then jumps over an interval of twenty years, and the scene is transferred from Soho Square to St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome. Dr. Roselli has been lured back to Italy by treachery, has been seized by the Government, and sent to die in a dungeon in the island of Elba. David Leone, the Pope's own son, whom Roselli had brought up, had been accused of complicity in the conspiracy imputed to Roselli, and condemned to death in his absence. Roma Roselli, whom we had seen as a pretty little three-year-old, has been deserted by her guardians, and thrown out upon the street, from which she was picked up by an agent of Baron Bonelli, the Prime Minister of Italy. At the time when the story begins she is his reputed mis-



THE ROMAN FORUM.

that it is one of the great purposes of the book to expose the error of this doctrine.

The General Plot.

Now for the story. David Leone, the son of the Pope, Pius X., who reigned in Rome on the last day of the last month of the last year of the century, is the hero of "The Eternal City." His father had contracted a religious but not a civil marriage before he entered the priesthood. As the result of this union, David Leone was born. His mother put him in the foundling hospital, and drowned herself, in order to remove an obstacle from the path of her husband, who has aspirations to the priesthood. The boy was exported to London as a little white slave, to be sent out with a squirrel into the streets to make a living for himself and profit for his employers by playing an accordion. When the story opens he is almost frozen to death in Soho Square, where he is found and rescued by an Italian Prince, living in London under the name

tress, and is all-powerful in Rome. The Baron who brought her up coveted her for his wife. Unfortunately he was married, but the Baroness was a hopeless lunatic in an asylum. Finding that Roma was growing up to be a great woman and passing out of his legal control, while he was bound to his poor lunatic wife, he decided that he would prevent her escape by the summary process of effecting her ruin. This he accomplished on the night when they returned from a ball at the Quirinal, at which she had been greatly excited and universally admired. "Was it not human?" he says, "to try to hold you to me until the time came when I could claim you altogether?" Roma's lapse, we must charitably believe, was momentary. Her soul never consented to the violence which was offered her, and as her seducer gave her repeated certificates of purity and virtue we may suppose that the intimacy began and ended on that one occasion. In Roman society, however, she was universally regarded as the mistress of the powerful

Minister, who maintained her in luxury, provided for her every want, and delighted to seize every opportunity of advertising her influence over him. Rosselli was dead, and before he died had spoken into a phonographic cylinder a dying message to his adopted son, David Leone, telling him of the treachery by which he had been due to death by Baron Bonelli, who had not only betrayed him to lifelong imprisonment, but had seized his property. He implored his son, with his dying breath, to save his daughter, and protect her from the dangers which encompassed her. But when the scene opens at Rome, Leone, who had returned to Rome under the assumed name of Rossi, was unaware that the notorious Donna Roma, whom everyone believed to be the mistress of Baron Bonelli, was none other than Roma Rosselli, with whom he had been brought up in London. Neither had he at that time listened to the message from the phonograph.

Delilah Vanquished!

Donna Roma and the Baron, with many leading personages in Roman society, were present on the balcony of a palace near St. Peter's when Rossi appeared upon the scene and preached the first of his many sermons to the populace. Irritated by the laughter of one of the fine ladies on the balcony, Rossi concluded his speech with a fierce attack upon the "infamous traffic between high officials of low desires, and women whose reputations are long since lost." Everyone understood to whom he alluded. Donna Roma accepted it as a direct personal attack, and eagerly proposed to Baron Bonelli to be permitted to avenge herself by finding out the inmost secrets of Rossi's soul, to discover all the conspiracies which he hatched, the secret societies to which he belonged, and in short to discover all his plans and schemes, so that he might be destroyed. This scheme of vengeance she promptly proceeds to put in force. Before they meet, however, Rossi receives the phonographic message from her father, and almost immediately afterwards learns from a scoundrel who had been dismissed from the Italian embassy in London that the Donna Roma Vallona whom he had publicly denounced as the mistress of the Prime Minister, was none other than the daughter of his benefactor, Dr. Rosselli, who had commended her to his protection with his dying breath. In order to carry out her conspiracy to ruin Rossi, Donna Roma called upon him in his own lodgings and gave him her solemn word of honour that the accusation he had hurled against her was a cruel and baseless calumny. "I mean to tell you," she said, "that in substance and in fact what you implied was false." "The man is a child," she thought; "he will believe anything I tell him." Then she laid herself out to fascinate her intended victim. Rossi, however, suddenly turned the tables upon her by telling her concerning his boyhood, and revealing himself to her as David Leone, without compelling her to admit at that first interview that she was the playmate of his boyhood. He fell in love with her on the spot. She was equally attracted by him, but could not abandon altogether all at once the undertaking into which she had entered with the Baron. He continued to sit to her for his bust. She at first thought of modelling him for Judas; then she thought she would do him as Thomas; afterwards she thought he had better be the Apostle John; and finally she finished by modelling him as the Saviour, while she caricatured the Baron as Iscariot.

In these conversations with Rossi she obtained information which she communicated to the Baron, affording him a clue which enabled the Minister to iden-

tify Rossi with the David Leone whose life was forfeit to the law. When she found out what she had done, from an exultant letter from the Baron, who congratulated her upon having avenged both herself and him for Rossi's attack upon them both, she realised for the first time that she loved him to distraction, and decided to save him from the ruin which in her first resentment she had brought down upon him.

The Politics of the Lord's Prayer.

Rossi, meanwhile, was carrying on his apostolate, and diligently prosecuting his scheme for revolutionising the Roman democracy by a series of sermons upon the Lord's Prayer. This increased his hold upon her. For he told her that his first conscious and definite aspiration dated back to the time when he had heard her say her prayers as a baby girl.

So that she was, he declared, responsible for everything, and whatever he did, and whatever the world did with him, she was the author of his work, and the lodestar of his life. Rossi dreams a dream that Rome is to be the capital of the world's great Congress, the court of the Republic of man. He is to remodel society upon the basis of the paternoster. His followers were bound to promote the principles of this creed and charter—

By praying the Lord's Prayer.

By protesting when its principles are violated.

By protesting against all war.

By protesting in whatsoever way is possible against being compelled to take up arms as a soldier.

By protesting against oaths of allegiance to kings and princes.

By protesting against all laws which give individual ownership in the land which belongs to all.

And by suffering for such protests when called upon to do so.

They had a great meeting in the Coliseum, in which this programme was enthusiastically accepted. Rossi appealed to the Vatican, but found, as all have done who make such an appeal, that the Pope could only imagine a regeneration of the world if the regenerative movement centred in the Church of St. Peter. The Pope agreed with him in believing that the Eternal City would once more rule the world. It was to be done by the founding of a great federative league of all the states of the world, each governed by its own laws and rules; but this was not Rossi's idea at all. Humanity, he says, is the Pope of the Twentieth Century.

"The Pope I dream of, the sublime Pontiff of the future," said Rossi, "will be no longer content to live in the mummy of a Roman emperor. He will live in the body of Humanity. He will see that the old dynastic world is dead, and a world of the peoples is coming on, and that the Christendom of Rome must widen out to be the Christendom of the world. He will not look to the sovereigns and the classes, which are shadows vanishing away, but to the people, who are realities, and last for ever; he will know that the strength of the Church in all ages and all countries is the poor, and when they kneel at his feet to ask him to protect their bread, he will not set all his temporalities against the hunger of one starving child."

For the rest of the story I will refer readers to the book itself, believing that thereby I am doing Mr. Caine the best service I can by way of atonement for the somewhat depreciatory criticism of the earlier part of this review. They will find plenty of melodramatic situations and a tragic ending. Mr. Hall Caine has laid himself out to produce a thrilling tale, and, judging by the verdict of most of the reviewers, he seems to have succeeded.

EPISODES IN BRITISH HISTORY.

By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.

[The proprietors of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" have made arrangements with Messrs. Smith and Elder, London, the publishers of "How England Saved Europe," by W. H. Fitchett, for the re-publication of a series of brief episodes from that work. The series deals with picturesque incidents and striking figures in the Great War with France, betwixt 1793 and 1815.]

No. IX.—THE TALE OF BADAJOS.

After the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo, Marmont drew back to Valladolid to wait for Wellington's next move. The French marshals, flustered by Wellington's bold stroke, were keenly on the alert; and Marmont, to do him justice, suspected that Badajos would next be attacked. Napoleon, however, laughed at the idea. "You must suppose the English mad," he wrote, "to imagine they will march on Badajos leaving you at Salamanca; that is leaving you in a situation to get to Lisbon before them." Yet it was exactly this heroic "madness" which Wellington contemplated. He resolved to invest the place during the second week in March, when the flooded rivers would make it difficult for the French columns to concentrate for its relief. Meanwhile, he covered his preparations with a mask of profoundest secrecy.

The guns for the siege were shipped at Lisbon for a fictitious destination, transhipped at sea into small craft, in which they were carried up the river Sado, thence by bullock-trains through unfrequented routes to Badajoz. The hunger-wasted bullocks, however, proved unequal to the task of dragging all the guns to the front, and the siege train was hopelessly inadequate. Some light guns were borrowed from the fleet, and stray pieces picked up in various quarters, making the most composite and utterly inadequate artillery train with which a great siege was ever undertaken. It included Spanish guns as old as the Armada, others that were cast in the reign of Philip III.; yet others in that of John IV. of Portugal. Wellington had to pay in the blood of his soldiers for the defects in his battering equipment. Badajos was commanded by Philippon, a soldier of high daring and of exhaustless artifice; its garrison, 5,000 strong, was made up of detachments from the forces of Marmont, of Soult, and of Jourdan, so that the honour of three armies was pledged to its succour. Wellington employed the 3rd, the 4th, and the Light Divisions, and a brigade of Portuguese in the siege; Hill and Graham commanded the covering force.

Storming the Picurina.

Badajos stands on a rocky ridge, a spur of the Toledo range, just where the Rivillas runs almost

at right angles into the Guadiana, and in the angle formed by their junction. The city is oval in shape, ringed with strong works, the Rivillas serving as a wet ditch to its east front, the Guadiana, 500 yards wide, forbidding attack from the north; five great fortified outposts—St. Roque, Christoval, Picurina, Sardelias, and a fortified bridge-head across the Guadiana, constituting the outer zone of its defences. The equinoctial rains were falling on Badajos when the siege began. The rivers were in flood; the ground was little better than a marsh; tempests were perpetually blowing. Yet, from the moment the siege began, the thunder of the attack never ceased. Wellington attacked the city at its south-eastern angle, where a curve of the Rivillas acted as a gigantic wet ditch. Here the Picurina, a formidable redoubt, with a ditch fourteen feet deep, and a rampart sixteen feet high, served as an outpost to the defences. Trenches were opened against the Picurina, but the business of forming trenches in earth of the consistency of liquid mud may be imagined, as well as the difficulty of placing and working guns under such conditions. On March 25, however, fire was opened on the Picurina; then, impatient of the feebleness of his artillery, Wellington resolved to carry the fort with the bayonet.

At nine o'clock that night 500 men of the 3rd division, in three tiny columns, led respectively by Shaw of the 74th, Powis of the 83rd, and Rudd of the 77th, leaped from the trenches, and dashed at the great redoubt. One column was launched at the face of the work, the flank columns assailed its rear and sides. The distance was short, the troops quick, but the moment the men showed clear of the trenches the Picurina opened its fire, and every gun from Badajos that commanded their line of approach added its thunder to the tumult. The palisades were reached; some were hewn down, but the weight of the fire forbade the stormers entering through the gaps. On the face of the work there was a ledge half-way up its front; the stormers reached this, pulled up their ladders, re-erected them on the ledge, and struggled up them to the top of the parapet. Here the French met them gallantly, and in the light of the incessantly darting musketry there could be seen

from the trenches the dark figures contending fiercely on the parapet. Kempt, who was in charge of the attack, now sent his reserves forward at a run; they reached the broken palisades, and stormed in, and the Picurina was carried. The fight lasted an hour. It had two armies as spectators, and the British loss in killed and wounded amounted to 316 out of 509 combatants.

The Leap on the City.

With the capture of the Picurina the English were able to establish their breaching batteries within 300 yards of the body of the place, and for twelve days there raged a desperate duel betwixt the trenches and Badajoz, maintained with the fiercest energy and accompanied with great slaughter. By April 6 three breaches were established: one in the face of the Trinidad bastion, one on the flank of the bastion of Santa Maria, and a third breach betwixt these two. Soult was advancing fast for the relief of the city, and Wellington resolved to attack.

It was Easter Sunday, April 6. At half-past seven the breaching guns were to cease their fire, and the attacking columns to leap from the trench. Later, the time for the assault was changed to ten o'clock, but no corresponding change of order was given to the breaching batteries; an apparently trivial, but, in reality, very tragical blunder. The guns ceased their thunder at half-past seven. Then followed two hours and a half of quietness, during which Philippon was able, undisturbed, to cover the front of the breach with harrows, crows'-feet, grenades, etc., and to stretch across the gap in the parapet that terrible *chevaux-de-frise* of glittering sword-blades, against which the stormers were to press their desperate bodies in vain. Had the breach, or its crest, been swept by a tempest of grape till the moment the stormers were let loose, the lives of many hundreds of gallant men would have been saved. It is said, however, the batteries lacked ammunition for such a fire—so inadequate were Wellington's resources for the siege!

If we omit two attacks which were mere feints, five great assaults were to be delivered on Badajoz. Picton, with the 3rd division, was to cross the Rivillas, and escalate the castle. Leith, with the 5th division, was to attack the bastion of San Vincente, a powerful work against which no breaching shot had yet been fired. The Light Division, under Barnard, was to attack the smaller breach in Santa Maria; the 4th division, under Colville, was to storm the great breach in the Trinidad, and a detachment of the 4th division was to carry the breach in the curtain between Santa Maria and the Trinidad.

Of these five attacks, perhaps that on the third breach was the easiest; and it was never made! The party detailed for its assault was caught in the tumult of the fight at the great breach, and the next morning, while the other two breaches were strewn thick from foot to summit with the bodies of the slain, not one fallen body lay on the third breach! Of the other four attacks, those on the castle and on San Vincente succeeded where success seemed impossible, and this decided the fate of the city. It is the paradox of the siege that, having formed three practicable breaches, after twenty days' battering, the assault succeeded at not one of the three. The city was escalated, and carried at two other points deemed too strong for attack by gunfire, and against which not a cannon-shot had been discharged! The smaller breach in the flank of Santa Maria was assailed only for a few minutes and by an isolated party. The storming columns got mixed together, and the three separate attacks were melted into one—a confused, furious, long-sustained assault on the great breach, that failed—or, rather, that failed until the French were shaken by knowing that the castle had been carried, and were taken in the rear by the victorious stormers of San Vincente.

The escalade of the castle seemed a task beyond the power of human valour to accomplish. The castle stood on a rock 100 feet high; the walls rose to a height ranging from 18 feet to 24 feet; the crest of the parapet was lined with loaded shells, huge stones, logs of wood, etc., ready to be flung down on the attacking party. The soldiers holding the crest had each six muskets lying loaded by his side, they were furnished with long poles, shod with iron, with which to thrust down the ladders. A fringe of steel and the flashes of rolling musketry volleys threatened death to the daring stormers as they clambered up their shaking ladders.

The Fight for the Castle.

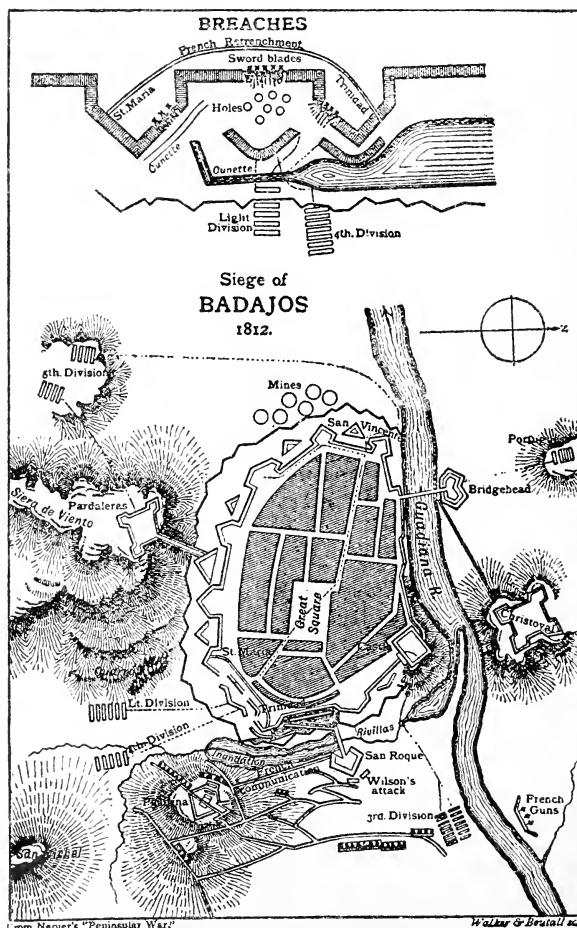
The men of the 3rd division were standing silent in the trenches waiting for the signal, yet half-an-hour distant, when a lighted carcase flung from the castle revealed the long line of waiting soldiers. Picton was to lead, but had not yet come to the front. Kempt, his second, a fine soldier, instantly took forward the division. The Rivillas had to be traversed by a narrow bridge which the musketry of the castle smote as with a whip of flame. The men crossed in single file, were re-formed under fire, and led up the rocky slope to the foot of the castle walls. Here Kempt fell, and, as he was carried back, met Picton, black with anger and furious with haste, hurrying to the front. The whole assault of Badajoz by this.

time was let loose. Leith Hay, at the western extremity, was flinging himself on San Vincente, the men of the Light Division and of the 4th were racing forward to the two breaches. Badajos, from every bastion, and from the long curving crest of its walls, was pouring out its fire. Surtees, who watched the scene from the quarries, says the darting flames were so bright and incessant that he could plainly see the faces of the defenders, though nearly a mile off! Yet against a fire so dreadful the stormers raced forward with reckless daring.

The men of the 3rd meanwhile had placed their ladders against the lofty walls of the castle, and were crowding up them. The shouts, the crackle of musketry, the roar of the guns, the sound of the crashing ladders as they were broken by the huge stones flung on them, the ring of steel against steel as the men on the ladders which yet stood strove to force their way on, to the parapet, made the wildest tumult. Pakenham, Wellington's brother-in-law, who afterwards died in front of New Orleans, was one who reached the crest, only to be thrust down bayonet stab. But the advantage was with the defenders and for a moment the men of the 3rd drew back, broken but furious. "If we cannot win the castle," Picton cried wrathfully to his soldiers, "let us die upon the walls!" The men were reformed, and two officers, Colonel Ridge and an ensign named Cauch, seized a ladder and ran forward with it to a new spot, where the wall was slightly lower. Another ladder was brought to the same spot, the men streamed furiously up, and the castle was won; but Ridge, with many another gallant soldier, died on the ramparts.

One of the first to mount was Lieutenant Macpherson of the 45th. On reaching the top of the ladder he found it still below the crest. According to his own story, he "shouted directions to those below, and, pushing the head of the ladder from the wall, the men below, seizing

its lowest rung, lifted him bodily to the summit." Here a French soldier deliberately put his musket against his body and fired. The ball struck a metal button on his coat and glanced off, but not without driving two fractured ribs in upon his lungs. Pakenham, who was next below him, tried to clamber past his wounded friend, but in vain; and at that moment the ladder broke. Macpherson lay long insensible at the foot of the wall, but recovered consciousness, clambered into the castle, and had the satisfaction of pulling down



from Napier's "Peninsular War."

and capturing the French flag that flew above it.

Picton found that the gates which led from the castle into the town were walled up, and the slaughter amongst his own men had been so dreadful, that for the moment he was content with holding the castle he had won, instead of breaking through to take the other breaches in flank.

Lefebvre Hay, in his turn, had succeeded at San Vincente, and this, too, where success seemed impossible. The ditch was six feet deep, the scarp thirty feet high, the glacis mined, the parapet fringed with veterans. The Portuguese battalions, appalled by the fire poured upon them, flung down their ladders and fled. But the British caught up the ladders, broke through the palisade, leaped into the ditch—only to find the ladders too short! A mine was sprung under their feet, they were pelted with musketry from above, their ladders broken with huge stones. Yet the stubborn British persevered. At one spot the bastion was lower, and the ladders were replaced here. One soldier was thrust by his comrades up and over the crest, others followed, and the bastion was won.

The Great Breach.

The five assaults of that night were alike in heroism, but the tragedy of the struggle reached its climax at the great breach, or, rather, at the two breaches. The storming parties of the two columns raced side by side to the ditch, bags of hay were thrown into it, to lessen its depth, ladders placed down the counterscarp, and in a moment the ditch was crowded with gallant soldiers. At that instant a mine beneath it was exploded: it became a sort of crater of flame, in which perished, almost at a breath, hundreds of brave men. The red flame lit up for a moment the whole face of Badajos, with its crowded parapets and madly-working guns. The men of the Light Division, coming on at a run, reached the edge of the smoking ditch just after the explosion, and stood for an instant amazed at the sight. "Then," says Napier, "with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, they leaped into it, and crowded up the breach." The 4th division came running up with equal fury to attack the middle breach, but the ditch was deep with water, and the first eager files that sprang into it were trodden down by their comrades, and "about a hundred of the Fusiliers, the men of Albuera," perished there. It illustrates the confusion of a night attack that the stormers of the Light Division were on the point of firing into an unseen body coming up on their flank, which proved to be the stormers of the fourth division, coming up at a run to join them.

In front of the Trinidad bastion itself the ditch was very wide, its centre occupied by a high un-

finished ravelin. The men eagerly climbed up this, believing it to be the foot of the breach. They found instead there gaped before them, wide and black and deep, yet another ditch. They must leap into its dark and muddy depths and clamber up its farther side before reaching the real foot of the breach. That unhappy ravelin undoubtedly broke the rush of the stormers. The men gathered on its summit and began to fire back at the parapets. The Light Division, too, in the darkness and tumult, had mistaken its path. Its men crowded to the ravelin by the side of their comrades of the 4th division, and, in the noise and madness of the scene, it was impossible to withdraw the men of the Light Division and lead them to their assigned point of attack.

The leaders of the attacking columns, leaping from the crowded ravelin into the farther ditch, led the right way up the breach; but it was impossible to re-form the columns, and set them in ordered and disciplined movement up its rough slope; and only by the momentum of a column in regular formation could the obstructions that barred the breach be swept aside. Here was the great chevaux-de-frise, set with sharpened sword-blades. Behind it was a triple rank of infantry firing swiftly. Loaded shells were rolled down amongst the English, guns from either flank smote them incessantly with grape. "Never," says Jones, in his history of the siege—"never since the discovery of gunpowder were men more seriously exposed to its action than those assembled in the ditch to assault the breaches. Many thousand shells and hand-grenades, numerous bags filled with powder, every kind of burning composition and destructive missile had been prepared, and placed behind the parapets of the whole front. These, under an incessant roll of musketry, were hurled into the ditch, without intermission, for upwards of two hours, giving its whole surface an appearance of vomiting fire, and producing occasional flashes of light more vivid than the day, followed by momentary utter darkness."

In that wild scene disciplined order had perished. The impulse of attack had to be supplied by the daring of individual leadership, and this did not fail. Every other moment an officer would spring forward with a shout, and climb the breach; a swarm of gallant men would follow. They swept up the slope like leaves driven by a whirlwind; they seemed to shrivel in the incessantly-darting flames that streamed from the crest, they were driven back again like leaves caught in an eddy of the winds. Again and again, a score of times over, that human wave flung its spray upon the stony slope of the breach; and each time the wave sank back again; but the

charging parties seldom numbered more than fifty at a time. For two hours that scene raged. The British, unable to advance and scorning to retreat, at last stood on the slope and crest of the ravelin or in the ditch below, leaning on their muskets and looking in sullen fury at the breach, while the French, shooting swiftly from the ramparts, asked tauntingly "why they did not come into Badajos." An officer who stood amongst the sullen groups in the ditch says, "I had seen severe fighting often, but nothing like this. We stood passively to be slaughtered."

Shaw Kennedy fixes on one British sergeant named Nicholas as the hero of the wild fight on the breach. "Nicholas," says Kennedy, "seemed determined to tear the sword-blades of the chevaux-de-frise from their fastenings, in which attempt he long persevered while enveloped in an absolute stream of fire and bullets poured out against him by the defenders. Nicholas was the hero of the Santa Maria."

The Scene in the Trenches.

Wellington, his face sharpened and grey with anxiety, was watching the scene from an advanced battery, and he now ordered the division to fall back from the great breach, intending to re-form it, and attack afresh in the morning. But the men could not be brought to retreat. The buglers of the reserve were sent to the crest of the glacis to sound the retreat, but the men on the ravelin and in the ditch would not believe the signal was genuine, and struck their own buglers who attempted to repeat it. "I was near Colonel Barnard after midnight," says Kincaid, "when he received repeated messages from Lord Wellington to withdraw from the breach, and to form the division for a renewal of the attack at daylight; but, as fresh attempts continued to be made, and the troops were still pressing forward into the ditch, it went against his gallant soul to order a retreat while yet a chance remained. But, after heading repeated attempts himself, he saw that it was hopeless, and the order was reluctantly given about two o'clock in the morning. We fell back about 300 yards, and re-formed—all that remained to us."

A few men of the Light Division, under the leadership of Nicholas of the Engineers and Shaw of the 43rd, had found the breach in the Santa Maria bastion which their column was meant to carry. They were only about fifty in number, but Nicholas and Shaw led them with a rush up the ruins. Nicholas fell mortally wounded; well-nigh every man of the party was struck down, except Shaw. He stood alone, and taking out his watch, he declared it "too late to carry the breach that night," and walked down the breach again:

Nicholas, who died of his wounds a few days afterwards, told the story of Shaw's amazing coolness.

Meanwhile Leith Hay's men from San Vincente were marching at speed across the town, through streets silent and empty, but lit as for a gala, with light streaming from the houses on either side. They fell in with some mules carrying ammunition to the great breach, and captured them, and then advanced to attack the defenders of the great breach from the rear. A battalion of the 38th too, had advanced along the ramparts from San Vincente, and opened a flank fire on the breach. The French knew that the castle was lost, and, attacked both on flank and front, they gave way at the breach. The men of the 4th and of the Light Divisions were sent forward again. The breach was abandoned and Badajos was won!

For long, to Wellington and his staff watching from an advanced battery the fury of the assault, no cheerful news came. The red glare on the night sky, the incessant roll of musketry, the wild shouts of the stormers, answered with vehement clamour from the walls, showed that success had not yet been won. But when the 44th had gained the ramparts of San Vincente its bugler sounded the advance. Wellington's quick ear caught through the tumult of the night that sound. "There is an English bugler in that tower," he said. This was the first hint of success which reached him; then came a messenger from the castle. It was Picton's aide-de-camp to tell of the place having been carried.

Carrying the Breach.

Five-sixths of the attacking party had fallen; of Picton's invincible soldiers little more than a scanty handful held the great castle, whose towering height and strength seemed to defy attack. Picton himself, after describing how his men lifted one another up till the wall was gained, added, "Yet I could hardly make myself believe that we had taken the castle." The news was sent to the men of the 4th and the Light Divisions after they had fallen back. No one at first would believe it, so incredible did it seem to the assailants of these impregnable breaches that any troops could have entered the place. The men and the officers were lying down in sullen exhaustion after their conflict, when a staff officer came up with the orders to immediately attack the breach afresh. "The men," says the *History of the Rifle Brigade*, "leaped up, resumed their formation, and advanced as cheerfully and as steadily as if it had been the first attack."

According to Costello, who took a gallant part in that wild scene, the first intimation the British stormers of the great breach had of Picton's suc-

cess, was an exultant shout from within the town itself, followed by a cry in rich Irish brogue, "Blood and 'ounds! where's the Light Division? The town's our own! Hurrah!" The men of the triumphant 3rd division thus were calling across the breach to their comrades of the Light Division.

When they clambered the breach, passing over the hill of the dead, and reached the *chevaux-de-frise*, there was no resistance. There were no darting musketry flames to drive them back. Yet it was with difficulty they forced even the unguarded barrier!

When the soldiers at last broke through into Badajos, their passions were kindled to flame, and the scenes of horror and rapine which followed were wilder than even those at Ciudad Rodrigo. But there was an element of humour amid even the horrors of that wild night. "Wherever," says Kincaid, "there was anything to eat or drink, the only saleable commodities, the soldiers had turned the shop-keepers out of doors, and placed themselves regularly behind the counter, selling off the contents of the shop. By-and-by another and a stronger party would kick those out in their turn, and there was no end to the succession of self-elected shop-keepers."

In that wild night-struggle the British lost 3,500 men, and most of these were slain within an area, roughly, of a few hundred yards square. It is said that Wellington broke into tears—the rare, reluctant tears of a strong man—as he looked on the corpse-strewn slope of the great breach.

Blakeney, who served with the 28th, describing the breach, says that "boards, fastened with ropes to plugs driven in the ground within the breach, were let down, and covered nearly the whole surface of the breach. These boards were so thickly studded with sharp-pointed spikes that one could

not introduce a hand between them. They did not stick out at right angles to the board, but were all slanting upwards." In the rear of the breach thus covered with steel points, "the ramparts had deep cuts in all directions, like a tanyard, so that it required light to enable one to move safely through them, even when no fighting was going on." Only two British soldiers had actually forced their way through these dreadful obstacles, and reached the ramparts, where their bodies were found in the morning. Blakeney supplies one dreadful detail of the scene presented by the breach and its approaches on the morning after the fight. The water in the great ditch was literally turned crimson with the bloodshed of the night; and, as the sun smote it, the long deep ditch took the appearance of "a fiery lake of smoking blood, in which lay the bodies of many British soldiers."

The siege only lasted twenty days, and its success proved more difficult of explanation to French marshals than even that of Ciudad Rodrigo. "Never," wrote Kellerman, "was there a place in a better state, better supplied, or better provided with troops. I confess my inability to account for its inadequate defence. All our calculations have been disappointed. Lord Wellington has taken the place, as it were, in the presence of two armies, amounting to 80,000 men." But the defence of Badajos was not inadequate. It was skilful and gallant in the highest degree. What explains the capture, in a time so brief, of a place so strong, and held with such skill and power, is the matchless valour of the British troops. The fire and swiftness of the siege, it may be added, outraced all the calculations of Marmont and Soult. Soult, in fact, only reached Villafranca, nearly forty miles from Badajos, on April 8, when he learnt to his amazement that the place had fallen.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

London in Ten Years' Time.

The "Pall Mall Magazine" for September contains a very interesting paper, entitled "The London of Ten Years Hence; a Walk from Westminster to St. Paul's and westwards again to South Kensington." It is written by Mr. Hugh B. Philpott, and admirably illustrated by Hedley Fitton, one of whose pictures we are permitted to reproduce as frontispiece to this article. Mr. Philpott begins by calling attention to the often overlooked fact of the amount of new building that is going on in London at the present time. He says:—

Within the next ten years there will have been added to London a greater number of costly and important new buildings than in any similar period since the rebuilding of the city after the great fire of 1666. If it were made known that in ten years' time there would be completed in England on the banks of a noble river a new city of half a million inhabitants, containing a splendid cathedral, great government buildings, a town hall, a palace of justice, three substantial bridges, besides libraries, baths, hospitals, hotels, and business premises, all designed by the most eminent architects and engineers of the day, and erected in a style worthy of any capital in the world, there can be no doubt that the announcement would arouse the most widespread interest and curiosity. Yet that is precisely what is going to happen, except that the fine new city, instead of being separate and self-contained, will be dispersed in sections throughout the whole of the Metropolis.

In order to illustrate the change that will be wrought in the outward appearance of the Metropolis, Mr. Philpott says:—

Let us imagine the case of a London citizen who knows his London fairly well, and is interested in it—a somewhat exceptional person, it must be admitted—and who, after an absence of about ten years, returns to town, say, in the spring of 1911. What are the most striking changes he is likely to observe in the streets and buildings?

The Catholic Cathedral.

Mr. Philpott starts his traveller at Victoria Station, and the first thing that meets his eye is the great new Roman Catholic Cathedral which is being built on the right in Ashley Gardens. This is the most important Roman Catholic edifice erected in England since the Reformation. It is in the Byzantine style, with an outside of red bricks relieved with bands of stone-work. In time it is hoped that the whole of the interior walls and roof will be covered with the richest marbles and mosaics:—

The building is on a colossal scale: it is 380 feet long by 170 feet broad, and will hold a congregation of about ten thousand people. The campanile, when carried to its full height, will be 500 feet high, and the great arch over the west door is said to be the largest arch over any church door in the world; the tym-

panum of the arch, which is 27 feet across, will be filled with mosaic.

The New Government Buildings.

Leaving Ashley Gardens and proceeding westwards, Mr. Philpott's traveller is confronted by the great group of new buildings fronting Westminster Abbey:—

The buildings in question are the new Government offices, which are being erected from the designs of the late Mr. J. M. Brydon. When the scheme is fully carried out the block will extend from Parliament-street right back to St. James' Park. The group of great buildings here—the Houses of Parliament, with their stately towers and beautiful Gothic detail, the venerable Abbey, with St. Margaret's Church nestling at its side, and the imposing mass of the new Government offices will form as fine an architectural combination as is to be found in any city in the world.

Passing along Parliament-street into Whitehall, the visitor of a few years hence will notice that another great change has been made. Adjoining the famous Banqueting Hall of Inigo Jones, now used as the Royal United Service Museum, and facing the Horse Guards, will stand the new War Office—another stately and impressive pile. On a narrow strip of land between the Victoria Tower and the Nelson monument will be concentrated all the chief administrative offices of the Empire. Here is the shuttle of the Empire's loom.

The Strand Improvement.

From Trafalgar Square the traveller of ten years hence is taken down the Strand and permitted to inspect the result of the expenditure of 4½ millions sterling, devoted by the County Council to the Strand improvement. Of this sum all but £700,000 will, it is expected, be recouped by the sale of sites and the improved value of property. Mr. Philpott declares that this scheme is the greatest street improvement that has taken place in London since the rebuilding of the city after the Great Fire. He thus describes how it will impress the visitor:—

Before him stretches a fine, broad thoroughfare (nowhere between Wellington-street and St. Clement Danes Church is it less than 100 feet broad), flanked on the right by Somerset House, and on the left by handsome new shops and offices, and a new Gaiety Theatre and Restaurant. To the left stretches away a crescent-shaped street—an entirely new thoroughfare—which is also 100 feet broad, and is flanked by buildings of dignified and substantial appearance, arranged with a symmetry and order to which our London streets are too little accustomed. The beautiful church of St. Mary-le-Strand, no longer hemmed in by houses on its northern side, stands out in the middle of the widened Strand with a new grace and dignity; and in the distance beyond—more clearly seen than of yore—rise the beautiful tower of St. Clement Danes and the graceful fleche of the Law Courts.

As the traveller proceeds eastward the magnitude of the improvement becomes only more evident. From St. Mary's to St. Clement's is a broad, uninterrupted roadway. The "islands" formed by Holywell-street

and Wych-street have entirely disappeared. The new street view thus opened up is a very fine one. With a view to securing the dignified and harmonious treatment of the front facing the Strand and the crescent portion of the new street, eight eminent architects were invited to submit designs; and Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., the most distinguished of living architects, is advising the Council as to their suitability. The new thoroughfare between Holborn and the Strand really starts a little to the north of Holborn, at the junction of Theobald's Road and Southampton Row; from this point to High Holborn it is 80 feet wide, thence it proceeds south in a straight road, 100 feet wide to a point near the present Olympic Theatre, where it divides itself into a crescent, the arms of which discharge themselves into the Strand at Wellington-street and St. Clement Danes Church.

Other Improvements.

Proceeding eastwards, Mr. Philpott notices the new buildings of the Prudential Assurance Company, and the new Sessions House of the City of London, whose stately dome will be erected on the site of the old prison at Newgate. Returning westward, the visitor will be impressed by the new public buildings which have been put up in Kensington.

Two of these, the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Royal College of Science, are buildings of the first importance, and in both cases the work of preparing the foundations is now proceeding vigorously. The third, the Royal School of Art Needlework, a building of some pretensions in the Imperial Institute road, is much further advanced towards completion.

The River Thames will then be spanned by three new bridges—one at Vauxhall, the second at Lambeth, and the third at Kew. A very striking improvement will be effected to the west of the Parliament House:—

From Lambeth Bridge to the Houses of Parliament the journey will be made by a broad new thoroughfare, so planned as to give a fine approach to the Houses of Parliament. The Victoria Tower Gardens are to be extended right away to the foot of Lambeth Bridge, and the river embankment is to be continued, thus practically completing it from Blackfriars to Chelsea. The whole of the space now occupied by wharves, and even some part over which the river now flows, will be added to the gardens as the new embankment wall will be set out to the level of the existing one.

Do Men Wish to be Immortal?

QUITE THE CONTRARY, SAYS MR. F. C. S. SCHILLER.

To the "Fortnightly Review" for September, Mr. F. C. S. Schiller contributes a very interesting paper upon this subject. He holds very strongly that man does not desire immortality, does not even indeed wish for a future life. If it can hardly be said that he is quite content to cease to exist after 'he breath is out of his body, he certainly shows no keen interest in the inquiry as to whether or not when a man dies he shall live again.

Little Scientific Investigation.

Mr. Schiller quotes an anecdote told by Mr. Myers about a churchwarden of unimpeachable

orthodoxy, who, when pressed as to his expectations of a future life, answered that he supposed he would enter into eternal bliss, but he wished Mr. Myers would not bring up such depressing topics. The experience of the Psychical Research Society, which has never had more than 1,500 members with an income of £2,000 a year, affords a gauge of the indifference with which this subject is regarded in Great Britain, and matters are even worse elsewhere. Mr. Schiller says scientific investigation of immortality is not encouraged. People do not want to hear about it, and, above all, they do not want to know about it. For if once they knew, it would be most inconvenient. They would have to act on their knowledge, and that might upset the habits of a lifetime.

But even the Churches, which are founded upon a belief in immortality, do nothing to promote the verification of the hypothesis upon which they rest.

No Religious Enthusiasm.

Mr. Schiller says:—

The religious renounce the attempt of maintaining immortality, as a matter of fact, and adducing tangible evidence in its favour. The doctrine becomes a dogma which has to be accepted by faith, and the obligation of raising it to positive knowledge is expressly disavowed. On the contrary, it is just because the religious doctrines of immortality are not taken as facts that they are accepted. The religious doctrines with respect to the future life form a sort of paper currency inconvertible with fact, which suits people and circulates the better because of its very badness. The truth is that everybody has felt the importance of the subject, but that at any given moment only an infinitesimal fraction actually feel it, so that there is never any effective demand for its investigation. Whoever conceives a desire to know the truth about the future life engages in a struggle with social forces which is almost sure to end tragically. But, as a rule, the interest is short-lived and soon dies out—or, rather, is trampled out by the social disapproval of the pretension to be more troubled about such matters than one's elders and betters.

The Empress Frederick.

MANY TRIBUTES FROM VARIOUS FRIENDS.

There are a great number of articles in the magazines about the late Empress Frederick, but there are few which enable us to penetrate the veil which for many years past has hidden the intimate life of the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria from the eyes of her fellow-countrymen. Almost the only tribute which bears a distinct personal note, and unveils to a certain extent the inner life of the deceased sovereign, is that which the Princess Radziwill contributes to the "New Liberal Review," to which magazine Mr. T. P. O'Connor also contributes a few pages of eloquent tribute, but obviously written from the point of view of the outsider.

I.—BY PRINCESS RADZIWILL.

Princess Catherine Radziwill, now in Cape Town, was first presented to the Empress in 1874, when

she was sixteen years of age. From that time down to two years ago, she had frequent opportunities of meeting her, and in eleven pages in the "New Liberal Review" she pours out her soul in pathetic lament over her friend. "Never can I forget," she declares, "the kindness of the gentle lady who welcomed me with such soft and affectionate words. I still remember her words of greeting—so tactful, so full of sympathy for the child who was craving for her indulgence and protection before entering upon life, and she at once began to love and admire her as she has loved and admired no one else in the world." She evidently exercised an immense personal charm over Princess Radziwill, a charm which only those who were admitted to her intimacy fully realised. She says:—

"When one looked into her beautiful earnest eyes, so full of deep expression, of admiration for what is noble and disdain for hypocrisy and treachery, one always felt ashamed of all the wicked thoughts one had ever had, of all the meanness one had ever been guilty of." "She rebuked one with a single glance, encouraged one with a single smile." She always found the right word to say, the right thing to do."

It is an interesting tribute, probably coloured by personal friendship, for unless common gossip be a considerable liar, tact was precisely the one thing in which the Empress Frederick was lacking. Princess Radziwill, however, abandons herself to the generous exaggerations of affection. In her eyes the Empress Frederick was "a noble creature, far above the passions and wickedness of this world. . . ." In her, existence was a profession of faith—to use the expression of a great saint—faith in God, in herself, in truth, in justice. Although she had been the victim of atrocious calumny, she had many friends, who remember with what perfection of charity she allowed them to feel by a pressure of the hand, by the kindness of a look, that she understood their sorrow or their troubles. In this wise she comforted Princess Radziwill when she was mourning for the death of her eldest child, and the loving sentences which she uttered as she bent over the bereaved mother made her sorrow seem lighter and more easy to be borne. To her, she said, the Empress had been something she can neither describe nor speak of without tears in her eyes, and emotion in her voice.

History records but few tragedies equal to that of the life of Queen Victoria's eldest child. Her life from the time of her marriage to the hour of her death was spent in a vain longing to do good, to work for the welfare of a nation whose sovereign she had hoped to become. She drained to the dregs the cup of human sorrow; she endured humiliations and persecutions, and was misunderstood by almost all the people who surrounded her. . . . She groaned under the tyrannous authority of an

unsympathetic mother-in-law. Her generous and noble nature revolted at the sight of the frivolous and at the same time dull life led by society to whom intellectual pursuits were as a rule unknown. At first she could not realise the profound gulf which separates the English from the German nation, nor learn to accept the endless little things which at that time made Prussian Court life so tedious and so useless. Her remarkable intelligence was too proud to bend down under certain privileges, or to accept certain compliments, and she became unpopular accordingly. The result was that she retired more and more into a solitude into which very few strangers were admitted, but where she found in the whole-hearted devotion of her husband a solace from the bitterness from which she suffered:—

She surrounded herself with people who understood her, she looked for men and women capable of sympathising with the humanitarian tendencies with which she was imbued, and which always ruled all the actions of her life. She welcomed poets, writers, artists. One met men like Mommsen, Ranke, Helmholz, in her rooms, and even they were struck with her clever intelligence, and the loftiness with which she judged the events of the world and the people who had played a part in its history. All those who came into contact with her, and approached her otherwise than at State functions, were impressed by her genius.

Her very superiority to the mob of courtiers intensified her unpopularity, but her serenity never deserted her, even in the most cruel moments of her existence, when she saw her hopes shattered to the ground, her ambitions destroyed, and her happiness ruthlessly snatched away by death.

After the death of her sister, Princess Alice, and of her youngest son, Prince Waldemar, she spent a year in Italy. When she returned, she was no longer the same woman. There was a new softness in her. In her own woes she found an infinite compassion for those of others. She had learned forgiveness and had acquired patience, but she had also lost all wish to make others understand her, or to try to convey to the crowd the various impressions and impulses of her soul.

January 23, 1883, when they celebrated her silver wedding at Berlin, was the last bright day of the Crown Princess' life. Her health began to give way, and her life was darkened by the shadow of the fatal malady which ultimately left her a widow:—

She looked up to heaven for strength and courage, and she went on living for others, as she had always done, never sparing herself in the service of her neighbour, always active when his welfare was concerned. She had that strong, pure faith in an Almighty God which is only granted to noble spirits, a faith devoid of prejudices, broad and enlightened, which sees in every human creature a soul to save, and in every sinner a heart which can repent.

"You can never be very far from God if you love His creatures," she said one day to Princess Radziwill, who adds:—

No one loved God's creatures more and better than she did; no one suffered more intense agony at the sight of human sorrow, or grasped more thoroughly even the woes which did not touch her personally, or in which she played no part.

After the Emperor's death, the fury with which the Empress had been attacked gradually abated. Time, that great destroyer of slanders, made havoc of all those that had been poured upon her.

She seldom came back to Berlin, and when she did Princess Radziwill met her frequently. She had aged, her hair was almost white, but her eyes had retained their earlier glance and luminous clearness. Her soft, melodious voice remained unaffected by the passage of time.

The last time the Princess saw her was at Bordighera, more than two years ago.

She was always the same, and as time went on her serenity seemed to increase, perhaps because she was feeling she was getting nearer and nearer to the supreme aim of every human life, reunion with those one has loved in a world where "sin and sorrow are no more, only peace and life everlasting." The germs of the disease to which she has succumbed were already in her, and a fall she had from her horse in the summer of 1898 perhaps added to the mischief. Certain it was that her strength steadily declined after that time, until at last the evil broke out, and the long, painful illness went on mercilessly sapping away her life and torturing her body, as if the agonies her soul had endured had not been enough.

"She died a queen, brave to the end."

II.—BY SIR ROLAND BLENNERHASSET.

Sir Roland Blennerhasset contributes to the "National Review" an account of the Empress, whose acquaintance he made long ago when he was an attaché at the embassy in Berlin. He ridicules the idea that the Empress ever tried to Anglicise Germany. She was far too clever for that:—

It is not possible to deny that the Empress Frederick was a person of great intellectual gifts. Bismarck knew that perfectly. Lord John Russell used to say she was one of the ablest women he had ever known. Lord Palmerston held very similar opinions; and so cautious and shrewd a man as Lord Clarendon, in a letter written in 1861, expresses his astonishment at the comprehensive and statesmanlike views which she took of affairs. It is impossible to imagine that a person so intellectually gifted could possibly have entertained for a moment the idea of introducing suddenly English institutions into Germany. She had as little intention of doing so as Prince Bismarck himself. She always denied that she had any intention of using her influence to force upon Germany English administrative methods. What she desired was to mitigate Prussian bureaucracy, to infuse a freer and more elastic spirit into existing institutions, and to identify the monarchy in Prussia with popular aspirations.

After the war her aspiration took a new form, although her ultimate aim was still the same:—

She looked forward to the time when Bavarian and Prussian, and those who lived in Baden, and the inhabitants of Wurtemberg and Saxony, should feel themselves thoroughly and completely members of one great country, and equally attached to its fundamental institutions. Provincial distinctions might continue. Above all, none of the centres of civilisation and culture which give such vigour and vitality to intellectual life in Germany were to be sacrificed. But the unity of Germany, as it was conceived by many of the no-

blest Germans of the time with whom the Empress agreed, was to be consolidated and strengthened, not by drawing closer the iron bands of military organisation, but the states were to be knit together by a constitution fit for a free and enlightened people, a popular monarchy, a bicameral system, a real and adequate representation of the people, and, above all, a responsible executive.

This ideal brought her into sharp collision with Prince Bismarck. On this question Sir Roland Blennerhasset thinks Bismarck was right and the Empress was wrong, but afterwards when Bismarck began the Kulturkampf, he considered that the Empress was entirely in the right in opposing it:—

It was no great difficulty for the Empress Frederick, owing to her early training, to see what the end of the Kulturkampf must be. She understood the strength of moral forces. Bismarck never did. Bismarck never grasped the distinction between what is essential in the Catholic system and what is not, and thus he proceeded to interfere in questions clearly within the province of ecclesiastical authority, and, by so doing, he drove every earnest Catholic in the country, no matter what his political convictions or sympathies might be, into association, if not alliance, with persons who desired the overthrow of the Empire. The party then began to attract to itself all kinds of discontented persons. Extreme particularists in various parts of the country, ultra Conservatives in the south, and Radicals of various kinds joined the party, hoping under the cloak of religion to further their political views. Thus it grew and became more and more powerful, and at last it had to be arranged with. One fine day the world learned that the flag of the German Empire had been struck to a combination that had been denounced, with more or less truth, as inimical to the very existence of the Empire. It is quite certain that if the Empress Frederick had been listened to, the German Empire would have been spared that humiliation, and, further, the party of the Centre, which is so powerful, and likely to remain so, would not now be in existence.

Nor was this the only mischief which came to Germany as the result of the disregard paid by Bismarck to the Empress Frederick's protest. Sir Roland Blennerhasset attributes the growth of the Social Democratic movement largely to the fact that the National Liberals discredited themselves by the support which they gave to Bismarck in his policy of persecution. How rapidly the Social Democrats have increased and multiplied may be seen from the fact that—

In the General Election of 1878 only 435,000 votes were cast for the Social Democrats all over Germany. Twenty years afterwards, 2,125,000 persons out of 7,600,000 voters polled for the candidates of that party. It has secured some fifty-six seats in the Reichstag.

Sir Roland, at the close of his article, says:—

There are several other questions, which, if space allowed, I should like to speak about, more especially the earnest desire of the Empress Frederick to lift up in all countries the position of women. Had she been placed in a position of power in Germany, I feel confident she would have done great things in this direction.

III.—BY MR. CHARLES BENHAM.

Mr. Charles Benham contributes to the "Fortnightly Review" for September a paper on the Empress Frederick, which does not contain much that is new, but is a very sympathetic apprecia-

tion of a lady who, he maintains, has been much misunderstood. He says:—

The unvarnished truth is that she remained to the end an unknown quantity both in the country of her birth and that of her adoption.

She was a delicate girl in her teens when she left England:—

In Germany they never understood her, never knew her; and she remained timid and cautious-looking to the end. That habitual suggestion of timidity, of keeping her words and emotions locked up from the outside world, came to her very early in her married life. It represented the lesson learnt after very many verbal indiscretions among new and somewhat sensitive relations who did not easily forget.

Of her ability Mr. Benham speaks very highly. He says:—

Herself an artist of no mean order; a student whose receptiveness and intellectual adaptability outstripped the average even of the "elect"; she would have presented a remarkable figure whatever the circumstances into which she had been born.

Notwithstanding these natural gifts, her life in Germany could hardly be said to have been a success:—

Thoughtful Prussians, as is well established by published contemporary letters, hoped great things from the English marriage. Yet in not one of their three wars did they enjoy even the moral support of England, Ministerial or popular. The English Princess, who had come to live among them showed plentiful political sagacity; but her liberal bias was too pronounced for a country situated like Prussia.

A Policy of the National Minimum.

THE PROGRAMME OF ASQUITH-CUM-WE B.

Mr. Sidney Webb contributes to the "Nineteenth Century" a most interesting and suggestive article entitled "Lord Rosebery's Exodus from Houndsditch." Its importance consists of the fact that Mr. Sidney Webb was reported to be busily engaged in assisting Mr. Asquith to elaborate the new social programme of the Imperialist Liberals.

The Asquithian Text.

Mr. Webb's article is a sermon preached upon a text supplied by Mr. Asquith. It reads as follows:—

"Every society is judged," says Mr. Asquith, "and survives according to the material and moral minimum which it prescribes to its members." Note the word "prescribes."

By way of introduction to his discourse, Mr. Webb says:—

Not fewer than eight millions of persons, one-fifth of the whole population, who are existing under conditions represented by a family income of less than a pound a week, constitute not merely a disgrace, but a positive danger to our civilisation. These are the victims of "sweating," in one or other of its forms, condemned, as the House of Lords' Committee emphatically declared, to "earnings barely sufficient to sustain existence; hours of labour such as to make the lives of the workers periods of almost ceaseless toil; sanitary conditions injurious to the health of the persons employed and dangerous to the public."

The Law of the National Minimum.

Mr. Webb says these eight millions must receive protection from a new and drastic Factory Act. That is the first and most indispensable step towards National Efficiency:—

The statesman who is really inspired by the idea of National Efficiency will stump the country in favour of a "National Minimum" standard of life, below which no employer in any trade in any part of the kingdom shall be allowed to descend. He will elaborate this minimum of humane order—already admitted in principle in a hundred Acts of Parliament—with all the force that eloquence can give to economic science, into a new industrial charter, imperatively required, not merely or even mainly for the comfort of the workers, but absolutely for the success of our industry in competition with the world. With the widespread support which this policy would secure, not only from the whole Trade Union world and the two millions of organised co-operators, but also from ministers of religion of all denominations, doctors and nurses, sanitary officers and teachers, Poor Law administrators and modern economists, and even the enlightened employers themselves, he would be able to expand our uneven and incomplete Factory Acts into a systematic and all-embracing code, prescribing for every manual worker employed a minimum of education, sanitation, leisure, and wages as the inviolable starting-point of industrial competition.

Sanitation.

Mr. Webb then elaborates this programme under several heads:—

Can we, even as a mere matter of business, any longer afford to allow the eight millions of whom I have already spoken—the "submerged fifth" of our nation—to be housed, washed, and watered worse than our horses?

The task of mending matters should be taken in hand by the Local Government Board. He asks:—

Why does not the Local Government Board undertake a systematic harrying up of the backwards districts, regularly insisting, for instance, that all those having death-rates above the average of the kingdom shall put themselves in order, improve their drainage, lay on new water supply, and insure, by one means or another, a supply of healthy houses sufficient to enable every family to comply with the formula of "three rooms and a scullery," as the minimum necessary for breeding an even moderately Imperial race?

Other Reforms.

The reorganisation of the War Office and the substitution of a system of scientific fighting for our present romantic and incapable "soldiering;" the energetic rehandling of the Budget (which now yields no more per head than it did a hundred years ago), so as to assert the claims of the State as the sleeping partner in the unearned increment both of urban land values and the huge gains of monopolised industry; the reform of local taxation on the lines of an assessment according to site-value instead of the present penalising of the building and improving of houses; the rescue of our present "tied" refreshment houses from the tyranny of the brewer, and the adjustment of their number and hours of business to the actual needs of each locality; the reform of the House of Commons by confining all ordinary speeches to a quarter of an hour, and the increased devolution of business to committees—all these are but points in the same policy of National Efficiency by which every part of the central and local machinery of the State needs to be knit together into an organically working whole.

Who is to Bell the Cat?

All this is very fine, but who is to undertake the task? Mr. Webb says:—

To create a live Opposition—still more, to construct an alternative Government—this new thought and this new propaganda must be undertaken. It even one-half of the study and conviction, money and capacity, were put into such a campaign for the next five years that Cobden and Bright put into the Anti-Corn Law League, the country could be won for a policy of National Efficiency. Without the pledge of virility which a campaign of this sort would afford, the nation will not be persuaded. Such a campaign cannot be undertaken by any one man, however eminent. It involves the close co-operation of a group of men of diverse temperaments and varied talents, imbued with a common faith and a common purpose, and eager to work out, and severally to expound, how each department of national life can be raised to its highest possible efficiency. If he does nothing but plough his own furrow, Lord Rosebery will, I fear, have to plough it alone.

The New German Navy.

By H. W. WILSON.

Mr. H. W. Wilson contributes to "Harper's Magazine" a paper on "The New German Navy," which is not calculated to minister to British complacency. It is calculated, indeed, to have a directly opposite effect. In 1888 Germany did not possess a single first-class battleship, in 1873 her naval budget only amounting to £1,300,000. To-day her naval estimates amount to £7,500,000; but she is building at such a rate that in fifteen years she will have 38 first-class battleships and 72 cruisers. England to-day has only 49 battleships of less than twenty-five years old, and the United States only 18, counting those that are building.

Why was this great new navy built? Mr. Wilson has no doubt upon that head. It was built as a menace to Great Britain. The preamble of the Naval Act of 1900 declares that Germany must have a fleet of such strength that even for the mightiest naval Power war with her would involve such risks as to jeopardise its own supremacy. Mr. Wilson quotes a speech of the Kaiser made at Hamburg at the beginning of the South African War, in which he said:—

"If naval reinforcements had not been refused me during the first eight years of my reign—refused in spite of my urgent requests and entreaties, refused with scorn and even mockery—how differently affairs would stand to-day! We should be able to guard our thriving trade and commerce over sea." In other words, "If you had given me the ships I wanted, we could have had South Africa as a German market."

The popular indignation excited in Germany against England by the war in South Africa gave the Kaiser his chance, and the scheme for a big new navy was successfully launched on the rising tide of popular passion. But although the Kaiser exploited national sentiment, there was nothing of sentimentality in the way in which he organised

his navy. Mr. Wilson evidently thinks that the German navy is in many respects superior to our own. Both England and America have shown grave want of foresight, increasing the number of their ships out of all proportion to their trained seamen. Not so sins Germany. Year by year her personnel will be raised from its present figure of 29,300 till in 1920 it will stand at 65,000, with a trained reserve of at least 100,000. The sailors are well organised and excellently instructed, and the officers are in profession second to none, and they are retired earlier than in England. A vice-admiral quits the sea at sixty-five in England; in Germany at fifty-six. Captains are retired in England at fifty-five; in Germany at fifty. Elaborate arrangements are made for the co-operation of the Army with the fleet. Even an invasion of England is considered by von der Goltz to be perfectly practicable. The German fleet is made, organised, and controlled by experts, and it is all done on the cheap; so much so that the pay per head in the British Navy averages £53 per annum, and in the German £28. And yet, says the writer, the German officer and seaman are as good and efficient as the British. But surely the difference is largely to be accounted for by the difference between the cost of compulsory and voluntary service!

The Position of Lord Rosebery.

In the "Fortnightly Review" for September the writer, who thinly disguises his identity behind the non-de-plume of "Calchas," contributes an "Open Letter to Lord Rosebery," in which he treats the former leader of the Liberal Party more seriously than most of his critics are inclined to do. "It will be good for you," he says to Lord Rosebery, "to avoid a too general popularity, and to cultivate a little hatred." The advice is not much amiss. It is at least sounder than the counsel to repudiate Home Rule, apparently because of the Irish Members' attitude towards the war.

Leaving this apart, however, there is a good deal in the open letter which is worth reading, although some plain truths are plainly stated in terms which Lord Rosebery will not relish. Speaking of Lord Rosebery's recent deliverances to the City Liberals, "Calchas" says:—

They have been of invaluable service to the Government you denounced. They have confirmed Issachar in the hopeless indecision you condemned. They have destroyed the prestige of the Liberal Imperialism you created.

An Ass Not Knowing Its Own Master.

Here let me say, by the way, that it really is time that this confusion about Issachar was put an end to. It was the ass of Buridon, not the ass

of Issachar, that was in hopeless indecision. A pious correspondent wrote to me last month, up-raiding me for speaking lightly of Issachar, and quoted a text from Chronicles, which would seem to show that a "man of Issachar" is precisely the kind of man that is most wanted at the present time. In justice, therefore, to Issachar, it is to be hoped that "Calchas" and Lord Rosebery between them will cease to confound him with the mythical ass of the schoolmen, which died of starvation by being unable to make up its mind between two bundles of hay of equal attractiveness. But to quote from "Calchas" again:—

So far as your intentions were declared to the City Liberal Club they were absolutely disappointing to those middle elements of national opinion to which you had hitherto appealed with most success. They dislike the Government. They reject the Opposition. But they believe that the role you propose to yourself, so far from providing a remedy for the weaknesses of either, would confirm the supine security of the one, make confusion worse confounded among the other, and aggravate all that is already weak and bad in the political situation. No honest man with the slightest claim to a knowledge of public feeling could hesitate to tell you, if his opinion were asked, that your public influence with any characteristic section of the community would be extinguished by another intervention of that character.

"Calchas," after thus faithfully dealing with Lord Rosebery, does him a good service in exhuming the Presidential Address which he delivered at the Social Science Congress in 1874, when Lord Rosebery was only twenty-seven years of age. "Calchas" says:—

No one has diagnosed the elements of national weakness more clearly, even since the searching lessons of the present war afforded the unmistakable revelation of our symptoms, than you did in 1874, when your instinct for the future was more sensitive than that of any politician in Great Britain.

The Place of Ethical Fervour.

But having thus laid some salve, "Calchas" resumes the rod, and discourses to Lord Rosebery as follows:—

The place of ethical fervour, believe it, has not passed away from politics. Beyond all men prominent in public life, except Mr. John Morley, you have the authentic impulse born of social insight and sympathy. When you plead for the wretched, the suffering, for the poor in darkness, you move, you agitate. In that mood of eloquence you can trouble and lift the heart of the nation with something of the lyric cry, and communicate a fine inspiration to the Imperial idea. England needs you if the clotted Philistinism of a vulgar and vaunting sense of Empire is to be dissolved. Your message to the country has been, "Action, action, action!" The message of the country to you is, "Action, action, action!" But if the role of the accomplished Ishmael is not to be combined with the retention of your public influence, who are to be your associates? The dream of a middle party disappeared after the Bleanheim demonstration as swiftly and irrevocably as if its fascinating attractions had never floated before any human mind.

The Crisis of His Destiny.

His conclusion is as follows:—

The only personality through which Liberalism can hope to appeal to the nation and the Empire against Mr. Chamberlain's is yours.

It appeared, after the South African disasters had changed the public view of many men and things, that henceforward only two men would count in public life—Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain. The doubt now is whether Mr. Chamberlain alone is to count. Your destiny has reached its crisis, and upon your present determination to sink or swim with the fortunes of one party or the other will depend whether history is to devote to your career the damaging footnote or the appreciative chapter.

HIS AGGRESSIVE LASSITUDE.

The author of "Musings Without Method" devotes two or three pages in the September number of "Blackwood" to a discussion of the position of Lord Rosebery. He says many sarcastic things at the expense of the late Leader of the Liberal Party, and sums up the case against him without even recommending him to mercy. He says:—

"Dalmeny is one of those," said an Eton master some forty years ago, "who like the palm without the dust;" and assuredly Lord Rosebery has won more palms with less dust than the most of men. He is a Nicias who translates hesitation into inertness, a Fabius who delays so strenuously that he never comes into action. Nor would his temperament and character be an inconvenience to the State had he not usurped a sort of leadership.

In endeavouring to account for what the writer calls the aggressive lassitude of Lord Rosebery, he attributes it first to his cunningly unstable character, and then to the fact—

that to high rank and a love of affairs he brings no passionate conviction, no reckless enthusiasm. Moreover, the defects of an inactive temperament have been intensified fivefold by a hapless education. For Lord Rosebery was at once the creation and the creature of Mr. Gladstone.

Still a "Man of the Future."

But the writer in "Blackwood" is more puzzled to account for Lord Rosebery's popularity than he is for his fame:—

But more strange than his vacillating career is his unbroken popularity. Being a leader, he may demand to be led, he may throw over his party at its worst crisis, but he cannot destroy the people's interest. No public man of our day has a more generous notice of the press which he fears. But the press, for all its arrogance, is not yet omnipotent, and is daily weakening its influence by a reckless disregard of truth. It can force the world to talk about this man or that; it cannot ensure any man's acceptance. In other words, it has the power of nomination and none other. Accordingly, it has nominated Lord Rosebery for every position to which wealth and intelligence may aspire, but its nomination has not been ratified, and in its despite Lord Rosebery will probably remain "dissociated and isolated" until the end. Fifteen years ago Mr. Gladstone declared him "the man of the future;" a man of the future he remains to-day—with a shorter time of fulfilment.

"Down the Danube in a Canadian Canoe" is an experience very pleasantly described in "Macmillan's" by Algernon Blackwood.

A Rosebery-Chamberlain Alliance ?

A SUGGESTION FROM FRANCE.

It is interesting to find in the second August number of the "Revue de Paris" a character sketch of Lord Rosebery by M. Achille Viallate. The preliminary account of Lord Rosebery's political career which M. Viallate gives need not detain us, except in so far as it throws light upon the French writer's exceptional acquaintance with English politics, of which he appears to have an intuitive comprehension. Naturally, however, M. Viallate is most interesting when he quits the easy ground of biographical information and embarks on the delicate task of penetrating within the man himself in order to note what is his position to-day and what are his views and his hopes.

Lord Rosebery's Popularity.

First of all this appreciative critic fully acknowledges Lord Rosebery's remarkable popularity with all classes of society—a popularity won partly by his victories on the turf, partly by a certain natural courtesy and human sympathy. He goes on to say of the ex-Premier that there are few problems which his fine, delicate intelligence, with its keen intellectual curiosity, has not attacked, and there are few opinions which it has not forced itself to understand. A debater rather than an orator, Lord Rosebery prefers to appeal to reason rather than to passion. At the same time, he has the orator's gift of sympathy with his audience; his voice, though of no remarkable compass, is nevertheless extremely flexible, and its musical clearness enables it to be distinctly heard even in the largest halls. Curiously enough, M. Viallate prefers the study of Pitt to the study of Napoleon at St. Helena, though he willingly acknowledges the impartiality which Lord Rosebery displays in the latter work in denouncing the conduct of the Emperor's gaolers.

The Secret of His Failure.

The French writer then asks himself how a man endowed with all these qualifications failed so completely as a party leader. The answer, he thinks, is not to be found in any handicap of outward circumstances such as the accident of the peerage or the ambitions of rivals, but in Lord Rosebery's own personality. The ex-Premier possesses, he admits, something of the same astonishingly wide intellectual outlook which distinguished Mr. Gladstone, but he is totally without that power of intellectual concentration which was the basis of all Mr. Gladstone's success as a leader. The critical spirit is Lord Rosebery's worst enemy. As Mr. Pitt so truly said, the English love a statesman whom they understand or think that they understand, and in spite of all his popularity the

masses have never really understood Lord Rosebery. What greater contrast could there be than that between Lord Rosebery's fastidious, critical artistic temperament, and the positive, prejudiced mind of the average Englishman!

Imperialism and Social Reforms.

M. Viallate agrees with Lord Rosebery in thinking that the Liberal Party ought to have reckoned with the sentiment of Imperialism which has gradually developed in England in the last quarter of a century. This sentiment our French critic attributes partly to the vague fears engendered in the British mind by the sudden growth of several great empires, and he declares that "the preservation of the British Empire ought to be one of the chief planks in the programme of every political party." For the rest, M. Viallate recalls regretfully that speech, delivered more than ten years ago, in which Lord Rosebery laid it down that the politics of the future would be the politics of the poor, and that the function of the statesman would be to guide the working-classes in the dangerous exercise of power. Now, however, domestic reforms no longer occupy the first place in Lord Rosebery's mind, and he has lost his faith in the democracy. No longer is he "a Liberal without epithet" as he proudly proclaimed himself to be at Edinburgh in 1885; he has become a "Liberal Imperialist." The great mass of the Liberal Party, though unquestionably affected by the Imperialist sentiment, mistrusts the bellicose character associated with it, and fears to see social reforms elbowed out.

The War of the Future.

By M. JEAN DE BLOCH.

M. Jean de Bloch begins in the "Contemporary" a series of papers upon "The Wars of the Future," in which he embodies the substance of the carefully reasoned argument which he presented this summer to the members of the United Service Institution. M. de Bloch begins cheerily by expressing his astonishment that the remarkable evolution which is rapidly turning the sword into a ploughshare has passed almost unnoticed even by the professionals who are paid to keep a sharp look out. As one who has for the last fourteen years devoted himself to the subject, he sets forth his conclusions in a paper of nearly thirty pages. His object in this exposition is to prove from a purely technical point of view that war as a means of deciding quarrels between nations is no longer efficacious. The economic question is the key of the whole military position. Even though the sword be sharp and trusty, the army that wields

it will be paralysed long before it has struck its decisive blow.

War an Anachronism.

War, says M. de Bloch, has become an anachronism. The experience of the recent hostilities has entirely destroyed all the accepted doctrines upon which military operations are based. Battles in the old sense of the word have become impossible, and a fight to a finish is out of the question. The indictment against the war is all the more overwhelming because it is supported by those who are themselves eminent members of the military profession. The old system of tactics has been swept away, while the men of use and wont are fondly clinging to the old traditions. M. de Bloch then quotes these authorities, and declares emphatically that they all agree in maintaining that warfare has been revolutionised, and that it can only be carried on by one of two methods. If on the old lines, it would result in the slaughter of millions, whereas if waged in the only way possible to-day, it must drag on for years. In other words, on technical grounds, war as a means of solving disputes is a thing of the past.

South Africa's Lesson.

The Transvaal War has supplied a series of object lessons which have swept the last remnants of terra firma from under the feet of those dangerous enthusiasts who continue to hug the delusions that war in the old sense is any longer possible. M. de Bloch maintains that the Transvaal War has relegated the dogma of the necessity for obligatory military service to the limbo of disembodied dreams. It is the death of militarism, and the wiping out of all the advantages which militarism was relied upon to secure for the nations which cultivated it. M. de Bloch then proceeds to reply to the arguments used by German critics and others would deprive the lessons of the Transvaal War of much of their point by attributing our defeats to the defects of our Army, or to the conditions under which the campaign was fought. M. de Bloch maintains that the conditions were much more favourable to the invader than they are ever likely to be in any European War, and that the British troops, both in personnel and in material, possessed a much greater superiority over the Boers than any combatants in a great war could hope to enjoy, and that the result conclusively demonstrates the truth of his thesis. The following are some of his leading doctrines: Cavalry is useless, artillery is powerless, and long training is no longer necessary to convert the civilian into a competent fighting man. All the anticipations of the antiquated school of military tacticians have been belied by facts.

The Federation of South Africa.

The Rev. Canon Wirgman, Canon of Grahamstown Cathedral, in a paper in the "Nineteenth Century" on "The First British Settlers in South Africa," gives us another dissertation on the situation from the point of view of the British colonists of the Eastern province. The British colonists, he reminds us, in 1872 opposed the introduction of responsible government tooth and nail. The Canon reckons that the British population of the Eastern province amounts to 66,000 at the lowest estimate. His opinion is that the older British population in the Transvaal amounts to about 100,000 at the present time. Nevertheless, he tells us that in order to secure the predominance of the Briton over the Boer it is necessary to do two things: first, to divide Cape Colony into two halves; and secondly, to federate immediately. He says:—

The Boers are very likely to abstain from politics altogether after the war, if they find themselves impotent to hinder and thwart, by constitutional means, the pacification of South Africa. Mr. Rhodes knows this, and has therefore declared that the future constitution of the confederated Colonies of South Africa must be imposed upon them from without, by the strong hand of the Imperial Government. The sooner this is done the better it will be for South Africa. The only people who have a right to be consulted are the South African loyalists.

The End of Trades Unionism.

By MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

Mr. Frederic Harrison contributes to the "Positivist Review" for September a brief paper concerning the recent decision of the House of Lords as to the civil liability of trades unions for the acts of their officials. Mr. Harrison's paper is pessimistic in the extreme. He regards the decision of the House of Lords as being morally and legally final. He even goes so far as to say that he doubts whether qualified lawyers will find it easy to displace any one of the precise propositions laid down by Lord Lindley in his judgment. We may therefore take it as settled that the law is as Lord Lindley lays it down. And what is the result of this? Mr. Harrison tells the working men of England that, as the result of these judgments—they have lost important interests of their daily labour for which a previous generation struggled, and believed they had won for ever. Two decisions of the House of Lords in the last few weeks have deeply affected the legal position of the Trades Unions of our country. It is not too much to say that these judgments have practically made new law, law which must prevent Trades Unions from doing many things that, for twenty-five years, they have believed they had a right to do, and which exposes the whole of their funds to legal liabilities from which till now they have been thought to be exempt.

Under the Acts of 1871 and 1875, which legalised Trades Unions and Strikes, the Unions were illegal

societies, and could be robbed with impunity. The authors of those Acts assumed that, in making Unions legal, they did not make them corporate bodies capable of suing and being sued. When some of the Unions were asking for power to sue as corporate bodies, some of us on the Royal Commission told them that, if they had the right to sue, they would be exposed to the ability to be sued, in which case they would very soon be ruined. From that day to this it has been held that Trades Unions could not be sued as a body and made liable to the whole extent of their funds—benefits to widows and children and all like a Bank, a Railway, or trading company. The House of Lords has now astonished the legal and the industrial world by deciding that Unions can be sued, and the whole of their funds charged to make good whatever is lawfully claimed in costs or as damages for the acts of their officers. How soon, or how far, that new law may ruin them, remains to be seen.

I certainly have no intention of cavilling at this judgment; no lawyer would do so. It is final and makes the law.

The Irish case, *Quinn v. Leatham*, decided on August 1, fills up all the holes left open by the Taff Vale case. In the first was the wedge strong enough to rend any Union to which it was applied, the second was the steam hammer to drive the wedge home.

These two decisions together come to this:—

1. When a Trades Union seeks to drive any one to terms by inducing others not to deal, though it may not do anything forbidden by the Act of 1875, it may be civilly liable in damages (*Quinn v. Leatham*).

2. A Trades Union may be made corporately responsible for the acts of its officers, may be sued by name, and its funds may be taken to satisfy all legal claims.

If powerful companies cannot smash up the great Unions with these new weapons in the industrial war, they must be a dull and timid lot, and not the men they are commonly supposed to be.

Now, what are Trades Unionists to do? Well, the only advice I can give them is—not to enter into strikes or lock-outs at all, or if they do (and it seems still to be lawful for tradesmen to agree not to work, or to work only for specific wages) to be very careful to do nothing which can punish or inconvenience anybody, whether men or employers, directly or indirectly. If they make it unpleasant to any one, or cause any one to lose his money or his trade, they run great risk of having their Union funds drained dry. So I advise them to take the terms their employers offer them—and be thankful for that.

The Future of War.

By MR. H. G. WELLS.

Continuing his "Anticipations" as to the future in the "Fortnightly Review," Mr. H. G. Wells discusses this month the question of the future of war. It is a grim and ugly picture which he draws, especially in relation to the use that is likely to be made of air-ships in the warfare of the future:—

Few people, I fancy, who know the work of Langley, Lillenthal, Pilscher, Maxim, and Chanute but will be inclined to think that long before the year 2000 A.D., and very probably before 1850, a successful aeroplane will have soared and come home safe and sound. Directly that is accomplished, the new invention will be most assuredly applied to war.

A conflict between an army with flying machines and an army without, will be like a conflict between the man who sees and a blind man. It is a horrible picture, this transfer of war into mid-air, nor is it rendered any more attractive by the

fact that Mr. Wells expects there will be a reversal of the tendency of civilisation, and the rights of non-combatants will be very considerably restricted. Of the warfare of the future, Mr. Wells says:—

There will be no definite army here or there, there will be no controllable battle, there will be no great general in the field at all. But somewhere far in the rear the central organiser will sit at the telephonic centre of his vast front, and he will strengthen here and feed there, and watch, watch perpetually the pressure, the incessant, remorseless pressure that is seeking to wear down his countervailing thrust. Behind the thin firing line that is actually engaged, the country for many miles will be rapidly cleared and devoted to the business of war, big machines will be at work making second, third, and fourth lines of trenches that may be needed if presently the firing line is forced back, spreading out transverse paths for the swift lateral movement of the cyclists, who will be in perpetual alertness to relieve sudden local pressures, and all along these great motor roads our first "Anticipations" sketched, there will be a vast and rapid shifting to and fro of big and very long-range guns. These guns will probably be fought with the help of balloons. The latter will hang above the firing line all along the front, incessantly ascending and withdrawn. They will be continually determining the distribution of the antagonist's forces, directing the fire of continually shifting great guns upon the apparatus and supports in the rear of his fighting line, forecasting his night plans and seeking some tactical and strategic weakness in that sinewy line of battle.

Victory will belong to the state which is best organised on socialistic lines, and which brings the most intelligence to bear upon the organisation of victory:—

The nation that produces in the near future the largest proportional development of educated and intelligent engineers and agriculturists, of doctors, schoolmasters, professional soldiers, and intellectually active people of all sorts: the nation that most resolutely picks over, educates, sterilises, exports, or poisons its People of the Abyss: the nation that succeeds most subtly in checking gambling, and the moral decay of women and homes that gambling inevitably entails; the nation that by wise interventions, death duties, and the like, contrives to expropriate and extinguish incompetent families while leaving individual ambitions free: the nation, in a word, that turns the greatest proportion of its irresponsible adiposity into social muscle will certainly be the nation that will be the most powerful in warfare as in peace; will certainly be the ascendant or dominant nation before the year 2000. In the long run, no heroism and no accidents can alter that.

In the "Woman at Home" for September Mrs. Tooley continues her interesting articles on the present Queen. Mrs. E. J. Cook has a witty paper on "Marriage as a Mutual Admiration Society," and Ignota discusses the extravagances of millionairesses shopping in Paris.

The fact that will stick in most minds, after reading "Good Words" for September, is one mentioned in Mr. Matthew Cripps' paper on editors and contributors. Speaking of Mr. Gladstone as contributor, he says, "His 'Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture' brought him a hundred guineas per article in 'Good Words.'"

The Case of Admiral Schley.

The "American Review of Reviews" publishes an interesting character sketch of Admiral Schley, who will retire next month from the active service of the United States. The writer says:—

Rear-Admiral Schley is the sixth in his grade, and has served (January, 1901) nearly eighteen years at sea, over twenty-five years on shore stations, and has awaited orders or been on leave for about four years in all—these periods closely corresponding to the similar ones in the record of Admiral Dewey. His sea-service aggregate is a little in excess of the average of the eighteen rear-admirals now on the list. By operation of law, his active career terminates on his sixty-second birthday, October 9, 1901, and he then finally retires on three-quarter sea pay, or about 5,600 dollars per year. Personally, he is hale, hearty, grizzled rather than grey, and, despite the severe trials, physical and mental, incident to his long career, is as genial and good-natured as he was as a midshipman.

When he was appointed, on his return from the Arctic Regions, to be Chief of the Bureau of Equipment of the United States Navy—

Schley found himself at the head of one of the eight great bureaus which, under the Secretary, administer the affairs of the Navy. He held it for the full term of four years, and administered it well. He developed the education of the sailors, notably through the establishment of the gunnery school at Washington; he equipped our first famous White Squadron; he devised the system which enables Jack to deposit his savings with the Government and draw interest; he established the privilege of the enlisted man to a home on a receiving ship in the intervals between his enlistments; and he reformed the dietary scale so that the rations of the men were materially bettered.

A Deplorable Personal Dispute.

His personality has been brought prominently before the country at present owing to the appointment of a Court of Inquiry summoned at his request, composed of Admirals Dewey, Howison, and Benham, with Captain Lemly as Judge Advocate. The question which this court, which was to open on the 12th inst., is to try is whether or not Mr. MacIay was justified in accusing him of acting as a coward, and ordering a catfight flight when Admiral Cervera attempted to escape from the harbour of Santiago. Admiral Schley would have taken no notice of the matter had it not been admitted that the proofs of the book containing the charge had been submitted before publication to his colleague and rival Admiral Sampson. It is a deplorable dispute. Both Sampson and Schley appear to have done their duty quite well enough to gain the grateful recognition of their country, but neither of them gathered sufficient laurels to have any surplus reputation to throw away in an angry personal dispute of this kind. To do Admiral Schley justice, he seems to have taken no part in the matter beyond insisting that charges which would brand him with infamy should be officially investigated by a Court of Inquiry. Should the Court report that Mr. MacIay's charges were calumnious and unfounded, it will be difficult

to avoid visiting some official censure upon Admiral Sampson.

The Charges Against Him.

The American correspondent of the "National Review" thus summarises the charges which have been made against Schley, which it is presumed will be investigated by the Court of Inquiry:—

That Schley had shown great negligence in wasting three days in front of Cienfuegos; that in executing the retrograde movement from Santiago he had been guilty of disobedience of orders; that after returning, and before the arrival of Sampson, he permitted the Colon, which had run aground at the entrance of the harbour, to remain in plain sight without attempting to destroy her; that when finally he fired upon her it was at a distance of between 7,000 and 9,000 yards, which necessitated the elevation of his guns to such an angle that the gun-mounts were injured by the recoil, that at night his vessels were withdrawn so far to sea that the blockade was ineffective. During the engagement, it was necessary for the Brooklyn, Schley's flagship, to make a tactical movement which has been the subject of the most harsh criticism. Had he swung to starboard, as did the other American ships, he would have made a smaller arc and brought himself 400 yards nearer the fleeing Spanish ships; by going to port the arc was greater, and the Brooklyn was 600 yards further away from the enemy than when she altered her course. In making this evolution, according to the alleged statements of naval officers, she came uncomfortably close to ramming the battleship Texas; and when Schley's attention was called to the danger he is said to have replied to his navigating officer: "Damn the Texas; let her look out for herself."

The Duel Between Europe and America.

IS IT TO BE ECONOMIC OR MILITARY?

To many desponding minds on this side of the Atlantic it has sometimes seemed as if, in the commercial duel between Europe and America, Europe was bound to go under and America easily to come out top. They may perhaps find some consolation from the fact that Americans themselves are beginning to dread possible results of their all-too-easy triumph. Under the title "Reciprocity or the Alternative," Mr. Brooks Adams contributes to the "Atlantic Monthly" for August a most thoughtful forecast.

Suggestive Precedents.

Mr. Adams recalls as parallel the case of France versus Holland in the seventeenth century. France was triumphant in war and centralised in government; but in trade she was undersold by Holland, and altogether left behind. Colbert tried to break Holland, first by a prohibitive tariff, and then by war:—

In May, 1672, Turenne crossed the frontier at the head of a great army, and the campaign opened which is the point of departure for all subsequent European history down to Waterloo.

For later France found herself undersold by England, and Napoleon, like Colbert, tried to break his rival by war. Like Colbert, he failed.

In 1896 it was the United States that seemed to be in the position of France:—

In 1896 the United States reached the lowest point in her recent history. The cost of production being too high, Americans could not export manufactures; agricultural supplies alone proved insufficient to yield the sum demanded of her, and the country, in that single year, had to part with 78,880,000 dols. in gold. General insolvency seemed imminent.

The Economic Revolution of 1897.

But a remarkable economic revolution took place.

In 1897 the United States followed the precedent set by Colbert, so far as the tariff was concerned; but Americans, supplier than Frenchmen, did not go to war. They adopted a more effective method of routing the foe. They readjusted their entire system of industry and transportation, bringing the cost of production of the chief articles of modern commerce below the European level. No success has ever been more sudden or more startling. Between 1897 and 1901 the average excess of American exports over imports has risen to 510,000,000 dols. yearly. The amount tends to increase. . . . America will drive Europe more and more from neutral markets, and will, if she makes the effort, flood Europe herself with goods at prices with which Europeans cannot compete.

Mr. Adams holds that Europe is cornered, and stands face to face with ruin. But, he argues, "Europe will not allow present conditions to remain unchanged, any more than France did in 1667, or than America did in 1896." Europe is reticent.

Will Europe Fight?

Either, then, the United States may act like Cobden, may abandon some of her advantages and ameliorate the situation of Europe by commercial reciprocity; or Europe may attack the United States, and attempt to break her down, by arms:—

The great question of American economic supremacy remains to be settled; and as long as Europe continues armed, that question will not be settled peacefully upon America's own terms as America is now organised. There must be compromise or war, or else America must be so strong that war is deemed too hazardous to be attempted. . . .

In European eyes, America offers the fairest prize to plunder that has been known since the sack of Rome, and, according to European standard, she is almost as unprotected as was Holland before Louis XIV. . . .

With Great Britain, the success of the European or the American continent is only a choice of evils. America is her most dangerous competitor, save Germany and Russia. Great Britain, at present, holds to America as the lesser peril; but should, at a given moment, the weight in the other scale of the balance preponderate, England would shift to the side of our antagonist.

To refuse compromise means that the United States must prepare for war. She must have 300,000 trained men ready to take the field in twenty days, and 100 battleships and armoured cruisers ready for sea. The one is the alternative of Cobden, the other of Colbert.

Anglo-American Courtesies.

Mr J. G. Hodgins, LL.D., contributes to the "Anglo-American Magazine" for August a paper entitled "Incidents of International Courtesy." There is nothing in that is new, but it is a pleasant reminder of incidents which have contributed in the course of the last half-century to counteract the irritation produced in international relations by the bickerings of politicians and the carpings of the Press. He tells again the story of Commodore Tatnall helping the disabled British ships when they attacked the Taku Forts in 1858, quoting Mr. Manly H. Pike's poem which appeared some years ago in the "Review of Reviews." He also describes the action of Sir Lambton Lorraine, who, in 1873, rescued the American prisoners whom a Spanish-American was about to execute at Santiago de Cuba. Sir Lambton arrived just as the twenty-six American subjects were ordered out for execution:—

He ordered his vessel to be cleared for action, laid her close under the guns of the nearest fort, and landing with some sailors, informed the Spaniards that the Americans were under the protection of the British flag, and that if any more were executed he would lay Santiago de Cuba in ashes.

All the prisoners were liberated. Mr. Hodgins also repeats a story told by the Rev. Dr. Peck, of Montreal, in 1881, of how the English Consul at Valparaiso saved the life of a drunken American sailor, who was condemned to be shot for striking a policeman. The American Consul decided that he could do nothing to save the man, but his British colleague folded the American flag round the sailor, then placed the Union Jack over it, and facing the officer and soldiers, shouted defiantly: "Now shoot, if you dare, through the heart of England and America."

Mr. Hodgins then quotes Mr. Archibald Forbes' account of how the British flag was saluted on the centenary of the capitulation of York Town on October 19, 1881. He tells us how, when Lord Pauncefoot visited the Senate on the occasion of a public funeral, the President and every one present rose from their seats to salute him, when it was announced that the Ambassador of England to the United States had entered the Chamber.

Mr. Hodgins concludes his article by telling the story of the flag-hoisting incident at Oonalaska:—

On July 4 the master of the British ship *Glenova* hoisted the English flag in honour of the American holiday. Judge Whipple was so angry when he saw the British flag that he sent an officer on board and hauled it down. . . . News of this action reached Captain Harney Knox, of the United States gunboat *Concord*, which was in the harbour. He personally went aboard the *Glenova*, hoisted the British flag, returned to his own vessel, and then fired a salute in honour of the Englishman's country.

Russia and Russians.

By MR. HAVELOCK ELLIS.

A very interesting paper of impressions of Russia and the Russians is contributed to the "Contemporary Review" for September, by Mr. Havelock Ellis. Mr. Ellis's paper, which is entitled "The Genius of Russia," contains perhaps a little too much ethnical theorising to be accepted as the final word on Russia, but this is the defect of all writings on Russian subjects. Mr. Ellis's impressions of Russia are favourable on the whole, but he finds in the people what he calls a "temperamental barbarism":—

All the traits of the Russian character and of Russian life—the hospitality of the people, their copious repasts, the profusion of colour in their costumes and their cities, the bizarre incoherence of their architecture, the mixture of tenderness and cruelty in their dispositions, their expansive frankness and emotionality,—these are all traits which are strictly barbarous.

A Free and Cheerful People.

Russian scenery, Mr. Ellis quite truly finds, has a wonderful beauty of its own, which Russian painters have neglected. "It is an endless succession of Corots." He finds in Russia an unconstrained and a general air of freedom which contrasts with Western Europe:—

The Russian population, certainly, may well be the most resigned in Europe, but it is not the least free, nor, in its own way, even the least cheerful. Shaggy, uncomely, bewildered—recalling the early pictures of the English peasant as well as the representations of his own Scythian ancestors on the famous Nicopol vase in the Hermitage—for all his air of passive resignation the Russian is yet energetic. Very robust, very healthy, it seems, sometimes of almost colossal dimensions, on holidays radiant and sweet, with their shining, good-natured faces, and clean feast-day clothes, men and women alike are marked by their quiet strength, their simplicity, their frank honesty, singularly often with the imprint also of a stern sense of duty, and above all a profound and unflinching good-nature. There is no hint of servitude in their expression, and still less of any pining for freedom. Certainly freedom is always a relative term, and what is freedom for one is not freedom for another. I should not myself choose to live in Russia. It is not yet a free country for the man who thinks for himself. But there are not many men who really think for themselves, and the ordinary Russian can exempt himself freely within the circle of his own activities without meeting with any social or governmental fetters. I know no great city where the peasants occupy so large and so prominent a place as in Moscow; they constitute the markets, they crowd the churches, they roam unquestioned and unwatched even into the private apartments of the Imperial Palace.

Devoted to the Bath.

As to Russian habits, he says:—

The Russian delights in bathing, not only in his own peculiar hot-air bath, which everywhere abounds and is open to the lowest classes, but during summer in open-air bathing, which is sometimes carried on with almost Japanese frankness. Only just outside Moscow I have seen a full-grown girl bathing unabashed in a wayside stream; and on a popular summer feast-day, when a merry troop of peasants crowded into the railway train, regardless of class, they were radiantly clean, as inoffensive to sight and smell as could well be

desired. No doubt the conditions of Russian life foster dirt. Poverty, ignorance, cold, the necessity for close rooms and much clothing, are conditions that easily produce filth, even among a people of less resigned temperament than the Russians. Those, however, who point to the stores of facts which have been accumulated concerning the insanitary condition of Russia forget, if they have ever been aware, that it is but a little while since similar conditions prevailed in Western Europe, and that even to-day we are in no country very far removed from them.

High Missionary Qualities.

But perhaps the most interesting part of Mr. Ellis's paper is the section devoted to speculations as to Russia's political future. "The Russians," he says, "have a special mission of civilisation"—in Asia only, be it understood.

But for her peculiar task of dominating those barbaric Eastern peoples which are not already in the hands of European Powers, and have not already shown some power of civilising themselves, Russia is eminently fitted. She has herself, it is true, not yet perfectly attained either the civilisation of the East or of the West; she has never reached the level either of China or of France. But even the elements of barbarism in her own life and ways, as well as the powerful Asiatic strain in her blood, mark her out for the task which naturally falls to her, and enable her to blend harmoniously with subjugated peoples, from whom British conquerors, for instance, would have been held permanently aloof by lofty disdain. But there is more than that. Beyond any other European people the Russians possess a degree of receptivity, a radical humanity of feeling, a fund of high idealism, and a sense of the relationship of ideals to practical life, which cannot fail to carry them very far. These things, far more than an outrageous militarism, or the capacity for frantic industrial production, in the end make up civilisation.

Expansion Inevitable.

Therefore, in the future Mr. Ellis sees Russia expanding still further.

The sphere of Russian influence and power must necessarily extend from Constantinople to the Pacific, from the Arctic to Afghanistan. There may be a little dispute here and there as to the precise limits which the course of its natural development will not overpass, but there can be no doubt whatever concerning the main lines of Russia's development. Even at the present day, Russia holds Asia in her hands, and certainly long before the present century is out Russia will be universally acknowledged as the Supreme Asiatic power. Beyond Constantinople it is scarcely likely that Russia will develop westwards. Constantinople, it is true, naturally belongs to Russia; it is a source of her most sacred traditions, religiously and politically, the metropolis of that ancient Eastern Empire to which she is the only possible successor. Moreover, it is one of the natural outlets of Russia, and for over a century the Slav migration has been steadily increasing throughout this region. Any opposition to Russia's claim to the ultimate possession of Constantinople is artificial and fictitious, based on the jealousies of other nations; for there can be no question whatever that, failing its present possessors, no Power has Russia's claims to Constantinople. It may certainly be added that Constantinople, however important it may once have been, is now a possession of little more than sentimental value. The whole Mediterranean, indeed, once the chief centre and source of human civilisation, is becoming a spot mainly interesting to tourists and archaeologists. Constantinople is a specially eligible site for excavation; it will not henceforth be much more than this, for the centres of life are tending to pass from this side of the world to the other, and the

Pacific, surrounded by Russia, Japan, Australia, and America, will wash the shores of all the youngest and most vigorous countries in the world, without one exception. It will be the special privilege of Russia that she alone among these lands represents Europe. In the Pacific Europe will only exist by reason of Russia's presence there. For us Europeans the only direct route to the New World of the future is through Russia, and all our chief interests in that New World are inevitably placed in Russia's hands.

The only possible rival to Russia as a world power is the United States. In conclusion, Mr. Ellis likens Russia to a youthful Russian giantess whom he saw exhibited in Europe some years ago:—

Unlike most of her kind, Elizabeth Lyksa was healthy and well-formed, very gentle, with a sense about her of yet undeveloped force. A company of anthropologists had been invited to meet her, and she gazed down at the pugny men of science examining her, with a smile on her grave sweet face, half tender, half amused. That colossal child, with the mystery of her undeveloped force, has always seemed to me since to be the symbol of her people.

Sketches of Sir Thomas Lipton.

In "Outing" for September, among many articles of exceptional interest to lovers of sport and outdoor life, appears a sketch by Dugald Stewart of Sir Thomas Lipton.

An Irishman from Scotland.

Sir Thomas Johnstone Lipton is forty-six years old. He was born in Glasgow, but is of North of Ireland parentage. He is a self-made man in the best sense:—

He has steadily climbed the ladder of fortune from its lowest rung, and by his own exertions, integrity, and business capacity has, at a comparatively early age, attained the position of one of the richest men in Great Britain. A true Clyde-side man, he had, even from earliest boyhood, a great leaning towards yachts and yachting. He is a practical yacht-man, having served a long apprenticeship in all sorts of craft, beginning with a lug-sail boat, which he managed for himself. With such up-bringing, it is small wonder that he is, in his mature age, a devoted lover of yacht-sailing.

The Lipton Enterprises in America.

In his younger days, Sir Thomas saw a good deal of the States, and in South Carolina, New York, and elsewhere, toiled hard for but scant remuneration. He first visited America as a lad of fifteen, in or about the year 1871. He emerged successfully from the roughs and tumbles of those youthful days, and managed to return to Great Britain from New York with the modest savings of five hundred dollars. "My experience in America sharpened me," he says, "and I always feel that I got a good commercial training there." It was after his return that he started his real business operations, five-and-twenty years ago, with a single provision shop in Glasgow. Since that day he has never looked back. "Lipton's Limited" now possesses some four hundred and fifty stores in the United Kingdom, besides tea, coffee, cocoa, and other estates in Ceylon, India, and elsewhere, as well as fruit farms, curing factories, huge bakeries, and other establishments, and has developed into a gigantic business, which grows and thrives with the passage

of each year. On the plantations in India and Ceylon alone there are more than ten thousand employes on the pay-rolls. In addition to controlling these vast industries, Sir Thomas Lipton has in his own hands a great packing business in Chicago, where in a single day more than three thousand hogs are killed. To deliver his fresh meat in good condition, not less than six hundred of his own refrigerator cars are employed. Sir Thomas Lipton's recipe for success seems simple enough. "Work hard," he says, "deal honestly, use careful judgment, do unto others as you would be done by, advertise freely and judiciously, and success is bound to follow." It is worthy of remark that, although an enormous employer of labour, he has never had a strike, nor, in his own opinion, is he ever likely to have one. "I make it my business," he says, "to look after the interests of my men, and we live in peace and harmony." He was knighted in 1898. He is a great traveller, having business houses and stores in New York, Chicago, Berlin, and Hamburg, and he occasionally looks in upon his estates in Ceylon and India. Twice he has made the circuit of the world. In his fine steam yacht *Erin*, he often visits the Mediterranean.

His English Home and Hobbies.

Sir Thomas, who is unmarried, lives at "Osidge," a pleasant, rambling, old-fashioned house, standing in a well-wooded park, near Southgate, Middlesex. The house is comparatively modern, boasting an antiquity of only about a hundred years. The gardens and grounds are delightful, and in the park Sir Thomas has a well-laid-out golf course, over which he amuses himself with his friends occasionally. Sir Thomas Lipton shares with Mr. Chamberlain a taste for orchids, and in his houses are to be found many splendid examples of these exotics, among which a new and beautiful species—"Liptonia"—is noticeable. An orangery and a collection of tea plants are items of interest sure to arrest the attention of the visitor.

Horses as Well as Yachts.

As a consequence of his long familiarity with the United States, Sir Thomas Lipton is much interested in American horses. He has some famous Kentucky trotters, and, shunning railways, drives a pair of these animals daily to his offices in the City-road, London, some eight miles distant. He is fond of riding, takes an interest in dogs, plays golf occasionally, and enjoys a game of billiards. And he is an admirer of pictures, gardens, and country life. Sir Thomas has no great time for reading, and newspapers and periodicals form his chief literary pabulum.

HIS RECREATIONS.

Sir Thomas Lipton has been interviewed by Mr. Francis Puillimore, who works up the material thus obtained into an interesting paper in the September "Windsor." He calls it "the evolution of a great business." Perhaps the passage which will be most noted is what this prince of organisers has to say on recreation:—

"It is hardly necessary to ask me if I am a believer in Saturday's half-holiday and Sunday's rest. It is a mistake, mentally and physically, for any man to work seven days without ceasing, however young and strong he may be, however ardent to make strides in business. Off hours from my business I spend, as far as possible, in the open air. I leave behind me the city at night. Even now, when of necessity I dine frequently in London, I drive ten miles into the country to sleep; the extra trouble and the loss of time are well repaid by the pure air. That is my opinion, and I leave others to smile at the suburbs. Gardening, I agree with Lord Tennyson in thinking the most perfect of recreations; it gives you just enough to think

about to be a complete distraction, yet not enough to worry you; and it is work-play done under delightful conditions. The hour in the garden at the beginning of the day or at its close is worthy of many sacrifices in the winning. Though I have never been able to get to bed before midnight, I am always up at seven—an allowance of sleep that is less by an hour than Lord Palmerston gave out as indispensable—at any rate, for a statesman. Other spare half-hours at home go to outdoor games—cricket, golf, tennis, and bowls. If one must be indoors, a game of billiards I find to be a grand exercise. You walk miles, to begin with, and a private table is a great attraction to keep together the young members of a household in the evenings. From all this it follows I am not a great theatre-goer. I do not think I sat out a play more than twelve times in my life, and never did I do so till the last very few years. My parents, being old-fashioned and church-going, had never seen the glare of the footlights, and I felt that I could not properly allow the time to give myself up to being amused for so long by other people—in a vitiated atmosphere. I felt I could do better for myself. Half an hour in a music-hall seemed to be a different matter—you could hear the song you wished to hear and then come away. All the same, some of the nicest people I have ever known belonged to the stage. Sport and gambling are often supposed to be inseparable. Many thousands of pounds are put upon yacht-racing, but never a pound by me. I have yet to make my first bet. I race purely for the pleasure of the sport; and I would not bet on my own boat or any other."

Referring to the cheque for £100,000 which Sir Thomas handed to the lady who is now Queen of England, for the Alexandra Trust, Mr. Phillimore says:—

According to common gossip, the Princess, to whom the magic slip of pink paper was handed by Sir Thomas at Marlborough House, danced round the room with pleasure, saying she had never before held in her hands so large a sum.

Glances of George Eliot.

AS MR. FREDERIC HARRISON KNEW HER.

By far the most important contribution to "Harper's" for September is Mr. Frederic Harrison's reminiscences of George Eliot. He begins by insisting that there must come a revival of appreciation of her genius as an abiding literary force.

First Impressions.

He says he first made her acquaintance on New Year's Day, 1860, at the house of Dr. and Mrs. Congreve. He thus records his impressions:—

Though we were all more or less interested in Comte, the talk round the table was quite general, and the small party was nothing but a simple gathering of intimate friends. I listened with lively interest to the words of one who was already famous, who from the first moment impressed everyone with a sense of grave thought, high ideals, and scrupulous courtesy. She had not a grain of self-importance in her manner, and took quite a simple and modest part in the general talk. . . . Nothing could be more graceful than the patience with which she listened to my points.

Later Conclusions.

Subsequent fame left her unspoiled. Mr. Harrison says:—

Years afterwards, when she lived in London and at Witley, she had the cultured world at her feet. But she remained still the same quiet, grave, reserved woman that she had been in her retreat and isolation at Wandsworth, always modest in her bearing, almost deferential towards any form of acknowledged reputation, almost morbidly distrustful of herself, and eager to purge out of her soul any germ of arrogance and pride that her fame and the court paid to her by men and women of mark could possibly tend to breed.

As nearer friendship gave better opportunities of seeing how the great novelist worked, Mr. Harrison says:—

I learned to estimate at its full value the immense range of George Eliot's reading, both in poetry and in philosophy, the high standard of duty, whether personal or social, that she kept before her own sight and required of others, and the conscientious labour she devoted to her own art.

The Law-Case in "Felix Holt."

He tells an interesting incident of collaboration in the production of "Felix Holt." She consulted him on certain points of law:—

The law-case she required to fit her plot in the year 1832 was one which, on the first sight of it, seemed impossible in the face of the statutes of limitations, for she wanted to dispossess a family which had been in peaceable possession of estates for a century.

Mr. Harrison proceeds:—

I was at first inclined to think the case to be impossible, as contrary to the then existing statutes of limitations. But I presently fell back on the rare, but not impossible, case of a "Base Fee," under which a settlement might be perfectly valid for the issue of a tenant-in-tail for many generations, but would not bar the rights of the remainder-men. It happened that, before I finally submitted the scheme to George Eliot, I asked the opinion of a colleague at the bar. The man I consulted chanced to be the late Lord Herschell.

"Felix Holt" and "Daniel Deronda" were the only novels on which I was consulted, and then simply as to points of law and legal practice. I wrote the "opinion" of the Attorney-General, printed in italics in chapter xxxv. of "Felix Holt," as a guide to the language used in Lincoln's Inn, and she inserted it bodily in the book. I remember telling her that I should always boast of having written one sentence that was embodied in English literature. I need hardly say that I had nothing whatever to do with the composition or scheme of either of these tales, nor with anything else of her work. I do not think anyone else had. I do not think she took counsel of anyone but of George Lewes.

An Excellent Suggestion Unacted On.

Mr. Harrison, however, records two or three suggestions of authorship which he made to her. In 1866—

I wrote her a long letter to suggest that she might use her great powers of imagination and her deep interest in social questions to describe an ideal state of industrial life. It would present a picture of the relations of all concerned in a great manufacturing industry, under conditions of health, happiness, and beauty, so as to realise the Utopia of regenerated industry, directed by an efficient spiritual force and inspired by the providence of Humanity, as conceived by Auguste Comte.

Later on George Eliot replied:—

Within these latter months I have seemed to see in the distance a possible poem shaped on your idea.

But it would be better for you to encourage the growth towards realisation in your own mind rather than just to transplantation.

Mr. own faint conception is that of a frankly Utopian construction, freeing the poet from all local embarrassments.

There is a peculiar interest in the appeal he made to her on another occasion for "some equivalent for family prayer" for his (Positivist) children; but she confessed herself "unequal to the construction of a liturgy." Nevertheless, he continued to urge her to produce pieces in prose or verse expressive of devotional feeling.

The Origin of "Theophrastus Such."

"Theophrastus Such"—"perhaps the only one of her books which was not a success"—fills Mr. Harrison with guilty reflections, as he "may have contributed to induce her to write it." He says:—

I pointed out to her that our English literature, so rich and splendid in almost every field of poetry and prose, was deficient in those collections of Thoughts which the French call *Pensees*—pregnant apothegms embedded in terse and memorable phrase, which could be remembered like fine lines of poetry, and be cited as readily as a familiar proverb. It seemed to me—it seems to me still—that she was eminently fitted to produce such a book, and indeed the "Wit and Wisdom of George Eliot" was a volume culled from her writings. But "Theophrastus Such"—where the queer title came from I know not—was not an adequate expression of her powers.

"And Yet a Woman Still."

Of the woman as distinct from the author, Mr. Harrison closes with some valuable paragraphs:—

It must not be supposed that she was entirely wrapped up in deep problems of metaphysics and ethics. Far from it! She was the most courteous and considerate of friends, delighting in lively conversation and good-natured gossip. She was an admirable housewife, and very proud of her practical accomplishments as a sensible and kindly mistress. She interested herself much in finding a comfortable situation for any young woman whom she judged to be in need of a friend.

Her zeal to help those who were in trouble was always active. I remember once seeing her spring to her feet, and stretching up her arms with that passionate gesture she sometimes would display, she said, "Yes, the day will come when it will be a natural instinct to stretch out a hand to help one who needs support, as automatic and irresistible as it is, now to use our hands to keep ourselves from a fall."

A facsimile autograph letter is given, which covered a second contribution of £5 to Positivist funds.

Mammon and the Church.

The current number of the "Church Quarterly Review" shows a refreshing readiness to face the awkward facts in the present relation of organised religion to the people as a whole. One article on the supply of recruits for the Church (i.e., for the Bazaar) laments the decaying enthusiasm of our English Universities. "The undergraduate of to-day is a delightful person," but has not the self-

sacrificing spirit which leads men into social service or into the ministry of the Church. "Commercial Imperialism," not social enthusiasm, is dominant. The writer looks to the new universities, modelled on the Scottish system, for the training of poor men intended for holy orders. "Nonconformists have been beforehand with us in this matter." Another article recognises that church-going is declining among us, and the worship itself is said to be deteriorating. The writer thinks it open to question "whether society is not definitely entering on an epoch of religious decline." He admits that public worship is being turned more and more into a performance for the entertainment of the congregation than into a serious function of social devotion. He states that "as a matter of fact, money never counted for more in ecclesiastical appointments than it does now." "The clergy cease to be teachers, and become choirmasters or proprietors," and "religion perishes in a strife of professionals." The title-deeds of service and sermons are challenged. Society is being organised on the basis of a non-religious use of Sunday. The passion for the open air increases. The remedy suggested by the writer is to abandon the costly and secularising "attractions" of public worship, and to rely more on its inherent spiritual worth. "Christian worship had its origin in the needs of a society. It must recover its character by again becoming social." Better small congregations of real worshippers than crowds of onlookers attracted by extrinsic shows. These Puritan pleas in an Anglican organ will probably interest Dissenters.

In the "Lady's Realm" for September the Countess of Malmesbury writes a most depressing article on the question of whether Society is deteriorating. She seems to think it is, and is quite certain that the modern girl is not nearly so happy as were her mother and grandmother. There are also articles on the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and on the thrones of European Sovereigns. Another paper is on fencing for ladies.

"It would be difficult, in any part of the world, to find a more beautiful and seductive region, where climate, fertility of soil, hill, dale, mountain slope, forest, rich savanna, lake and river are more delightfully mingled, the whole teeming with varied animal life and abounding in such gifts as nature lavishly confers only when in her most prodigal and generous mood." In these words Col. G. E. Church sums up, in the "Geographical Journal," his impressions of the remote valleys in Northern Bolivia, called Mayu-tata and Beni, which are now "being brought under the lash of civilisation." That is the Colonel's phrase for it.

George Jacob Holyoake.

In the English "Review of Reviews" Mr. Stead writes a very interesting sketch of one of the most heroic figures amongst the social reformers of the present generation, George Jacob Holyoake.

"George Jacob Holyoake," says Mr. Stead, "remarkable for his perennial youth, is still more remarkable as the solitary survivor of a band of men whose self-sacrificing labours handed down to us across the Nineteenth Century the hopes and the aspirations which fed the higher life of the Pioneers of Progress, who were born at the dawn of the French Revolution. I never think of him—tall, erect, resolute, and firm—without being reminded of one of the few remaining arches of the great aqueduct which spanned the Campagna, bringing to ancient Rome the crystal water of the Alban Lake. All the other arches have crumbled to the dust. Of all his companions who sixty years ago passed from hand to hand the glad evangel of the redemption of labour by the substitution of Co-operation for Wage-slavery, there now remains not one. 'Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,' he towers aloft above his contemporaries, in many respects the noblest Roman of them all."

Here is a picture of Holyoake as, an old man, he sits in his cottage study:

A Reliquary of a Sanctum.

"He has converted his study into a very reliquary, in which he sits and works surrounded by all manner of memorials of bygone times. The Pope's collection differs from Mr. Holyoake's, no doubt. There are no thigh-bones of apostles nor parings of finger-nails of saints at Eastern Lodge; but although the details differ, the principle is the same. To Mr. Holyoake, although keenly interested in the events of to-day, the past is an ever-present and vivid reality. His long and useful life, which began within two years of the Battle of Waterloo, has spanned the whole of the Nineteenth Century, and there are few persons among the real workers who are conspicuous in the history of England during the last three score years and ten with whom he was not brought into more or less personal contact. Garibaldi and Mazzini were among his personal friends; he was intimate with Mr. Bright; Mr. Gladstone offered him a pension, which he refused; his friendship with Herbert Spencer dates back from of old time, and continues unchanged to this day; Harriet Martineau was devoted to him; and last month's Co-operative Festival at the Crystal Palace showed that 80 years have in no way diminished, but rather enhanced, his power of exciting personal enthusiasm and evoking admiration and affection.

"It was like reading a chapter of English history backwards to sit in that room and listen to his

stories of old times. But it was not only the study. The whole quaint little house with all its rooms and rambling passages and staircases was redolent of the memories of a stormy past. As he never wore prison dress in Gloucester, he has no criminal garb to recall his sojourn in prison; but he has an interesting collection of relics which illustrate almost every important phase of modern European history in which he took part. It was odd to find among those household gods a very excellent portrait of Talleyrand. Mazzini described him as 'the greatest liar in Europe;' but his charm for Holyoake was not his mendacity, but his composure. In the midst of a restless and worrying and hurrying and hustling age, Talleyrand stands supreme as the only man who deliberately acted upon the maxim of never doing to-day what might by any possibility be put off till to-morrow. His unassuming face, which has looked down from the walls of Mr. Holyoake's writing-room, and now hangs in the passage, acted as a charm to allay the impetuosity of the impatient Radical.

Two Famous Flags.

"Mr. Holyoake, although a man of peace, has been all his life associated with men of war. His portraits of Garibaldi occupy a leading position among the worthies who adorn his walls, and among his most cherished relics are two flags which he received from the liberator of Italy. One, a large flag which he hopes will some day be used as the pall over his coffin, was a flag under which the Thousand of Marsala liberated Sicily; the other was one of those bullet-pierced flags which flew on the ill-fated field of Mentana. On high days and holidays, sacred to the service of humanity, these flags are solemnly aired from the windows of Eastern Lodge, the bystanders often wondering what strange battle-flags they may be, but little knowing the wealth of historical association and of heroic revolutionary endeavour which they symbolise in the eyes of their owner.

A Historic Pike.

"Ner was this the only warlike relic that is to be found in Eastern Lodge. It was with almost a shock that I touched one of the Macceroni pikes manufactured in the stormy times of the Reform Agitation of 1831, when Birmingham was threatening to march upon London, and the Reformers everywhere were preparing such weapons as they could manufacture in order to compel an obstinate aristocracy to yield to the demands of the people. The pike was rather a formidable instrument. It was jointed in the centre, so that when folded it would not make a stick longer than four feet, but when unfolded and clamped by an iron ring it constituted a pike eight feet in length, surmounted by a barbed point. With such weapons a row of

pikemen standing shoulder to shoulder in serried array, offering a chevaux de frise of bristling pike-heads to an attack of cavalry, ought to be able to give very good account of themselves. The pike was never used. The Lords fortunately gave way without forcing matters to an extremity; but the fact that the pikes were there and were ready to be used probably had not a little to do with their salutary retreat before the popular demand.

A Relic of 1867.

Another relic of this Reform Agitation was a small bottle of 'Mr. Secretary Walpole's Tears.' When Hyde Park railings went down in 1867, Mr. Walpole, the then Home Secretary, refused to call out the troops to charge the demonstrating multitude. For this he was violently denounced by the reactionaries, who accused him of having shed tears when considering the consequences of a collision between the military and the mob. Walpole belonged to the Tory Government, and therefore was regarded with no pity even by those whose lives he had spared, and one of the jokes of the period was the street sale of small phials of pills, each of which was supposed to represent a tear from the eye of the susceptible Home Secretary. Mr. Holyoake was too young to have taken any active part in the first Reform Agitation, but he was in the other up to his neck, and he told me that when the arrangements were made for maintaining order in Hyde Park the stewards were armed with jointed wands, which, when double, could be carried without attracting attention, but which, when extended to their full length, constituted a conspicuous sign where direction could be had in case of the rushing Hyde Park railings or otherwise.

The Fight for Free Speech.

Another curious memento of the stormy times of stress through which Mr. Holyoake has passed was a small wooden whistle which was used by the Radicals of Leeds in the year 1871, when a determined effort was made by the Tories to suppress the right of free speech. It was in connection with the abortive Republican agitation which was begun by an attack by a young Radical Baronet on the coat of the Crown. The respectables of Leeds banded themselves together to prevent any hearing being given to a person who dared to lay a sacrilegious hand upon the gold-covered trappings of the Monarchy. The Radicals were equally determined in that, come what might, they would prevent the breaking up of the meeting. A great number of stewards were appointed, each provided with a small whistle and definite instructions. These instructions were faithfully carried out; and the result was a scene of the greatest turmoil that had up to that time been witnessed

in English public meetings. Mr. Holyoake's account of their instructions was simple. The duty of a steward was to maintain order and quietness in the meeting. If any member of the audience attempted to frustrate the objects of the meeting by bawling with a loud voice, it was the duty of the steward to make his way to the brawler, and when he was shouting at the top of his voice, so that he might be taken as it were in the act of disturbing a meeting, he was to deal him a subtle, sudden blow upon the windpipe. Mr. Holyoake says that this treatment proved extraordinarily efficacious when the disturbers could be singled out; but sometimes a knot of brawlers would clump themselves together in a manner which rendered individual treatment inapplicable. In those cases the stewards used the rough-and-ready device of improvising a battering-ram from a bench, which, in the hands of a dozen strong men, it was driven full force against the disturbers of the meeting, usually effected their dispersal, and often led to their being hurled headlong down the stairs. The scenes which occurred at Queen's Hall this year appear to have been a very pale reflection of the violence which was resorted to at Leeds thirty years ago.

"A long shelf filled with innumerable writings of Mr. Holyoake spoke perhaps as eloquently as anything else of the activity of this many-sided man. The mere catalogue of his publications would fill pages, for he was a constant and vigorous pamphleteer, whose pen, like a knight's lance, was ever ready to be used in defence of a popular right or the cause of the people.

His Religious Outlook.

"Talking to Mr. Holyoake concerning these old troubles and struggles, it is difficult to realise that this was the man who for nearly a quarter of a century was regarded as an infidel, a blasphemer, and an opponent whom all the godly should hold in pious horror. Mr. Holyoake's Agnosticism, which leads him to shrink from dogmatising concerning the nature of the attributes or even of the existence of the Deity, is not inconsistent with a passionate longing for and an earnest hope of immortality, and a deep reverence and grateful recognition of the Word of God that finds expression in the Bible.

"One could hardly do a greater service to mankind," said Mr. Holyoake, "than to render the kernel of the Bible more generally accessible to the ordinary man. In it we have the best expression of our noblest ideals, an inspiration which generation after generation has aided the aspirations of mankind after a better social state."

"For instance," said I, "in your own case."

"In my own case," said Mr. Holyoake, "I often say that I should find it difficult to improve upon

the words of Isaiah, who declared "My people shall build houses and inhabit them. They shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build and another inhabit. They shall not plant and another eat. They shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth trouble." There is the soul of the whole Co-operative movement there," said he, "the ideal which we have been trying to realise, and which will yet be realised, although mayhap we shall have to pass through some stormy times before we leave the slough of foul corruption that is poisoning our public life to-day."

Men Who Influenced Him.

"Of all the men whom Mr. Holyoake ever met, he remarked that Francis W. Newman was the best informed. His knowledge seemed inexhaustible, and its range was as remarkable as his capacity for adjusting himself automatically by instinctive sympathy to anyone with whom he was even momentarily brought into contact. But Mr. Holyoake's man of men, whose memory grows with brighter radiance the further it recedes in the mist of time, was Mazzini, whose letters, published after his death, addressed to two ladies who loved him and whom he loved sincerely, neither of whom he could marry, tended to give an even more romantic tinge to the love and admiration with which Mr. Holyoake regarded his old colleague.

The Mother Maketh the Man.

"It is probable, however, that no one influenced Mr. Holyoake so much as his mother, whose portrait, hanging in his dining-room, recalls the presence of a Puritan matron, who combined lofty ideals with a tender and affectionate character.

"She was," says Mr. Holyoake, "a Puritan-minded woman, of clear, decided ideas, who wished her children to be honest, truthful, and pious, and always set them the example."

"She was a member of John Angel James' church in Birmingham, and brought up her eleven children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. His father thought that his mother had enough religion for both of them, and in that her son agreed with him. He had a Pagan mind, and his thoughts dwelt on the human side of life. Mr. Holyoake is a blend between the two. He has inherited all the Puritan austerity of his mother, with the Pagan Agnosticism of his father. His outlook is still utilitarian, and he cheerily dismissed my misgivings as to whether an Agnostic generation would be able to transmit to its descendants the love of truth and regard for righteousness which it inherited from its more orthodox predecessor. He inclines to believe that morality is in the nature of things, and that man's true interests, rightly

understood, would always lead him to choose the good and eschew the evil. But I cannot help an uneasy conviction that many of the most valuable elements in George Jacob Holyoake's character would have been missing if his mother had, like his father, been less susceptible to the teachings of John Angel James' 'Anxious Enquirer.'

Holyoake as a Reformer.

"Mr. Holyoake was born poor, and he was earning scanty wages by the labour of his hands at the time when the sons of richer parents are preparing to go to Eton or Harrow. When he married and trusted to his lecturing to bring in the wherewithal to live, he and his wife were very often short of food. He says:

"My wife cultivated a small bed of mustard and cress under the window, which with bread served for a meal when there was nothing else."

"A man of his energy and his ability could have built up a fortune for himself had he been so disposed; but he preferred to be rich in the satisfaction of doing that which he thought he ought to do. Brought up religiously, with a profound sense of duty and an unreasoned acceptance of the orthodox theology, he glided out of his theological moorings with less difficulty or trouble than most men experience at such a crisis in their history. Speaking of himself at that time, he says:

"It was an inextinguishable instinct with me that if a thing was wrong, it ought to be put right, and the wrong never passed out of my mind until the opportunity came of rescinding or rectifying it."

The First Mrs. Holyoake.

"Before he was one-and-twenty, however, he married his first wife, a chorister girl in Wordesley Church. She was a soldier's daughter, and had the courage of one. She was evidently a woman of strong character, who contributed not a little to intensify his convictions and strengthen his resolution to pursue what he considered the path of duty, wherever it might lead him. He quotes one of her sayings:

"We may not do great things, but we can do honest ones. Do what you think right, and never mind me."

"During forty years she never uttered one word of reproach, though imprisonment, want, and the death of her child came in them. She seems to have been a woman of great intuitive insight into character, and Mr. Holyoake seldom acted contrary to her judgment without regretting it. 'She had three qualities,' he said, 'beyond most women—service, truth, and pride. Her pride was more than self-respect. It was debtlessness, independence of obligation, which was not a second nature; it was her first. She had had no other. She never

had even a small debt. It was not conceivable by her that her husband should stand on the platform and speak of political, social, or religious reform, and owe people money.'

The Simple Secret of the Octogenarian.

"Mr. Holyoake, although in his eighty-fifth year, continues to travel about the country delivering lectures, addressing meetings, and generally displaying an activity which is almost miraculous in a man of his age. I asked him if he could indicate to the readers of the 'Review' the secret of his marvellous vitality. He said:

"It is very simple. I have been moderate in all things—moderate even in moderation. I have been moderate in living, and I show certainly no immoderate speed in hastening towards my grave."

"Mr. Holyoake is not a vegetarian. He is not an anti-tobaccanist. He is not a teetotaller. He is moderate in everything.

The Old Man Eloquent.

"The only trace of his advancing years is a slight deafness, which, however, does not preclude him from taking part in general conversation, although sometimes he uses the harmless and necessary ear-trumpet. Of one method, said to be the most infallible of all for prolonging life to extreme old age, he has not availed himself. When Mr. Gladstone pressed upon him the acceptance of a pension, he refused it on the ground that his moderate means sufficed for his simple wants, and he did not feel that it would be right or consistent for him as an old reformer to be chargeable upon the taxes. So he lives—in his eighty-fifth year—as he has lived ever since he went to work in the foundry at Birmingham, at his own charges, owing no man anything, surrounded by troops of friends, though almost all the old stagers who began life with him have dropped off. It is probable that there is no other man of 84 now living in this country who has so honourable a record, who has fought so brave a fight and has lived so consistently, and who, as he nears the close of a long and what may fairly be described as a glorious career (if it were not that the word glorious has been so prostituted), can look back with the comfortable and consoling reflection that through all his long life he has ever combated for truth as he perceived it, and his voice has ever been raised for international peace and for social justice. Although, like all the rest of us, he has failed to realise to the full the generous imaginings of his fervent youth, he has seen the beginning of a beneficent transformation which he firmly believes will ultimately lead to the remodelling of society and the inauguration of a new earth, if not of a new heaven, in which dwelleth righteousness."

Leprosy.

M. Dastre, who is really making a great reputation as an interpreter of the arcana of science to the general mind, deals in the first July number of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" with this, perhaps the most terrible scourge of humanity. The introduction of this disease into Europe is not a thing of yesterday; at the time of Napoleon's campaigns there were lepers and even leprous families in Piedmont, who were as rigidly isolated from the rest of the world as they would have been in the Middle Ages. Curiously enough, it was thought by many about a hundred years ago that the disease was practically extinct; nowadays, however, it is thought by many experts that the malady is at this moment bursting forth with fresh vigour. An international conference was held on the disease in 1897; the specialists in its treatment have founded an international organ, and there is even a proposal to establish a hospital for lepers in one of the provincial departments of France. It is, of course, well known that the disease is more or less common in the East, but it may be news to many to learn that there are little corners of France where the infection still lingers. Before Nice was annexed to France, lepers were found there and thereabouts, the remnants of a colony of lepers who, according to tradition, dated from the time of the Saracen invasion. In addition, the modern intercourse with colonies has revived the scourge in Europe, just as the Crusades revived it before.

It seems, so far as is yet known, that the danger of contamination comes rather from living in a leprous country than from associating with leprous inhabitants; and those countries where the scourge may become contagious and even epidemic, are not only hot countries—there are other predisposing causes more efficacious than climate, notably diet. Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, and a Turkish expert named Zambaco, have not hesitated to declare that the use of decayed fish and of thirst-giving salted meats as food is one of the most efficacious causes. The total number of lepers in the world is estimated at upward of one million, of whom the continent of Europe contains only some thousands, the great majority being in Asia. There is a most interesting colony of lepers near Jerusalem, at a place called Siloe. By day, these miserable creatures beg alms from the pilgrims and other passers-by on the road to Calvary; they are governed by a chief, and they marry,—some of them, indeed, having several wives. The Turkish physician, Zambaco, already referred to, visited this colony of outcasts, and found that it consisted of thirty-six Mohammedans and one Greek Christian.

The degree of isolation which the leper is made to undergo varies in different countries very much. In the far East, and in some countries of Europe, notably Spain, he is pitied, and allowed great liberty, his disease being regarded as a comparatively ordinary one; but in the more enlightened countries the isolation is, of course, compulsory and permanent. The most draconian methods are applied in America. M. Dastre says that the hygienic conditions of the pest-house of San Francisco are deplorable.

The Bacillus of Leprosy.

M. Dastre goes on to discuss the nature of the disease. The great fundamental discovery—namely, that it is due to a bacillus—was made by a Norwegian, Dr. Hansen, who studied the disease about the year 1870. Dr. Hansen's work was, as it were, the crown of previous investigations, the result of which was to show the identity of the disease under an extraordinary variety of symptoms. At the same time it must be remembered that many incurable skin diseases have been confused with leprosy, notably lupus. True leprosy attacks not only the skin, but all the nerves, and this gives us two kinds of leprosy,—that of the nerves, or antenine leprosy, and that of the skin, or leonine leprosy. When the bacillus attacks the nerve tissue, it produces a degree of local insensibility to pain which is almost incredible. If a man burns himself at a fire without feeling it, a strong presumption is set up that he is an anaesthetic leper; and if the bacilli are found in particular places, there is no further room for doubt.

The curious thing about the bacillus of leprosy is that it has almost absolutely refused to be cultivated, which, of course, has been a great drawback to its investigation. Nor can any animal be inoculated with it, not even a monkey; man is its only affinity. It is even difficult to infect a human being with leprosy; thus, a Swedish doctor inoculated himself on four different occasions with the blood of a leper, and nothing happened. A kanaka in the Sandwich Islands, who was under sentence of death, consented to submit to inoculation as the price of reprieve. The inoculation was performed on September 30, 1884; subsequent microscopical examination showed the presence of bacilli, but it was not until 1887 that the malady appeared in the subject. Unfortunately, this experiment cannot be regarded as conclusive, for it is possible that the miserable man may have contracted the malady through some other source. The question whether the disease is contagious or not is still hotly debated. On the one side, one party points to the fact that in Japan, for instance, the lepers and non-lepers persons live

in the most intimate association without communicating the malady to one another; while the other party reply by pointing to the Sisters of Charity and to the missionaries, who, after devoting themselves to the care of lepers, are always sooner or later stricken down themselves. The truth appears to lie in the peculiarities of the bacillus of leprosy; it is very easily killed, and it apparently cannot live at all when separated from its natural habitat.

The Irish at Westminster.

HOW MANY IRISH MEMBERS SHOULD THERE BE?

The question of what is called the over-representation of Ireland at Westminster is discussed by Mr. Edward Dicey in an article in the "Nineteenth Century and After," entitled "The Irish Nuisance, and how to abate it." Its chief importance lies in the fact that Mr. Dicey reports a conversation which he had with the late Mr. Forster on the subject of the government of Ireland, in which the former Chief Secretary expressed himself with a touching naivete as to the ease with which he could introduce the millennium in Ireland if only he were allowed to deprive the country of any representation whatever at Westminster for fifteen years.

None?

That this is not an exaggeration of what Mr. Dicey reports as having been said by Mr. Forster after dinner will be proved by the following quotation:—

In one of the last interviews I ever had with my old friend the late Mr. W. E. Forster, he made a statement to me which has ever since remained engraved in my memory. We were sitting alone together after dinner, talking as usual about the Irish difficulty, when he remarked to me: "My experience in Ireland has led me to the conclusion that the real cause of the Irish difficulty is the possession by Ireland of Parliamentary government. Every question which arises there is decided, not by the consideration of what is best for Ireland, but of what is best for the political interests of whichever of our two parties happens to be in power at the time the question arises. If Ireland could only be deprived of her Parliamentary representation for fifteen years and ruled during this suspension by me, or any man of courage and common-sense, I would undertake to make her peaceful, prosperous, and contented, and would gladly stake my life on the success of my experiment. I cannot state this in public, as the utterance of such a sentiment would involve the loss of any political future there may be in store for me. But I should like my friends to know this was my opinion."

An Uncertified Interview.

On this Mr. Stead writes in the English "Review of Reviews:—

"I remember the first time I ever interviewed Mr. Forster he made an observation which I commend to the attention of Mr. Dicey. Mr. Forster, it so happened, was the first English public man

who was ever interviewed in the English press. I did not believe that he would allow me to publish any conversation except under an assumed name. When I submitted to him the proofs of the article, he said at once that he had no objection to his name being given as that of the person with whom the interview was held. 'But,' he said, 'in publishing an interview two things are indispensable: first, that you should always submit a proof to the person interviewed, in order that he may see you don't impure to him anything that he does not wish to say; and, secondly, you should never let the public know that he has seen the interview. If either of these precautions be neglected, it deprives the interview of the chief value, which lies in the fact that it furnishes public men with an admirable opportunity of thinking aloud in public, without definitely committing themselves to any proposition upon which they may not absolutely have made up their minds.' I should be much more disposed to accept Mr. Dickey's version of that after-dinner conversation if the proof had been submitted to Mr. Forster in his lifetime, and he had had an opportunity of saying whether or not he should be posed before the world as a self-certified man of courage and common sense, who was capable of making Ireland peaceful, prosperous, and contented in fifteen years. The experience of his attempt to make her peaceful, prosperous, and contented under existing conditions was not exactly so brilliant a success as to justify the acceptance of his sporting offer to stake his life on the success of a similar attempt under different conditions."

The rest of Mr. Dickey's article is devoted to a general denunciation of the Irish on account of what he called their 'senseless hostility to England.'

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Despite his adjectives, however, he has sufficient perception to see that little can be done in the way of altering Parliamentary procedure in order to abate what he called the 'Irish nuisance.' He therefore falls back upon the suggestion that the numbers of the Irish members should be reduced. At present England has 465 members, Wales 32, Scotland 72, while Ireland has 103. Mr. Dickey says:—

The total number of electors in the United Kingdom under the present franchise, which approaches very closely to manhood suffrage, is 6,823,585. It follows as a matter of course that if we divide the number of the electors by the number of seats (670), we find that under any system of equal representation each constituency should consist in round numbers of 10,000 voters. Under any approximation to constituencies equal in respect of population England would be entitled to 399 members, thus gaining thirty-four seats, Scotland would have sixty-nine seats, thus losing three, and Wales would remain as she is, with thirty seats; while

Ireland would have seventy-two, thus being deprived of thirty-one seats. That this should be so is only common justice.

A New Woman-Painter.

Edith Sichel contributes an illustrated article to the "Monthly Review" for September in praise of the work of Miss Fortescue-Brickdale, who is now exhibiting her pictures in Dowdeswell's Galleries in Bond-street. Miss Sichel says that they "show that originality and charm are still living—that a new and lovely imagination has arisen amongst us; a dreamer with dreams worth the dreaming, and a painter with a hand that can impart them."

She notes the fact that there have been very few women painters of first-class merit, for the art of painting does not offer to women the same kind of opportunity for their endowments as poetry or novel writing. She claims that Miss Brickdale—

has discovered for herself a new and intimate mode of expression, in which a woman's qualities come full into play, an art which is personal and yet not egotistical, feminine without being weak. She has found a new sort of symbolism; she has invented parable-painting. . . . Her allegory is never abstruse, it always takes the form of poetic story-telling. . . .

But Miss Brickdale, of whose striking technique it is not our place here to speak, has dipped her brush in the mysterious well of enchantment, and charms the eye by curve and line and colour. Her colour is a feast, rich and pure enough to compare with Rossetti's, and daring with a southern brilliancy and security; whether she is sumptuous, as in the poppy-red robe of her insolent Chance, and the glaring orange of her Fame's raiment; or whether she refreshes us by brightest greens and deepest blues and lilacs.

Miss Brickdale is not wanting in simple natural themes, and gives ample proof of it in "Riches," inspired by an almost passionless homeliness. She has made for herself a peculiarly complete form of art, an art perfect within its own confines:—

Her faults are the faults of wealth, not of poverty; her aim is always in front of her execution, her idea in advance of its expression. She is a symbolist by nature. . . . She is not only mystic in idea; she elucidates her idea by symbols that almost have the fanciful detail and minuteness of medievalism, used afresh to express her new imaginations. She is never recumbent, and nearly always lucid. . . . Miss Brickdale gives delightful proof that 'symbolic art, which can be the most tiresome thing in the world, can also be lovely and suggestive. It is dead when it tries to revive the dead, but it lives when it is applied to new poetic fancies. Perhaps it will be a natural form of reaction against realism, and against the painters who paint a spade so much more a spade than it really is. The human interest of her work comes from a spring that does not dry up. She makes no pretence of being a prophetess or a missionary; but she has a gift for the needy world, and a generous hand that loves giving.

Wages for wives is a plea forcibly urged by Mrs. Fenwick Miller in the September "Temple Magazine." She claims that "the woman's work in the house is as important to the community as that of the man outside, and deserves as much credit and establishes an equal claim for fair wages."

Is the Airship Coming ?

In the September "McClure's," Professor Simon Newcomb gives an analysis of the practicability of human flight as this appears to the mind of a scientist. He points out, in a hasty glance over the history of revolutionary inventions, that it is by no means the problems every one has been trying to solve which really are solved: witness the squaring of the circle, the trisection of the angle, the doubling of the cube, which have been absorbing mathematicians for thousands of years. With invention, he shows that the distinction between the possible and the impossible is not clear. As to the airship, Professor Newcomb thinks that not only are there good scientific reasons why human beings cannot fly; he also doubts whether they would be much the gainers if they could.

The Dangerous Distinction of Air-flight.

Another feature incidental to any aerial vehicle is very generally overlooked. In the absence of any such revolutionary discovery as I have pictured in the first part of this article—in the absence of the power to control gravitation—a flying-machine could remain in the air only by the action of its machinery, and would fall to the ground like a wounded bird the moment any accident stopped it. With all the improvements that the genius of man has made in the steamship, the greatest and best ever constructed is liable now and then to meet with accident. When this happens she simply floats on the water until the damage is repaired or help reaches her. Unless we are to suppose for the flying-machine, in addition to everything else, an immunity from accident which no human experience leads us to believe possible, it would be liable to derangements of machinery, any one of which would be necessarily fatal. If an engine were necessary, not only to propel a ship, but also to make her float—if, on the occasion of any accident she immediately went to the bottom with all on board—there would not, at the present day, be any such thing as steam navigation.

The Two Possible Systems.

Only two systems of air support seem possible, or have ever been suggested. The vehicle must either float in the air, like a balloon, or it must be supported by the action of the air on moving wings, like a bird when it flies. The conditions of both of these methods can be made the subject of exact investigation. A floating vehicle to carry a certain weight must have a bulk corresponding to the volume of air which shall have this weight. With this bulk it must experience a certain resistance to its passage through the air, which resistance increases at least as the square of the velocity. To overcome this resistance requires a corresponding power to be exerted by an engine of some kind. The engine has weight. The best combination of all these conditions is a problem of applied science, of which the solution depends mainly on the strength and weight of material. Solve it as we will, our floating ship must have a thousand times the bulk of a railway train carrying an equal weight and experience a hundred times the resistance that the train does. It therefore seems quite evident that, while the problem of a dirigible balloon may be within the power of inventive genius, we cannot hope that it will become a vehicle for carrying passengers and freight under ordinary conditions.

The Bird Principle.

Now let us turn to the other alternative, that of the flying-machine. If we can make a model of a bird with its wings, and set the wings in motion like those

of a bird with no greater weight, the model will fly like a bird. To do this is, in a certain sense, a problem of nothing but applied mechanics. Yet it has its well-defined limitations. By experiments on the resistance of the air we can compute how large a wing, or aeroplane, moving with a certain speed, will be required to support a given weight. We can also determine, or at least form some idea of, the power of the engine that will move the apparatus. There must be connecting machinery, by which the engine shall in some way act on the plane. Engine, machinery, and plane must all have a weight proportioned to, or at least increasing with, their size and efficiency. It is then a problem of strength of materials to form a combination in which the ratio of efficiency to weight will be enough to make the machine fly.

An Inherent Mechanical Drawback.

In studying the best combination, we meet two difficulties, one of which can be stated in a very simple mathematical form. Let us make two flying-machines exactly alike, only make one on double the scale of the other in all its dimensions. We all know that the volume, and therefore the weight, of two similar bodies are proportional to the cubes of their dimensions. The cube of two is eight. Hence, the large machine will have eight times the weight of the other. But surfaces are as the squares of the dimensions. The square of two is four. The heavier machine will therefore expose only four times the wing surface to the air, and so will have a distinct advantage in the ratio of efficiency to weight.

Mechanical principles show that the steam pressures which the engines would bear would be the same, and that the larger engine, though it would have more than four times the horse-power of the other, would have less than eight times. The larger of the two machines would therefore be at a disadvantage, which could be overcome only by reducing the thickness of its parts, especially of its wings, to that of the other machine. Then we should lose in strength. It follows that the smaller the machine the greater its advantage, and the smallest possible flying-machine will be the first one to be successful.

Examples in the Animal Kingdom.

We see the principle of the cube exemplified in the animal kingdom. The agile flea, the nimble ant, the swift-footed greyhound, and the unwieldy elephant form a series of which the next term would be an animal tottering under its own weight, if able to stand or move at all. The kingdom of flying animals shows a similar gradation. The most numerous fliers are little insects, and the rising series stops with the condor, which, though having much less weight than a man, is said to fly with difficulty when gorged with food.

We have also to consider the advantage which a muscle has over any motor yet discovered, in regard to its flexibility and the versatility of its application. It expands and contracts, pulls and pushes, in a way that no substance yet discovered can be made to do. It is also instantly responsive to a brain which cannot of itself act on external matter.

We may now see the kernel of the difficulty. If we had a metal so rigid, and at the same time so light, that a sheet of it twenty meters square and a millimeter thick would be as stiff as a board and would not weigh more than a ton, and, at the same time, so strong that a powerful engine could be built of it with little weight, we might hope for a flying-machine that would carry a man. But, as the case stands, the first successful flier will be the handiwork of a watchmaker, and will carry nothing heavier than an insect. When this is constructed, we shall be able to see whether one a little larger is possible.

In short, it would appear that what we know of the structure of animals should deter us from attempting flight.

A Leading Premier in Great Britain.

The Right Hon. Richard Seddon, Prime Minister in New Zealand, occupies most of Mr. Frederick Dolman's sketch of political leaders of that colony which appears in the "Windsoor" for September. It is interesting to note that this Premier of Labour, the author of the first Old Age Pensions Act passed within the Empire, began life himself as a poor working man:—

The son of a Lancashire artisan, he started life at St. Helens with much the same education and prospects as any other lad in his grade of life. Before he was twenty, however, he showed independent judgment by emigrating to the Colony of Victoria, where Mr. Seddon spent some years as a working engineer on the railway. Then he was attracted by the gold discoveries in New Zealand, and in 1876 he settled at Kumara, on the west coast of the South Island.

From Gold Mine to Parliament.

He once acted as manager of a canteen at a miners' camp, and is therefore sometimes called "an ex-publican." He made his way not by great finds of gold, but by his championship of labour:—

Mr. Seddon did not make a "pile" by his change of country and of employment, but it proved the making of his public career. He was first heard of as an advocate of miners' rights in the local court, then he was elected the representative of the district on the County Council, and finally well started on the road to the Premier-ship by his election, in 1879, as member for Hokitika in the House of Representatives.

A Champion of the Camp.

Mr. Dolman, who has interviewed Mr. Seddon, communicates the following incident, which suggests that the rising statesman made his way by means even more forcible than tongue or vote:—

Of the turning-point in Mr. Seddon's life an anecdote was told me which, if not literally true, may be regarded as an illustration of the sort of hold which he has got upon the people of New Zealand. A dispute occurred between the miners of Dead Horse Gully, let me say, and those of Felling Star Creek. The miners of the Gully wished to settle the matter by the ordeal of battle, and accordingly sent their chosen representative to the Creek, with a challenge to fight the best man. The champion of Dead Horse Gully was a bully, who had tyrannised over the miners in both camps, and was only chosen now in the belief that his prowess would intimidate the enemy. This effect it seemed likely to have, until Dick Seddon offered to fight the bully in his comrades' cause. Fight he did, and won such a victory as made him the hero henceforth of the whole camp.

A Power Behind the Throne.

How this Lancashire lad, who began his career by working hard on his grandfather's farm in the old country, has been able to attempt legislation of the most difficult and successful kind is perhaps partly explained by a hint dropped in the following paragraph:—

Early in 1896 Mr. Reeves resigned the position of Minister for Labour to accept the office of Agent-General for New Zealand, in which he is so well known in London. Having exercised a great intellectual influence over Mr. Seddon, it is almost with paternal enthusiasm that Mr. Reeves adds to the ordinary

duties of an Agent-General that of explaining and defending the social legislation for which New Zealand has distinguished itself during the last few years, and he would seem to be clearly destined for the Premier-ship himself as soon as a vacancy should occur.

Mr. Dolman seems to forget that there may be claims on Mr. Reeves nearer to the heart of Empire.

Designs on China.

In an appended pen-portrait of Mr. W. S. Myers of the "Premier Imperialist at Home," Mr. Seddon is reported as saying:—

"My latest trouble," said he, "and one that has brought me been disappointment, was the colony's failure to respond to my call for New Zealand volunteers for China. My demand was dubbed 'far-fetched,' 'quixotic,' 'ultra-Imperialistic.' But the Press and my colleagues are wrong. This is no extreme, impulsive scheme of mine. I always try to look a long way ahead. Eventualities may arise in connection with the adjustment of affairs in China that will necessitate New Zealand's coming to the fore. We lie, geographically, in a direct sea-line from Chinese ports; three weeks' sailing will bring any foreign warship to our shores. Were we to send New Zealand soldiers to help in the defence of British rights in China, we would make them feel our power. But, to my profound regret, my foresight is misinterpreted."

A hint this of another of many factors to be taken note of in our Far East complications.

Some of the Cattle Rancher's Enemies.

In an interesting article upon cattle ranching in the South-West, which appears in the current number of the "American Review of Reviews," some curious information is given as to some of the difficulties with which ranchmen have to contend:—

The frequent presence on the prairie of a little green weed called "loco" is a constant source of danger to cattle and of worry to ranchmen, while efforts to exterminate it have signally failed. "Loco" has the same seductive and fatal influence over cattle that opium has on mankind. While eating it, the victim is apart from the rest of the herd, and for days is oblivious to grass, water, and companions. In its early stages, the habit produces little more than a drowsy sensation, and can be checked and stopped by transferring the animal to a pasture where the weed does not exist. After a few months' continued eating, the victim becomes insane, and refuses to leave the place, while often attempting to gore the first man who tries to drive it. Finally, the eyes dilate, there is frothing at the mouth, and the animal dies in convulsions.

A constant menace to all ranches are the various animals that live on the plains. Strange as it may appear, the industrious and seemingly harmless little prairie dog causes the most damage. In countless thousands he is gathered in sociable little colonies, and all day long scampers in play, or digs deep in the ground. Each family occupies a hole one foot in diameter, and from ten to twenty feet deep. In cold weather, rattlesnakes make these holes their home, and, as they eat little and sleep much, are not undesirable boarders. Aside from the danger to horse-men and cattle occasioned by these holes, the serious phase of the nuisance is the almost total destruction of grass about the dog towns. Powder and shot

prove ineffectual, and poison alone will exterminate them. During the winter, when other duties are not pressing, cowboys daily visit several thousand holes, distributing at each a handful of poisoned grain—a mixture of maize, strychnine, cyanide of potassium, oil of anise, and molasses. Instances of success are numerous. One ranchman in Andrews Country, Texas, now pastures 4,000 head where formerly only 750 could be accommodated. Appeals have been repeatedly made to State legislatures to offer a bounty or else provide freer poison, and only recently Kansas has adopted the latter course, and appropriated 10,000 dollars.

As trespassers only, and not prey, cattle are frequently bitten by rattlesnakes and killed. While shunned by ranchmen, these pests are not an unmixed evil, since they destroy prairie dogs, rabbits, and other burrowing pests. The ranchman has an ally in the powerful bull snake, which is larger than the rattler, and, though harmless to man, annually destroys great quantities of rattlesnakes.

The moral of this would seem to be that the multiplication of the bull snake should be taken in hand by the State legislatures of the cattle-raising States.

Two Views of Anthony Trollope.

Anthony Trollope's novels have been out of fashion for many years; but of late a disposition to reconsider his place among English writers is evident. Two very different judgments of him have appeared during the past month, one by an English critic, Mr. Walter Frewen Lord, the other by Mr. Howells. It is a somewhat unusual circumstance that in this case Mr. Howells is the eulogist. Mr. Lord, on the other hand, has few words of praise to bestow. Writing in the "Contemporary Review" he says:—

Lord Beaconsfield was the Paul Veronese of English novelists. It would be waste of time to enquire what artist's name could be bracketed with Anthony Trollope, for Mr. Trollope was not an artist; he was a photographer. It was only for the improvement of his style that he subjected himself to discipline. In this he persevered until he developed a narrative style which, for his purpose, could hardly be surpassed: it is lucid and easy, if somewhat commonplace. For the rest of an artist's work Trollope cared nothing. He did not devise new and startling plots; life as he knew it being sufficiently varied and interesting to satisfy ordinary people. He took pride in remaining an ordinary person himself, and in appealing to everyday emotion and narrating everyday experiences. What he saw he could tell better, perhaps, than anybody else, as Mr. Browning somewhat grudgingly said of Andrea del Sarto. What he did not see, did not exist for him. He had something of the angry impatience of the middle-class mind with all points of view not his own. In "Barchester Towers" he permitted himself to gibe at the recently-published novel, "Tancred," and for the author as well as the work he cherished a feeling of contemptuous dislike. There could be no finer tribute to Lord Beaconsfield's genius. "Tancred" is as far beyond anything that Mr. Trollope wrote as "Orley Farm" is superior to a Chancery pleading; and we have but to lay "Alroy" on the same table with "The Prime Minister" to see where Anthony Trollope stands. It is nearly twenty years since he died, and his work has been going steadily out of fashion every year.

Mr. Lord nevertheless admits that Mr. Trollope is entitled to claim a very high place as a master of plot and narrative; and that, while not an artist, his photography was consummate. Mr. Trollope himself, we are told, repudiated with indignation the idea that he was any more of an artist than a bootmaker.

Mr. Howells' love of what has been called "refined realism" and of "microscopic detail" naturally inclines him to estimate Trollope highly. He thus writes of him (in "Harper's Bazar"):—

If I have not yet said that I think Anthony Trollope the most English of the English novelists I will do so now. Of course, Jane Austen and George Eliot might dispute this primacy with him, but both would fail in the comparison, the one because she was too witty and the other because she was too wise faithfully to mirror the British spirit. The perpetual play of delicate sarcasm in Jane Austen's books is as alien to the heavy sincerity of that simple soul as the deep psychological implications of George Eliot's; but the make and the manner of Trollope are exactly interpretative of it. All is plain and open in his work; if there is any cutting or thrusting it is not such as leaves the subject to shake itself before it realises a wound; if there is any philosophising it is not of the acensing sort, which makes the reader feel the fault or the fate of the character as bound with him; and yet Trollope was a true humourist, and, as I have already insisted, a profound moralist. He surpassed the only contemporaries worthy to be named with him in very essential things as far as he surpassed those two great women in keeping absolutely the level of the English nature. He was a greater pointer of manners than Thackeray because he was neither a sentimentalist nor a caricaturist; and he was of a more convincing imagination than Dickens because he knew and employed the probable facts in the case and kept himself free of all fantastic contrivances. . . . One need not recur to Carlyle's saying that Trollope could never lack for character, so long as there were thirty millions of people in Great Britain, mostly bores; for that is as false and wrong-headed as nearly all Carlyle's add captandum criticisms; and Hawthorne's saying that a novel of Trollope was like a piece of earth under the microscope, with all the life active upon it, imports an erring sense of dimensions. If a telescope of prodigious power could be trained from somewhere in space upon the British Isles, so that their people could be seen life-size, that would offer some such effect as we get in Trollope's fiction. He had not enough, or he had too much, imagination to conceive of representing his fellow subjects in the mid-years of the Victorian reign other than as he knew them, and he neither extenuated nor ought set down in malice concerning them. . . .

Upon the whole I should be inclined to place Trollope among the very first of those supreme novelists to whom the ever-womanly has revealed itself. He has not shown the subtlest sense of womanhood; his portraits do not impart the last, the most exquisite joy; it is not the very soul of the sex that shows itself in them; but it is the mind, the heart, the conscience, the manner; and this is for one painter enough. Let Jane Austen catch their ultimate charm, and George Eliot their ultimate truth, and Hawthorne their farthest meanings and intimations: Trollope has shown them as we mostly see them when we meet them in society and as we know them at home; and if it were any longer his to choose, he might well rest content with his work. For my part I wish I might send my readers to the long line of his wise, just, sane novels, which I have been visiting anew for the purposes of these papers, and finding as delightful as ever, and, thanks to extraordinary gifts for forgetting, almost as fresh as ever.

A Policeman who Paints.

It is quite a romance of art which Mr. Leonard Graham tells in the "Temple Magazine" for September of his "Policeman-Painter." Who would have expected that the great dock strike at Hull should have had as one of its by-products the evolution of a painter out of a constable? Yet so it was. Mr. E. T. Jones, the subject of the sketch, is a member of the Leeds City Police Force, and in 1893 was drafted to Hull while the strike was in process. In defending a woman against a ruffian who was maltreating her, Jones received a permanent injury. This, however, led to his being appointed as constable to the City Art Gallery at Leeds. There he discovered his soul for art. He studied the pictures. He began privately to paint. His first palette was made out of the lid of a cigar-box. He then ventured to show some of his paintings to the Curator, who was impressed with their promise, and urged him to persevere. After three months of this pastime—prior to which he never had a brush in his hand—Mr. Jones sent in four pictures to the Leeds Exhibition, three of which were hung! He has exhibited in many provincial shows, and has sent up to the Royal Academy—so far without success. But he means to win. Surely "a Constable" will not be permanently excluded from the annual Valhalla of Art! If this early promise is fulfilled, what may popular Art in England yet owe to that Hull ruffian? Mr. Jones' career will help to waken the artist-soul that slumbers under thousands of workmen's blouses not less than under this policeman's tunic.

Flowers of "England in Egypt."

A beautiful phase of the British occupation of the Nile Valley is suggested by Mrs. Butcher's paper in "Longman's" on "English Flowers in an Egyptian Garden." This sort of invasion seems, from her account, to thrive and to be only too well liked by the natives. She says that the sunflower was taken there from England within the last twenty years; "and now you see the great golden-flowered stems towering above the agricultural crops at irregular distances out in the peasants' fields all over the country." Violets are grown with difficulty—because they are so eagerly stolen! The same trouble afflicts the imported primroses. Sweet peas flourish, and roses yield pleasing but sometimes surprising results. The French roses flowered all the year round, and consequently deteriorated almost into the simple wild rose. The English roses are much more vigorous, but for nine months of the year

they develop leaves only. "They seem to know that no self-respecting English rose can keep up a constant supply of fine blossoms for more than three months." The paper closes with this charming picture:—

As I write, on March 23, I have about me in my little room such a collection of flowers as may well make one forget times and seasons. On one pedestal a great mass of deep-red roses, filling the air with fragrance; on my desk, Marshal Niel roses, gypsophila, honeysuckle, and freesias; on the mantel-piece, sweet peas, heliotrope, and maidenhair. On the piano and the tables are piled up white and yellow roses, pink geraniums, larkspurs, and the tall blossoms of white iris; while the long wreaths of Cape-may frame the looking-glass. Outside, my garden grows sweeter every day, a little English paradise in the heart of an Eastern town.

Japanese Education.

Elementary Schools in Japan is a subject dealt with in "Gentleman's" which will attract the attention of many who are afraid of Japanese competition in trade. The writer, William Burnet, recounts the formation of a Provisional Board in 1867, and an Education Department in 1871. Nearly 30,000 primary schools have been built and are at work, with 4,000,000 scholars, "quite one-fourth" being girls. Education for all children between six and fourteen was made compulsory in 1880, but school fees are still charged. The writer fears that the curriculum is in danger of sacrificing quality to quantity. In 1888 there were 46 normal schools, with 4,416 and 662 female students. The school hours are 28 a week. Sunday is a day of rest. The Japanese, it appears, have realised the old ideal of Birmingham and Australian educationalists. "There is the entire absence of religious teaching." This Mr. Burnet regards as the "only dark blot in this otherwise promising system." Of the 100,600 students at Tokio "the great majority have abandoned the national faiths, and as yet believe in nothing."

"Eighteenth Century London through French Eye-glasses" is the title of a most interesting paper in "Longman's," by Mr. George Paxton. He records and compares the impressions noted by M. Grosley and Madame du Bocage. Among other memorable facts, this may be mentioned for the benefit of the modern dressy She-Londoner: "Both travellers agree in asserting that the English ladies wore no rouge, and cared little about their dress, generally appearing in the day-time in a short gown, long white apron, and small flat hat. M. Grosley attributes their indifference to dress to a consciousness of their own beauty—a consciousness which he considers entirely justified."

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The Contemporary Review.

The "Contemporary Review" for September is a good number. I have quoted elsewhere M. de Bloch's "Wars of the Future." The article on "The Billion Dollar Trust," Signor d'Albaro's tribute to Crispi; and Mr. Havelock Ellis' "Genius of Russia," and other articles are of equal interest, but hardly quotable. "Vernon Lee" writes on "Art and Usefulness." Ada Cone has a paper of severe criticism, entitled "The Art Problem in the United States." Her article is a polemic against the prevalent American and British servility to French ideas in art. French art, she maintains, has been dead for three centuries. It is no longer creative, but imitative and false:—

The United States have something better to do than to make themselves an echo of the ruin of Europe. Our geographical and social conditions are different; we face an age in which materials have acquired new meaning; in which the future poses new questions to art which art must answer. The French system evades these problems; we are not in the habit of shirking responsibilities, and we should find solutions. It is not in imitative drawing, or in flower analysis, or in acanthus scroll copying that we shall advance. An art to cope with the future implies the rejection of these methods. Our problems lie between us and our materials, and our art, to be truly ours and to be truly great, must be born out of the labour of the people. It is for us to learn that "if art wishes to be divine its action must be useful to the world."

Organisation and Empire.

Mr. E. Wake Cook has a somewhat abstract article on "The Organisation of Mankind," the practical application of which is perhaps best expressed in the following paragraph:—

There is no reason why an Empire such as ours should not be much more truly happy and prosperous than it has yet been, if we organise it scientifically. The loss of our abnormal position in foreign trade will be a blessing if we exercise foresight. In the furtherance of the World-purpose it was necessary that the progressive nations should for a time worship foreign trade as a fetish, and as the chief means of prosperity. Nothing else would have given them the needed stimulus, and forced them to such herculean efforts to conquer and keep foreign markets. But when all foreign markets have been opened up, and we have unintentionally educated other races, not only to supply their own wants, but to swarm us with their manufactures, then we must readjust our ideas, and adopt less one-sided aims. In our ambition to be the Cheap John of the world, we have developed some of our resources abnormally, and neglected others. To foster foreign trade we converted a large part of our island home into black country, and have been prodigally wasteful of our mineral resources, and have neglected our agriculture. In striving for foreign markets we have neglected the best market in the world—the Home market—and left ourselves miserably dependent on the foreigner. This is really incipient heart disease of the Empire.

The Message of India.

Mr. Charles Johnston has a very interesting article under this title, from which I can only quote the concluding words:

We shall shortly come to perceive, in the Rajput race of ancient India, the same perfection of revelation, but in a region higher and more vital: the divination of our invisible selves, of the hidden selves of others, and of the one Self above us all. And, realising this, we shall begin to realise the significance of India, and of the message India brings.

The Monthly Review.

The "Monthly Review" opens with an editorial on "A Breeze from the Mediterranean," the writer of which insists upon the importance of maintaining the fighting efficiency of the Mediterranean fleet, and protests vehemently against the conduct of Ministers in resenting the discussion of the subject in the House of Commons. To deny the right of the national representatives to discuss such a question "tampers with the balance of the constitution," and "rasps the instincts of a maritime nation."

Mr. W. H. Mallock replies to the articles by "the author of 'Drifting,'" which have recently been published in the "Contemporary Review," generally pooh-poohing the arguments of the alarmist writers. He remarks that the argument which has most weight in the articles is that in which the author of "Drifting" insists on the injury to certain British industries by the reduced charge for freight which the railway companies accord to foreigners.

A writer signing himself Lieut. Carlyon Bellairs, writing on "The Navy at School," discusses the lessons of the autumn naval manoeuvres of this year. He maintains that they may be regarded as a triumph for the theories of the historical school. But he argues that our navy, unlike that of Germany, has been too entirely swayed by the members of the tactical school. He complains that our splendid body of officers and men are hampered by faddist, obsolete regulations, special training and education in the hands of university men, absurd traditions of smartness and precision of drill, etc., and tactics.

Mr. Charles Bill, writing on "Unsolved Foreign Problems," maintains that the wisest course for this country to pursue at this critical period of its history is to support Lord Salisbury's policy of circumscribing the area of possible differences

with other nations, and especially with France, whenever we have the chance, and meanwhile to lose no opportunity of strengthening our connection with Germany.

Another article on foreign policy is Mr. W. B. Duffield's statement of "Italy's Case against her Allies," Austrian and German. He thinks that her wisest course would be to adopt a policy of peace, retrenchment, and reform, to cultivate an understanding with France, and concentrate all her resources on the economic struggle. If she is unable to do this, she should at least do her best to secure herself from being sacrificed to the exigencies of the Agrarian parties in Germany and Austria. He complains that our policy towards Italy has been of late years perhaps more consistently Machiavelian than in any other quarter.

Mr. Henry Newbolt contributes a poem entitled "Commemoration."

The Nineteenth Century and After.

The "Nineteenth Century and After" for September is an average number. With the most important articles—Mr. Sidney Webb's social programme for Liberal Imperialists, and Mr. Dicey's essay on the over-representation of Ireland in Westminster—we have dealt elsewhere. There are four articles—Mr. Lord's essay on Lord Lytton's novels, Mr. Henry Mangan's account of the Sieges of Derry and Limerick, Mrs. Henry Birchenaugh's account of "Sketches in a Northern Town," and M. Jusserand's article on "Tennis"—which can only be mentioned, but call for no particular notice.

The same thing may be said, although for very different reasons, of the conclusion of Mr. Auberon Herbert's paper on "Assuming the Foundations." It is a profound and subtle statement of the case in favour of reconsidering the assumptions which form the foundation of all our creeds, especially our political creeds; but it is not of a nature that can be summarised in the space at our disposal. No one writes better than Mr. Herbert, and there is no more independent thinker living. But articles like this, which go to the roots of things, cannot be dealt with in a paragraph in a review.

We have also Prince Kropotkin's paper on "Recent Science," and Sir Wemyss Reid's chronicle.

Westminster Abbey at the Coronation.

Mr. Somers Clarke, the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, contributes an article with two plans of the Abbey, one a plan of the eastern limb of the Abbey, prepared for the coronation; the other a sketch showing the way in which he would provide accommodation for the terrible crowd that

will assemble at 4 o'clock in the morning and wait all day in the Abbey in order to be present at the ceremony. He suggests that a temporary hall should be erected at the extreme western end of the Abbey, between Dean's Yard and Westminster Hospital. This he supplements by further suggestions. He says:

In addition to the suggestion for the temporary hall, our plan also shows a project by which, although the multitude must be assembled in good time, it need not be drafted off into the church until a comparatively short time before the hour appointed for the ceremony. Let the area of Dean's Yard be covered in; within this space is abundant room for those conveniences which have hitherto actually been set up within the church itself and for any amount of breakfast tables. Persons to be seated in the south side of the church could here be assembled. Similar enclosures set up at Poets' Corner and in St. Margaret's Church Yard would serve for the north side of the church and parts of the eastern limb.

International Boat-Racing.

Mr. W. B. Woodgate discusses the question raised during the recent Henley week as to whether foreigners should be allowed to compete at Henley, or whether some other method should be adopted for securing international boat-racing. He propounds a scheme of his own. He says:

All pros and cons considered, I feel that an institution of special international cups contemporaneous and co-ordinate with any closure of Henley, and recognised as part and parcel of one homogeneous plan, is of primary importance. Second only to this I lay stress on the importance of the entire reform being under the Henley executive, both for the sake of fair fame of home aquatic and to ensure efficient administration. The suggestion as to diplomatic negotiations for the possible reconstitution of the Gold Cup is but subsidiary; sentimental but not absolutely essential.

Italian Emigrants for South Africa.

A somewhat novel suggestion is made by Jonkheer van Citters in a paper entitled "An Alternative to Kaffir Labour." His idea is that the best thing to be done in South Africa is to flood it with cheap Italian labour. He says:

Why not get Italians from South Italy in large crowds, with women and children who can work without being mixed with black labourers? The Colonial Government could begin by using them, establishing a general system of irrigation which is very much required, and cover at the same time the mountains, and other waste land, with wood, which gives good produce where it has been done, and would, in the long run, establish a more regular rainfall. They could be gradually handed over to the farmers, especially as they cultivate in Italy almost the same things as in South Africa. The farmers could, to keep them, assure them a share in their profits to encourage better cultivation and attach them to the place; in time, they may become gradually small tenants of the big farmers, which would be the saving of the South African colonies.

The New Liberal Review.

With the exception of the Princess Radziwill's article on the late Empress Frederick, I have not specially noticed any of the papers in the Septem-

ber "New Liberal." The number, nevertheless, is an interesting one.

The Fruit of the Session.

Mr. Alfred Kinnear sums up "The Session: Its Triumphs and Failures," as follows:

The Session expired on a bed of post-obits. It achieved little. Not a single great act stands to its credit. It contributed nothing to the benefit of mankind or to the greatness of the Empire. It ran its course almost exclusively on sordid lines. It was occupied more or less continuously in borrowing money and heaping up taxation and debt. Mr. Balfour has not added to his reputation; and Lord Salisbury recovered power only as the Session lost it. To the young members of the Administration belongs such reputation as the Government has acquired.

A Modern Public School.

Mr. A. G. Grenfell gets a good deal of criticism of our educational system into his article under this title. He concludes it by drawing up a programme of what he regards as a truly modern school. His programme is a long one, but I quote one paragraph as a specimen:

The whole curriculum should be framed to put health first (i.e., bodily physique, morals, and religion); mind, which postulates a healthy body and spirit, second; and the training of technical energies, the encouragement of individual aptitudes, third. No loafing, no softness, no sentimentalism. No Greek, no Latin, no Euclid. No false shame, no wasteful ignorance of a broad-winning future, or hide-bound neglect of buried talents.

The America Cup.

Mr. Robert MacIntyre, in an article on the coming races for the America Cup, expresses confidence that Shamrock II. has an excellent chance of winning the Cup. Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, he says, is more purely a racing machine than any of her predecessors:—

My own opinion is that the yacht will come very near to winning the Cup, but whatever happens, we have the consolation that she represents us at our very best.

Imperial Federation.

Mr. Yelverton Wanhope lays down a scheme of Imperial Federation in his article on "Parliament and the Empire":—

Let us suppose confederation to have taken place, and that the Empire Budget amounts to fifty millions of money, and that of this sum Great Britain and Ireland contribute thirty-five, Canada seven, Australia five, and the Cape three millions. Then Great Britain and Ireland and the other federations would return commissioners in a corresponding proportion, say, for convenience, thirty-five, seven, five, and three, in addition to the five commissioners belonging to each federation as a federal constituent. Thus, under the supposed conditions, out of a Grand Council of seventy members, Great Britain and Ireland would contribute forty, Canada twelve, Australasia ten, and the Cape eight. Let us further suppose that in twenty years' time the contributions to the Imperial Exchequer have so altered that Great Britain and Ireland no longer contribute seven-tenths of the total amount, but only half. Then these islands (the Budget being assumed to remain at fifty millions) would lose ten members, who would be assigned to Canada, Australasia, and the Cape, etc., in proportion to the increased con-

tribution of one or more of them. By these means numerical representation in the Grand Council could be made to bear a real relation to the burden of Empire borne by the constituent federations, and this representation would automatically adjust itself to the incidence of the burden.

A Ministry responsible to the Grand Council would constitute the Imperial Executive. Say a Prime Minister, who might very properly be termed the Chancellor of the Empire, a Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a Lord Treasurer, a First Lord of the Admiralty, a Secretary of State for War, a Secretary of State for India, a Secretary of State for the Crown Colonies, and one for Commerce and Communications. The Cabinet of the Empire would then consist of eight members.

Other Articles.

One of the best, but least quotable, articles in the number is Mr. E. S. Grogan's "After Rhinoceros on the Upper Nile." Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., has a paper on "Manning in the Merchant Service." Another paper deals with "The Bicycle and the Automobile."

The Westminster Review.

There is much excellent preaching in the September number on various phases of political and social duty.

After Feudalism and Capitalism, What?

The coming crisis for democracy is, according to Mr. John Ellam, the choice as to what system shall supersede capitalism, as capitalism superseded feudalism? When there are no more new markets to open up for the absorption of its surplus products, capitalism is bound to collapse. The alternatives are the establishment of the brotherhood of humanity or anarchy. The duty urged is to repudiate specious Imperialism, and work to develop an enlightened democracy.

From 1850 to 1900.

Middle-class culture as he knew it 50 years ago is piquantly described by J. G. Alger. He recalls "the general conviction in 1851 that great wars had almost or entirely ceased." With this optimism was linked a common expectation of the near end of the world. Omens and charms were believed in. Spite of theological bigotry, the demarcation between Church and Dissent in the villages was not so great as now. In the costliness and paucity of newspapers, lectures were popular. The old awe for parson and squire has disappeared. Trade has lost its social discredit.

Where the Yankees Beat Us.

Education in the United States is instructively characterised by Mr. C. P. Gooch. Of the elementary schools he remarks that "no other nation devotes so much time to arithmetic or so much attention to its own history." He says: "The

ideal of education in the United States is to spend eight years at an elementary school, four at a secondary school, and four at a college." He finds "the brightest features in American education" to be "the universal recognition of its importance, the earnest study of its conditions, the ungrudging supply of money, its cheapness, and the mixture of classes which it involves."

Other Articles.

"What consumption leaves the madhouse takes" is the saying as to its employees which Mr. C. H. Garland takes as a basis for enquiry in the Post-office. Francis Grierson describes the psychic action of genius as a mystery as inexplicable as the unknowable.

The Fortnightly Review.

The "Fortnightly Review" publishes a special literary supplement of fifty pages. It contains a serious comedy in four acts by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, entitled "A Long Duel."

The Review itself is very good. I notice elsewhere Mr. Wells' "Anticipations" of the future of air; Mr. Schiller's discussion of the question whether men desire immortality; Calchas' "Open Letter to Lord Rosebery; and Mr. E. B. Iwan-Müller has a paper on "The Settlement of South Africa."

Mr. Marillier's article on "Social Psychology in Contemporary French Fiction" is a brilliant literary essay. Mr. George Paston discourses upon Mrs. Lynn Linton under the title of "A Censor of Modern Womanhood." Mr. J. A. R. Marriott writes on "University Reform in the Victorian Era," and Mr. W. Roberts gives a good deal of interesting information as to the prices realised at the recent sales of the Ashburnham Library, with the result that he shows that book-collecting is not a bad investment.

Gerhart Hauptmann.

Beatrice Marshall writes enthusiastically concerning this modern German dramatist. She says:

Since Heine passed away, no figure with the exception of Hermann Sudermann has occupied so commanding a position in the literature of the Fatherland or attracted more attention to those Germanic "Elysian Fields" which to-day are situated not in Weimar but in the capital of the Hohenzollerns.

She describes and criticises most of his work. Writing of one of his plays, she says:

It is a piece of life, a diving-rod glimpse into the inner workings of the human soul. There is not a character in it—from the great, simple-hearted, muscular hero himself, down to the small tatterdenation scrap of misery, Bertha, Hanna's unloved, neglected bastard—who does not live and breathe, palpitate and throb with that amazing vitality which is one of the distinguishing qualities of Hauptmann's talent, the secret of his great measure of his success as a dramatist.

University Education in Ireland.

Judge O'Connor Morris writes a historical and somewhat commonplace article on the "Irish University Commission and University Education in Ireland." He says:

If the Irish Protestant and the Irish Catholic are to be placed on equal levels in University life; if high Irish Education is not to show the taint of the domination of sect; if the equitable rights of Catholic Ireland are not to be ignored; and if, in the sphere of the conduct of man, the Irish Catholic is to be given bread instead of a stone—the conditions of University affairs in Ireland will be ultimately transformed in legitimate Catholic interests. For the rest, the Irish University Question is pre-sing: the unfairness of the present arrangements cannot long continue; if justice is not done to Catholic Ireland in this matter, Trinity College and the Queen's Colleges will, in the long run, probably go the way of the late Irish Established Church. The Commission, I trust, will at least lay down the lines of an equitable, comprehensive, and wise reform.

The Forum.

The "Forum" for August is not a very good number, and most of what it contains of interest is purely American.

The Pension System.

Mr. F. E. Leupp, writing on "Defects in the Pension System," quotes some remarkable facts as to the abuses which accompany America's expenditure of 150,000,000 dollars a year on pensions to ex-soldiers. He says there are probably 50,000 men in the United States who make a living by procuring pensions for claimants, the larger proportion of whom have apparently no legal claims whatever. The impersonation of healthy "veterans" by diseased cripples is common, with the consequence that pensioners drawing 72 dollars a month, owing to their supposed incapacity for work, may be found everywhere openly engaged in the pursuit of their trades. The system of medical examination is also responsible for a great deal of fraud, as may easily be understood by the following anecdote:

The way some medical examiners work has given them at headquarters the nickname of "specialists." To an outsider, it is comical to see three professional men appearing to go mad over a particular disease. With one board every claimant examined will be found to have chronic diarrhoea; with another, disordered liver; with a third, rheumatism, or some other complaint of which the symptoms are more or less indefinite. The medical division of the Bureau recently found that, out of thirty-two examinations made by one board in one week, all the claimants were described as having organic heart disease—twenty-six of them had a systolic murmur of the heart, and six a diastolic murmur. This coincidence seemed so improbable that twelve of the claimants were ordered to a second examination, but before a medical board in the next county. The medical referee, an ex-Union soldier and medal-of-honour man, went on from Washington to witness this test. The second board was not advised as to what disabilities the first had found, but was instructed simply to make a thorough examination and ascertain the exact condition of each claimant. Heart disease was not found to exist in a single instance.

The National Review.

The "National Review" is the only monthly magazine which appears in mourning for the death of the Empress Frederick.

Mr. Gustavus Myers' paper on Boss Croker paints the dictator of New York in the blackest colours, but it adds nothing particularly fresh to our knowledge of the subject.

There is a brightly written description by Mr. Hugh Clifford of the outbreak of cholera in the Malay Peninsula.

Mr. Harcourt Kitchin writes with apparently a good background of solid information upon the "Craft of Fire Insurance." He mentions incidentally that one fire insurance company has so much reserve capital that they could pay their shareholders a dividend of 20 per cent. to the end of time without doing any more business. It would be interesting to know what the actual dividend of these lucky shareholders may be when they have the profits of the new business as well as the interest on the reserve fund.

Mr. Leslie Stephen contributes one of his characteristic and interesting literary essays upon Anthony Trollope, and Mr. H. W. Wilson, in a paper entitled "The Copperheads of the American Civil War," warns our pro-Boers that they will come to be regarded in the same way as the Americans regard the Northern Democrats who opposed President Lincoln and resisted the subjugation of the Southern States. Incidentally, Mr. Wilson reminds us that when President Lincoln found the Copperhead agitation waxing strong he suspended the Habeas Corpus Act on his own responsibility, and made arrests right and left until his prisoners numbered nearly 50,000.

Cassier's Magazine.

The August number contains several very interesting articles. Mr. Ward's account of the Nile reservoirs is worthy of notice.

Harnessing the Sun.

Dr. Robert H. Thurston contributes a paper upon the exhaustion of coal the world over, and the necessity of discovering some substitute for steam power. Water power is, of course, the most to be depended upon, wind being too uncertain. The tides are not utilised as yet, but sun power can be made use of. At present the value of machinery which depends upon the direct rays of the sun is not great, excepting in regions where constant sunshine can be relied upon. John Ericsson, who experimented largely in the matter, pointed out that Upper Egypt will, in the course of a few

centuries, derive signal advantage and attain a high political position on account of her perpetual sunshine, and the consequent command of unlimited motive force. The problem, says Dr. Thurston, is—

to find a system of gathering and storing the energy of the direct rays of the sun, for utilisation in power production, by a special form of heat-motor; to find, next, a method of transforming the energy thus collected into mechanical power; and to discover a method of storing, for later use, excess power obtained during periods of sunshine, tiding over the sunless periods. The problem will be solved only when the system thus perfected is so designed and constructed as to be able to provide power for industrial purposes so cheaply that a business profit can be made through its use.

Torpedo-Boat Development.

In a finely-illustrated paper, Mr. Walter M. McFarland, late chief engineer of the United States Navy, describes the way in which the machinery of torpedo-boats has improved. One great advantage this style of boat possesses is that it entails a comparatively small outlay of money, and in consequence experiments are made with it which naval engineers would shrink from trying on large, expensive war vessels. Forced draft was first used in them, and the same may be said of water-tube boilers and turbine engines. The wonderful results attained by the turbine driven boats point, says Mr. McFarland, to the adoption of this machinery as the next most important development. He gives some details of the ill-fated Viper, which, since the article was written, has been lost on the Jersey coast, and says:

It may be mentioned here, as comparatively little is as yet known about the performance of steam turbines, that their economy at full power, and for a considerable range, is excellent. While the writer has found no records of the steam per horse-power of these torpedo-boats, experiments made with steam turbines built by the Westinghouse Machine Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa., showed a steam consumption equivalent to fourteen pounds per indicated horse-power-hour in an ordinary engine. At half-power the consumption had increased to only 15.4 pounds per indicated horse-power-hour.

Another interesting question discussed is the advisability of using liquid fuel.

Zinc Mining.

Mr. Day Allen Willey describes zinc mining in the United States, dealing chiefly with the Goplin district in Missouri. The district was first prospected for its lead deposits. Until 1871 mining was entirely confined to this metal, the zinc ore being considered valueless. The following particulars of the zinc output are interesting:

The output increased from 1,000 tons in 1873 to 27,500 tons in 1887, 115,000 tons in 1890, and 139,000 tons in 1895, while the estimate for 1901 is 250,000 tons, slightly less than 1899, when the production reached 256,000 tons, the greatest in the history of the field. On the other hand, lead ore production has declined to about 25,000 tons—not from exhaustion of deposits, but by reason of the greater profit of zinc mining.

Other Articles.

L. S. Randolph writes upon Commercial Education for Engineers; Joseph Horner on Machine Moulding; Professor J. H. Kinclay upon Pneumatics, dealing chiefly with compressed air; and S. P. Gaylord describes Alternating Current Power Work.

The Engineering Magazine.

The August number contains few articles of general interest.

High-Speed Locomotives.

G. P. Watson writes upon the American locomotive as a high-speed machine. He points out that—

The average speed on the railways of the United States is not markedly higher to-day than it was twenty-five years ago between the principal cities of the Union, for at the period mentioned it required only six hours to go two hundred and fifty miles upon express trains, and that is the time required now. It is not asserted that the managers of railways are indifferent to this state of affairs, and do not desire to make better time; the contrary is true, and they have done what they could in certain directions to cut down the time between important terminals by straightening curves, reducing grades where possible, employing more powerful engines, and laying heavier rails, but the gains in time are slight in comparison with the public demand.

Mr. Watson argues all through his article that it is not improved locomotives that are needed, it is an improved permanent way. He says:

Careful consideration of the subject under discussion—higher speed upon railways—leads to the belief that it will not be attained for some years to come unless there is a radical change in the permanent way itself, and I am of opinion that therein is the chief obstacle. All the railways in the United States pass through the lines of least resistance, except where detours are purposely made to include certain districts where large amounts of profitable business can be had. The right-of-way in thickly settled portions is expensive, and if it is less costly to go three or more miles in an indirect line to avoid serious outlays or natural obstacles, the crooked route has in the vast majority of instances been laid out.

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

The August numbers of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" are not up to the usual standard. Indeed, with the exception of M. Charmes' excellent bi-monthly chronicle, contemporary life and events are scarcely touched on. The place of honour in the first number is given to

The Gospel of Work.

This article by M. Benoist traces, by the writer's usual careful and accurate method, what may be called the evolution of the gospel of work as we to-day understand it in modern Europe. The French writer, as is natural, considers that the

great Revolution entirely altered both the material and the social position of the worker. He declares that, whereas during the old regime the feudal caste was everything, with the Revolution commerce, and the worker on whom commerce depends, took their proper place in the State. He attempts to tell the story of a now-forgotten book, which produced a prodigious effect at the time of its publication, and which was ascribed wrongly to Diderot, the real author being a more or less obscure individual named Morelli. In a sense he was the precursor of Rousseau, who, in "Emile," comes to much the same conclusions; both writers, at any rate in theory, exalting the worker far above the man of leisure. Apparently, M. Benoist would himself like to see the State become the one employer of labour, and he considers that this ideal is on the way to realisation.

A New History of the French Revolution.

M. Faguet, himself a noted historian, reviews at great length a new history of the French Revolution that is published by M. Anlard, and which attempts to tell the story from a political and philosophical rather than from a social or picturesque point of view. As the critic happily puts it, the book offers the history not of the Revolution, but of the growth of those ideas which brought about the great upheaval which, beginning in 1788, lasted in an active form till 1804. M. Faguet does not entirely agree with M. Anlard, for he considers that the Revolution has not yet finished its work, and that no account of it, from a theoretical point of view, can be complete which does not contain a summary of the nineteenth century.

The New Russian Writer, Gorky.

Count Melchior de Vogue, who has always specialised on Russian subjects—his brother-in-law having been the famous Annenkoff—tries to tell within the limits of a short article the remarkable story of Maximus Gorky. The Count believes that this new writer will become as famous as is Tolstoy, and will leave in Russia as imperishable a name as has Balzac in France. The name by which he has become known is a nom de plume; his real name is Pechkof, and his pen-name, Gorky, literally means "bitter." The new writer comes of the people. He was born just 32 years ago at Nijni Novgorod. He had a sad, wretched childhood, and, like all Russian orphans of the lower class, was early apprenticed to a hard task-master—in his case a cobbler. He seems to have been little more than a child when he ran away and became a vagabond, much of his early youth having been spent on the Volga, acting first in one capacity and then in another, on the small steamers which go up and down the huge Russian river. He picked up some kind of education, and at the

age of 23, his stories—or rather sketches—were published in a provincial paper. His work was noticed by Korolenko, who sought him out and introduced him to the great St. Petersburg reviews. Three years ago appeared the first collected volume of his works, hailed with enthusiasm by all the critics. He also scored a popular success, and within a year 20,000 copies—in Russia a prodigious edition—of his first book had been sold. The *Count de Vogue* attempts to analyse in what lies the new writer's great power. To begin with, he seems to have wisely set himself to describe the life he knew so well, and, like all great literary artists, he possesses to a supreme degree the power of choosing a suitable frame for each of his short, analectic stories. The French critic, while recognising Gorky's wonderful talent, is painfully struck by the complete absence in his work of any moral or religious theory or social idea. Turgénief, Dostoyevsky, and Tolstoy are all thinkers and moralists first, and storytellers and writers afterwards. Gorky contents himself with describing life exactly as he has seen it; that is to say, from the point of view of an absolute agnostic; and, according to the *Count de Vogue*, he entirely overlooks the strong religious sentiment or feeling which plays so great a part in the life of most Russians of the lower class. Either Russia has changed, or Gorky runs the risk of hearing, even from those who most admire him, the words once addressed to him by Konovalof, "Maximus, you are hiding the sky!"

The Nouvelle Review.

Well worthy of notice is M. Suni's article on double births, such as that of the famous Siamese twins. For the rest, the "Revue" for August is fully up to its usual high standard of interest.

The French Army and the Nation.

M. Gervais comments in a short paper on the movement for the reform in the French Army, which he, like many others, has observed. He is no believer in the view that there is an absolute incompatibility between the Republic and the Army. On the contrary, he declares that the Army is one of the constituents in the power of the democracy, and it ought to be associated with the democracy in order to aid and serve its interests. In return, the democracy ought to contribute to the organisation and development of the national forces. Under what form, he asks, can this union be accomplished? He thinks it might be done by various measures which would have the effect of stiffening the French Army, which is, in his opinion, at present in too fluid a state, owing to the incessant stream of conscripts and the infinite variety of the terms of service.

The Yunnan-Sen Railway.

M. Charavel contributes a short description of this proposed railway, the construction of which has been already approved by the French Chamber. It is intended to connect the French colony of Tong-king with the important Chinese province of Yunnan, and M. Charavel is delighted to reflect that it is one of a number of projects for the development of the French into China which will have the effect of annoying England in the Far East. Indeed, he looks forward to a time when the French flag shall wave over the left bank of the Yangs-tze.

Bonaparte and Kellerman.

M. Gachot contributes some interesting unpublished documents on the relations between Bonaparte and Kellerman. It is a curious study to trace the steps which led to the Decree of the 2nd May, by which Carnot, on the advice of the Directory, entrusted the command of the Army of Italy to Bonaparte and Kellerman together. The victory of Lodi followed, and thereupon Bonaparte tore up the Decree.

The University of To-morrow.

M. Delvaille deals with this important subject, which, it may be noted, has aroused quite as much interest in England as in France. Across the Channel there has been a great quickening of University life, and the efficiency of University teaching has been notably increased. It is interesting to see that the problem of secondary education is also troubling our neighbours across the Channel; they recognise that it is a question of the education of the young people who will one day have in their hands the destiny of the country.

M. Delvaille boldly proposes a scheme for establishing two kinds of teaching—the one directed towards the liberal professions which demands a high scientific and literary culture, and the other adapted for the industrial and commercial professions. It would be necessary, he points out, to remove as far as possible any idea of inferiority from the latter class of teaching; moreover, he says, the University in future ought to banish from its programme everything which is simply a burden on the memory, everything which is not intended as essential to develop the reflecting power.

The French Historical Novel.

M. Maclair discusses at some length the subject of the French historical novel. He complains that foreign nations read a great many French writers methodically and consistently, while French people read foreign works irregularly and without much judgment. Bjornson was recently

furiouſly attacked for ſaying that the French were the Chineſe of Europe and read nothing. M. Maucclair thinks that though the foreign writer exaggerated, yet there is a good deal of ground for complaining of what may be called the protectioniſt French ſpirit, at the ſame time he points out that there is a new and undeniable movement towards the recognition of Art and Letters which comes from outside France. This movement, however, ſeems to require guidance, for while much of Kipling has been translated into French, our neighbours have yet to make acquaintance with Swinburne and Meredith. M. Maucclair contrasts this haphazard method with the methodical knowledge of literature ſhown by all cultivated Engliſh and German people.

La Revue.

"La Revue" for Auguſt, though containing many good papers on very varied ſubjects, contains few of ſpecial intereſt to Engliſh readers.

Premature Paſſions.

M. Lino Ferriani contributes a curious paper on "Love in Children," which, he ſays, preſents many of the ſame features as in women. Children who fall paſſionately in love and are ſwayed by jealousy, under the influence of which they commit terrible crimes, are far from rare, if this writer—a criminal psychologist—is to be believed. Such an abnormal child will commit acts of vengeance and ferocity, which muſt have been planned long beforehand, and are ſuch as only a man who was an expert criminal could carry out. Children, like women, make up in the refinement of their aſtuteness for their great lack of phyſical ſtrength. M. Ferriani quotes a number of inſtances of abnormal and violent paſſion in girls as young as ten and boys as young as nine, often of noble families. He inſiſts that he raiſes this ſerious queſtion only as a warning to teachers and mothers leſt in any way they ſhould inadvertently awaken love before its time. Children in the cloſe confinement of a large ſchool are more free to give play to their premature paſſions. The whole article is a very intereſting ſtudy in the psychology of abnormal children.

Abyſſinia and France.

M. Victor Goldorp continues his paper on Abyſſinia, its rulers and its people. The ſecond part is chiefly concerned with collecting and comparing of the beſt-known Frenchmen who have viſited Abyſſinia. The net reſult of their impreſſions is hardly calculated to encourage the French to make Abyſſinia a field for exploitation and coloniſation. Menelik, ſays one writer, looks with ſmall

favour on Europeans, and though outwardly polite, does his very beſt to prevent their ſettling in his dominions. He is more amiable to the French than to other nations, but does not keep his promiſes to them any better. Abyſſinia, ſays another, is going downhill as faſt as poſſible, and its people becoming a prey to debauchery. Menelik is enlightened, but impotent. According to a third he is the embodiment of conſervatiſm. Hardly more than one of the authorities conſulted is hopeful. M. Goldorp himſelf, however, inſiſts on the great ſtrategical importance of Abyſſinia, and urges that Menelik ſhould be carefully watched. It is France's intereſt to keep a vigilant eye on that highly uncertain but not negligible quantity.

What is Happening in the Congo.

It would be impoſſible for the moſt violent Gallophobe to pen worſe indictments of French Colonial policy than are contained in articles written by Frenchmen themſelves for French magazines. M. Serge Baſſet's article on "What is Happening in the Congo" is a caſe in point. If what he ſays be true, nothing could be more admirably calculated to diſguſt all Frenchmen with ſchemes of coloniſation, and to convert into a howling wilderneſs the wretched country made the ſubject of ſuch ſchemes, than the proceedings of the Government in regard to the Congo. Since the partition of the Congo amongſt a hoſt of conſeſſionaires, nearly ſixty millions of French ſavings (preſumably francs are meant) have been ſpent on this colonial adventure; but no one can ſay what there is to ſhew for them. In 1894 France did trade with the Congo amounting to one and a half millions; in 1897 this had decreased by nearly two-thirds. There ſeems now to be little going on excepting quarrels among the diſcontented conſeſſionaires. Altogether there are forty ſocieties of conſeſſionaires in the Congo, of which only ſix or eight are making any profits or paying any dividends.

Modern Japanese Novels as Viewed by a Japanese Critic.

M. J. Iebla writes on the modern Japanese novel, an article which is largely quotation from another article by a Japanese writer published in a leading Japanese paper. As we ſhould hardly like to indict French methods of coloniſation ſo bitterly as the French themſelves do, ſo no one but a Japanese critic would be ſo ſevere on the contemporary literature of that Oriental power. Briefly, this Japanese critic tells his literary brethren that they are trying to run before they can walk; that their much-belauded productions are poor, half-formed, inartistic, childish creations; that they are too ignorant even to be conſcious of their

own defects; and that until they study great European works and learn to take pains they can never produce literature.

The Revue de Paris.

We have noticed elsewhere M. Viellate's article Lord Rosebery, and for the rest it must be said that the "Revue de Paris" for August fairly well maintains the high reputation which it has won of late years.

Pessimism and Ibsen.

In an interesting paper M. Leichtenberger discusses the alleged pessimism of Ibsen. In this he offers a contrast to Wagner, who proceeded from the sombre pessimism of Tristram to the resignation of Parsifal, whereas Ibsen ever since Rosmersholm seems to be travelling towards an increasingly tragic conception of life, and to be more and more inclined to look with a hopeless eye upon his own artistic career and on the future of humanity. M. Leichtenberger distinguishes between mystic pessimism and realistic pessimism. The first has its origin in sentiment, in an intense pity for the inevitable ills of humanity. Carried to its logical extreme it results in the aspiration towards the peace of the tomb, the Nirvana of Buddhism, and the denial of the will to live of Schopenhauer.

Now it is notable that this form of mystic pessimism is almost entirely absent from the works of Ibsen. It is the other kind of pessimism, the realistic kind, which distinguishes him. This form is essentially intellectual. This kind of pessimism is radically opposed to that feeling instinctive in many minds, that arouses the justice which will secure a triumph of good over evil both in the individual and in the social life, the realistic pessimism is aroused or produced to see reality as it is, that is to say, vulgar and sad. Society and its opinion is profoundly corrupt, based upon wickedness, and on the weak whom it oppresses with an odious severity. Whether this kind of pessimism is good or bad can hardly be decided because it leads to such different conclusions and produces such different effects. It promotes a spirit of discontent in mankind, and in that way it may be supposed to cause progress, though of course it runs the risk of causing revolutions instead. Although Ibsen is penetrated through and through with this form of pessimism, it would be wrong to imagine that he had given up all hope of improvement of humanity that he was, in fact, a Nihilist. On the contrary, rightly considered, Ibsen is a great idealist; in his eyes the source of all true life and happiness is love, not the egoistic passion, but that active life which gives without counting the cost and devotes itself without selfish thought.

Italians and French in Argentina.

M. Daireaux, who last year wrote upon the work of French and English settlers in the Argentine Republic, now goes on to explain the rivalry between the French and Italians in that fertile country of South America. The Italian invasion of the Argentine has been steady and persistent ever since 1860, and the result is that they have taken the place of the French as the most important foreign element in the Republic. All parts of Italy have contributed to this emigration, which is really due to a natural desire to escape the burden of over-taxation and military service at home. Sometimes an entire Italian village will emigrate to Argentina with the Mayor and the Cure. Unlike other colonists, these Italians dislike new regions, and prefer to go to districts which are already fairly populous.

A French View of New York.

In a brightly written paper, M. Anet records his impressions of New York, its social and intellectual life, the administration of justice, the American youth, the theatre, and last, but not least, the American woman and young girl. He is particularly struck by the strength of American patriotism, which overrides all original differences of race and religion. The American, he says, is conscious of the defects and vices of his republic, but he will not permit a foreigner to tell him of them. M. Anet gives an admirable presentation of the unique position which the American woman occupies in the national life. Her complete liberty, her grace and charm, and her high degree of intellectual culture; these are the points which he emphasises, and, added to them, the general purity of the national feeling about women. In society or in the street, he says, women are treated with equal respect. Similarly, he does justice to the American young man, whose ideal of happiness is thoroughly good and domestic. M. Anet accuses him, however, of being a trifle too fond of drinking, and declares that in New York the same tacit tolerance is extended to this failing as is granted by some French people to what we should consider much graver irregularities.

In general, M. Anet noted in New York the complete absence of the retired official class so numerous in Europe. No one lounged about; everyone was "hustling." The New Yorkers preached continually the gospel of work. But M. Anet is haunted by a lingering doubt whether they really enjoy life, because they do not seem to have thought of organising their leisure with the same intelligence and ardour which they devote to acquiring their wealth.

The Italian Reviews.

AN ITALIAN VIEW OF CECIL RHODES.

In a long illustrated article on Cecil Rhodes, the "Nuova Antologia" (August 16) gives not only a personal sketch of the "Napoleon of the Cape," but also a very impartial account of the events leading up to the Transvaal War. The report that Rudyard Kipling suggested to Cecil Rhodes that on the monument to be erected in commemoration of the siege of Kimberley he (Rhodes) should be represented by a sphinx, and that Mr. Rhodes immediately resolved to act on the suggestion, appeals to the writer of the article (Gorgo Silente) as singularly typical of his subject. He sees in him many Napoleonic qualities—his decision of character, his aloofness from other men, and his extraordinary personal fascination over those with whom he comes in immediate contact. The writer declares that the war was not directly of his making, though it was the outcome of his Imperialistic policy. Of his immense fortune he writes: "He does not care to spare himself either work or fatigue or perils, but rather to satisfy his ambition. This is the motive power which urges him on from one scheme to another; this is the dominating passion which justifies the title conferred on him of Napoleon of the South."

The same number contains an excellent illustrated article on the Glasgow Exhibition, full of cordial admiration for the way in which the scheme has been carried out, and regretting only that Italy has had no share in its success.

Missions in China.

The "Antologia" for August 1 prints an interesting study of missionary methods in heathen lands, by Professor Labanca, of Rome, in which he sums up the actual position in China as follows:

The undeniable historical fact is that neither Catholic nor Protestant missionaries have been free from faults. They have been guilty of either too much zeal, or of too much disregard for the beliefs and customs of the Chinese, or of arrogance and presumption towards the people who gave them hospitality. Let us be clear on this subject. Are these really the causes of the Chinese war against Europeans? It does not appear so to those who study the facts impartially and without preconceived prejudices. The main fault lies—to return to the legend of paradise—not with Adam or Eve, but with the Serpent, and the Serpent in this case was the foreign protection accorded from interested motives. The faults of the missionaries cannot be excused, much less justified; but the cause of so much evil lies in this, that through the protection of interested Powers the missionaries became, unhappily, the vanguard of merchants and ambassadors and foreign soldiers.

The professor goes on to point out that the most typical and the most disastrous example of this policy was to be seen in the conduct of the

German Bishop Anzer in the province of Kiaow-Tschau.

The "Civiltà Cattolica" (August 3) publishes an article on the scope and aims of Christian Democracy, an article clearly designed to place itself in line with the policy laid down in the recent Papal encyclical "Graves de Communi."

German Magazines.

Nord und Sud.

Richard Kochlich writes an article upon automobiles, in which he points out that Germany was the birthplace of all the most essential inventions which made the automobile possible. The benz-motor, he says, like so many epoch-making inventions, is a child of German genius and industry. It originated from the Otto gas-engine, another German product. Daimler, who invented the benz-motor, has been able to perfect it and carry out many other ideas, unlike Von Drais, the inventor of the bicycle, which was perfected in England and France.

Mr. Kochlich comments upon the absurd restrictions once in force against motor carriages, and says that whilst accidents occurring with electric trams and tradesmen's carts are looked upon as inevitable, those caused by automobiles are most severely dealt with. He points out the obvious advantages of motor-driven waggons, etc., in space occupied and in cleanliness. The initial cost is greater, but when idle a motor eats nothing. Tremendous speeds are, of course, unnecessary and dangerous for ordinary traffic.

Bruno Bauch writes upon Schopenhauer's personality in his teachings.

Deutsche Revue.

Dr. Hermann Eichhorst, of Zurich, contributes an interesting article upon the necessity of taking great care as to what sort of food we eat. He says that whoever desires to retain good health must be careful as to what he eats and how he eats, and anyone suffering from sickness will most quickly recover good health if he remembers that this object is often more quickly attained by means of a good cook than by means of an apothecary.

In a study of the artistic side of Bismarck's nature, Ludwig Aegidi says that no one could really appreciate the great Chancellor who had not learned to know this side of him. The article shows how large was the range of subjects in which Bismarck took an interest. Dr. Weinstein writes upon poetry of learned men. Gustav v. Gruner gives an interesting further instalment of his autobiography.

Deutsche Rundschau.

Otto Seeck writes upon the local defences of towns in the Roman Empire. He points out that every town had practically to rely upon itself in case of invasion. If it fell, it generally meant slavery or death for the inhabitants. This was, we should imagine, a very good spur for defensive measures. Raphael as a world-power forms the subject of a sketch by Herman Grimm. The writer narrates how he has often before attempted to write a life of Raphael, and has always failed. He was more successful with Michael Angelo. He draws comparisons between the two great Italians. Michael Angelo lived to a great age and lived his life before all men; whereas Raphael died before he was 40, and lived a life of seclusion. Nothing seems to be known of his upbringing, and he showed as much genius and technical skill in his first painting when he was 21 as in any of his later pictures. Michael Angelo belongs to the same school as Donatello, Vernini, and Rubens but Raphael stands alone; he had no one either to precede him or to follow. The paintings of Michael Angelo contain no happiness either of figure or scene. How, asks Mr. Grimm, is it possible to explain such a genius as Raphael? The young master could have had no experience, no previous pictures having anything like the spiritual beauty of his own.

Ueber Land und Meer.

The August issue contains a great number of fine pictures. The best illustrated article is that by August Sperl on towns of Old Ulm; all the pictures are printed in colour, and are very well done indeed. Another coloured plate represents two tea clippers racing home. The short description accompanying it points out that these clippers are once more holding their own with the steamers, which threatened entirely to supersede them. The modern sailing clipper is built up to 5,000 tons, and with a favourable breeze easily passes the twelve-knot steamer. The largest clipper afloat only requires 25 to 30 men to manage her, and it costs nothing to drive her, whilst the whole of her hull is available for cargo. Four to five masts is the rule for this sort of ship.

In an illustrated article upon Toxophilite societies in France, P. Kauffmann mentions the interesting fact that in France alone there are some 30,000 members, and that this sport has there assumed almost a national character. L. Schulze-Bruck writes upon automobiles, and the new discoveries of frescoes in Pompeii give rise to an interesting descriptive article. The whole number is very much up-to-date and is well printed.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The September "Blackwood" is varied and interesting. It opens with an article of personal recollections by the late Charles Salaman of Pianists of the Past. Hamish Stuart writes on Cricket Records, and Stephen Gwynn describes his experiences with a pilchard fleet off Cornwall. An anonymous writer discourses sympathetically concerning the achievements of Skinner of Skinner's Horse, the founder of the irregular cavalry of Bengal, who was born in 1778 and died in 1841. There is an article on the state of Ireland, which contains more truth than is usual in "Blackwood's" articles on Ireland. It opens with an eulogy of Cromwell's policy in Ireland, and tells the Irish landlords that they have only themselves to blame for the position in which they are placed. It is through the ignorance and idleness of such men that their order is brought into danger. The writer of "Musings without Method" writes sarcastically concerning Mr. Hall Caine and his book. His point of view may be seen from the concluding paragraph:

In conclusion, we owe Mr. Caine our sincere thanks for beguiling our leisure with a romance of Italy. His characters are not wholly strange; you might meet the most of them in Bloomsbury or Bedford Park. But he has chosen such names for them as arouse the dullest curiosity. The Egyptian donkey-drivers call their beasts Mr. Gladstone, Mrs. Langtry, and what not, and Mr. Caine has followed a pleasant example. His donkeys (if he will pardon the term) are all princes, kings, and popes, and it is only on reading his book that we discover the peasantry.

"Perez Galdos is the one living Spanish writer whose name has any significance north of the Pyrenees, and the one author who wields influence south of that range." So W. Miller assures us in his paper in "Gentleman's." His great work has been the 30 volumes of the "Episodios Nacionales," which cover in a series of novels the whole of Spanish history from the Battle of Trafalgar down to the royal marriages. What has made him famous was a play put upon the stage this year, entitled "Electra," which voiced the anti-clerical temper of the hour.

For the September "Girl's Realm" the editress has secured permission to reproduce some very curious and quaint original drawings by Queen Victoria and the present King. The late Queen's drawings are naturally very German and distinctly stiff in character, many of them "V.R. del. after Landseer" somewhere in the early forties; but the most interesting is one which "V.R. del. after Sir W. Ross, January, 1845," representing Victoria (the Empress Frederick) and Albert (the present King) as two funny and slightly podgy little figures in the costume of Gotha peasants.

A NEW CURE FOR DIPSO MANIA.

By W. T. STEAD.

For some years the Keeley gold cure as a remedy for inveterate drunkenness held the field. Mr. Keeley was an American, the Keeley Institute was established in the United States, and only after achieving considerable success on the other side of the Atlantic was a branch of the Institute established in our midst. This American method of treatment, although achieving considerable success in many cases, is far from being a universal specific. It entails a long and costly treatment involving subcutaneous injections, and residence in an institute during the time of treatment. The competing system to which I am now calling attention is simpler, and appears to be not less efficacious. Whether this be so or not, the Tacquaru Company, although in its infancy, claims already to have effected a cure of nearly 3,000 cases of those who suffer from alcoholic excess.

I have been interested in the subject for a long time. Some of my readers may remember that in the autumn of 1893 I appealed in the columns of the "Daily Chronicle" for half-a-dozen first-class drunkards, for the purpose of using them as material for experimental tests. A Mr. Edwards, a stranger to me, but a man who had knocked about a great deal in the world, had come to me with a drug which he declared was an infallible specific for the cure of drunkenness. His own story, which he had told me in the year 1893, was that some years before he had been travelling in South America, and he had given way to habits of intemperance, which threatened to reduce him to ruin. In his travels across the Pampas he saved the life of an Indian, who, out of gratitude, revealed to him a herb, the leaves of which were an infallible remedy for the drink habit. Mr. Edwards claimed that he had cured himself by its use, and he was certain that a remedy powerful enough to have checked the inveterate craving for liquor could be guaranteed to cure anybody. But he wanted attention called to the drug, and as I had a short time before been the means of subjecting the efficacy of the Mattei remedies for the cure of cancer to an experimental test, I consented to aid him in testing the qualities of his drug from the Argentine. In response to my letter in the "Daily Chronicle," asking for half-a-dozen first-class certified inveterate dipsomaniacs, I was overwhelmed with offers of drunkards of both sexes, who were desirous of escaping from the tyranny of the drink habit. They were all sorts and conditions of men and women. Mr. Ghaddon then, as now, the man-

ager of the Mattei depot in London, undertook the superintendence of the patients during the month in which they were subjected to treatment. The result, which I reported in the papers at the time, went to show that Edwards had undoubtedly got hold of a medicine which had the effect of replacing the appetite for alcohol by a positive nausea that led the dipsomaniac to recoil with loathing from the stimulant whose fascination had previously been irresistible. Mr. Ghaddon, to whom the conduct of the details of the experiment and the control of the patients was entrusted, reported favourably upon the net result.

The subsequent history of the cases, however, brought out clearly the fact that Edwards' drug possessed no power of working miracles. The net result of the experiment was to convince me, first, that the prescription had a certain direct and immediate effect in setting up physical repulsion for the use of alcohol; secondly, that it gave a man a fresh start, and rendered it possible for him to escape from the thralldom of the drink habit; but, thirdly, that it did not, and could not, in the nature of things, produce a regeneration of moral character; and that the long-continued habit of excessive drinking has in many cases produced a weakening of the will and a certain moral deterioration, which rendered such a man, no matter how thoroughly cured of the physical craving for stimulant, very liable, in the absence of further medical supervision and assistance, to succumb to the old temptation.

After that a long time passed, and I never heard anything more about Edwards and his specific. A few months ago, to my surprise, I received a letter from a correspondent of the "Review," enclosing a circular which he had received, in which the account of my experiment of 1893 was quoted in support of a remedy against alcoholic excess, supplied by the Tacquaru Company. As up to that time I had never heard of the Tacquaru Company, I made inquiries, and found to my surprise that the Edwards specific, after undergoing many vicissitudes and passing through many hands, had been finally lodged with a company, which was carrying on business in a spacious suite of offices two doors from my own offices. They had bought up Edwards' secrets, and satisfied themselves as to their efficacy, and were now advertising the improved and modified treatment on a very considerable scale. Being somewhat interested in this resurrection of the old remedy, I

called upon the manager and had a long and interesting conversation with him on the subject of his enterprise. The offices of the Tacquaru Company are on the first floor of Amberley House, Norfolk-street, and occupy the whole side of the building looking out on Howard-street.

I interviewed Mr. Turvey, the manager, in his own room at the end of the suite of handsomely furnished offices. The other rooms were set apart for their doctor, for the secretary, and for the staff of clerks. Mr. Turvey is an Englishman, who was educated for the navy. He has brothers at the front, and his father is an officer who has seen much service in the British army. It seems that his brother-in-law, Mr. Robertson, secretary of the company, was travelling with Edwards in the Argentine Republic when the grateful Indian brought the infallible herb to his notice. It was through Mr. Robertson that Mr. Turvey became interested in the drug. At first he was sceptical; but on witnessing the results which had been achieved he saw that he had got hold of a good thing, and is now engaged in spreading the fame of the Tacquaru treatment throughout the world.

In answer to my questions, Mr. Turvey said that he had every reason to be confident of the virtues of their herb. Edwards, it seems, after the test experiments of 1893, had sold his recipe to one purchaser after another, varying the ingredients as seemed good in his own eyes. Most of these recipes had been bought up and found to be worthless, but the genuine recipe was that contained in a sworn information which was shown to no one but the purchaser, and is now in Mr. Turvey's possession. The medicine which they use for the cure of cases of alcoholic excess differs, however, considerably from the somewhat crude preparation with which my original experiments were tried. The company has its own medical men, who examine every case, and who vary what may be called the supplementary ingredients of the specific according to the circumstances of the case with which they are dealing. Those additional elements, however, are taken from the ordinary source of the British pharmacopoeia, the only secret remedy being the Tacquaru herb which forms the basis of the treatment. The drug can be administered either in powder, in solution, or in globules. Unlike the Keeley gold cure, it necessitates no subcutaneous injection, and patients can be treated in their own homes without inconvenience or interference with the ordinary routine of daily life.

"What is your financial basis, Mr. Turvey?" I asked.

"Ten guineas," said Mr. Turvey. "On receiving our fee we undertake the cure of the case. We supply all the medicine that is necessary, and if

at the end of the course the patient has not been cured of his craving for alcohol we return the money. No cure, no pay, is the basis upon which we are well pleased to work. Of course," he said, "I don't mean to say that we never undertake any case without charging our full fee. We have, indeed, done a good deal of philanthropic business, and have many grateful letters from soldiers, for instance, who have been sent to me in the hope that I might be able to set them on their legs again. But you may take it than ten guineas is our standard fee."

"Now," said I, "explain your *modus operandi*. Imagine me to be a dipsomaniac person, suffering from a diseased liver and an alcoholised brain, who has just had a bad fit of delirium tremens. Would you undertake to cure me?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Turvey, "without the slightest hesitation."

"How would you treat me?"

"In the first case," said he, "I should be the only person who would be informed of your name and address. So far as the medical man is concerned, or the rest of the staff, with the exception of the secretary, you would only be a number. Then I should hand you over to the doctor, who would ask you any further questions which were necessary to enable him to realise what ordinary medicine of the pharmacopoeia should be added to the Tacquaru specific in order to secure the best results. You would then go away. Our dispensary would make up the medicine, and it would be sent to you in due course with directions for its use."

"What are those directions?"

"Generally speaking, that you take sixty drops five times a day."

"What would be the effect?"

"The effect would be almost immediately to make you dislike the sight, the smell, or the taste of any form of drink. You may be sick or have headache; but if you persist in the treatment you will find that the craving for drink will have entirely disappeared. By the time you have taken eighteen ounces of it you will be your old self again, with your health improved, and the drink craving annihilated, and you will write me a letter, to be used of course without your name, saying what the drug has done for your health. That is what usually happens in the case of our patients."

"But," I objected, "would you undertake any patient?"

"Yes," said Mr. Turvey; "any person. We don't care how confirmed a sop the man may be; the worse the case the easier to cure."

"Would you," I interrupted, "have tackled Jane Cakebread, who was convicted 627 times for drunkenness?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Turvey. "We should have cured her without a doubt."

"About how many cases have you had?"

"About 3,000 in the last twelve months."

"What percentage of cures do you claim to have effected?"

"Ninety-seven per cent.," said Mr. Turvey.

"That's too good to be true," I said. "Even half that would be a great thing."

"No," said he; "we have no means of keeping a continuous record of all the cases which we treat, nor are we able to follow them up as we should like to do. When a man is cured he does not like to report himself like a ticket-of-leave man, every few months. On the contrary, he is only too glad in most cases to wipe out all memory of the past, to avoid anything that reminds him of it. But of those cases which we have followed up we claim that we have cured ninety-seven per cent., and this high average justifies me in declaring that I am ready to tackle any case, no matter how hard it might be."

"Do you deal with any other manias beyond that of alcoholic excess?"

"Yes," said Mr. Turvey. "We have had many patients come to us who were suffering from the morphia habit, and from opium. In those cases we have not hitherto been so successful as in the case of alcoholism pure and simple—that is to say our percentage of cures in the case of morphia and opium would not exceed eighty-seven per cent. as against ninety-seven per cent. of successes in the case of alcoholism. What we have done in the case of the morphia habit has been to drive out morphia by the aid of alcohol, and then to cure the patient of alcoholism. This treatment is now simplified, so that the treatment and cure can go on simultaneously."

"Yes," I said; "I see you use alcohol like Beezebub, Prince of Devils, to cast out devils of morphia and opium. Where do your patients come from?"

"Oh, from all classes; but, as you can imagine, in most cases from classes which are more or less well-to-do. Every day the morning post brings us about a dozen letters from patients who record in more or less grateful terms the success with which their craving has been overcome by the Taqquaru treatment."

"Well," said I, "this seems very good, and if the Taqquaru treatment is half as good as you say, you have got hold of a gold mine, to say nothing of the incalculable benefit which your remedy will confer upon innumerable sufferers. But if you are so sure of its virtues, why not put the efficiency of your drug to a test? In reporting this interview, why not let me announce to all my readers that you are willing to cure five of the worst cases of dipsomania that can be picked out of the whole

world? I suppose that for convenience' sake we need not go far afield, for bad enough cases can be found close at hand? What I should suggest is that you should allow me to appeal once more for a batch of bad cases. The 'Review of Reviews,' I am afraid, does not circulate widely among dipsomaniacs. Our readers are too sober and serious. But we have hosts of subscribers who are intensely interested in the cure of the victims of intemperance. Might I say that you are willing to take in hand five properly certified victims of alcoholic excess, and appoint a small committee of two or three well-known persons, who would certify that in each case the evidence as to the inveteracy of the habit was unmistakable. Let this committee hand over these five selected subjects to your care, subject them to your treatment in your home, under your personal superintendence, and then let the committee subject them to a close examination, medical and otherwise, at the time of the expiry of the period which you regard as sufficient to prove the efficacy of your treatment. A certificate of two or three well-known men interested in philanthropic temperance work would do you a world of good. Of course you are exposed to the risk of one or more of the five cases breaking down; but if your ninety-seven per cent. is the average, you don't need to be afraid."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Turvey, "I should be delighted to carry out any such experimental test. As you say, it would do more than anything else to convince the world at large that in Taqquaru we have a safe, simple, and effectual remedy for one of the greatest miseries from which society is suffering. Of course, as I say, we cannot undertake to renew the will or regenerate the character of our patients. What we undertake to do is to emancipate them from the tyranny of the drink habit. If the patient again succumbs to the temptation and sets up the drink habit again, there is no remedy. All that we can do is to attempt to cure him. Fortunately it does not entail any lengthened treatment."

"Well," said I, "I am always interested in any attempt to get rid of the curse of drunkenness, and I am glad to find you prepared to back the faith that is in you. I will do my best to get you five drunkards for your test experiments, but they must come direct to you. I cannot have my office made the gathering-ground for all the dipsomaniacs in London."

"Certainly," said Mr. Turvey; "send them here to Amberley House and we will cure them. But remember I can't take any disreputable kind of people who may be picked up in the street into the home; your test cases may be as bad as you please in relation to the drink habit, but they must be otherwise respectable."

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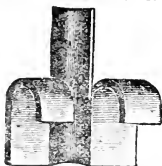
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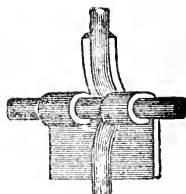
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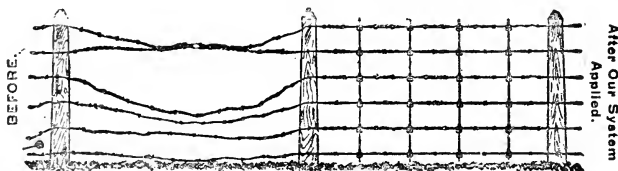
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BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

THE FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN AUSTRALASIA.

By "AUSTRALIAN."

The tariff has practically absorbed the attention of the whole community. In previous articles in this Review we dealt with the probable form of the tariff; and, except in the arrangement of the composite duties, we are scarcely surprised at the schedules put forward. A glance at the remarks in our May issue on this point will show that the prophecies then made have turned out remarkably correct. The inclinations of Ministers were well known. The cloak- ing utterances on the public platform have their uses, but the keen observer naturally could expect nothing but a strongly protectionist tariff from the present Ministry, however great the protestations to the opposite effect were. That the tariff is a stiff one we are quite prepared to admit, but that it is nothing like the Victorian tariff, as far as protection is concerned, is patent to the most casual observer. In almost all cases the rates of duties have been decreased, while new duties have been imposed on raw material. For instance, woollens now pay only 25 per cent. against 35 per cent., as formerly; while yarns (the raw material), formerly free, pay 15 per cent. The protection is decreased in one sweep from 35 to 10 per cent., unless the manufacturer extends his business, and makes his own yarns. Again, in the "white work" industries, cotton goods (forming the raw material of many lines) are now taxed from 10 to 15 per cent., though formerly free; while the duties on the finished lines are reduced to 15 and 20 per cent. In a number of other lines the same is noticeable. Hats are dealt with in a similar manner; boots and shoes also. And it is very evident throughout that the Government, while seeking to maintain a protective policy, has had to press heavily on many lines previously free, for revenue. The full effect of taxing raw material they have not recognised.

The New Duties.

Many of the new duties were not a surprise. In May last we showed that it was certain that the spirit duty would be increased to 14s. per gallon, with no allowance for underproof; that slight amendments would be made in other stimulants; that tobacco duties would be stiffened; that kerosene would be taxed; and that cotton goods, yarns, metals, lubricating oils, some silks, and many other lines then coming in free, would all be brought into the duty-paying list. We also stated then that duties ranging over 25 per cent., and up to 35 per cent., ad valorem would be reduced to 20 and 25 per cent.; that 20 and 25 per cent. duties would in all probability be retained; that 5 and 10 per cent. lines would be increased to 15 per cent.; and that the duties on provisions might be left unaltered. Special reference was also made to chemicals, including alkalis, it being pointed out that in most cases, unless a drag-net was put on, the importations of these lines were not sufficiently great to warrant a duty being imposed, the cost of collecting which would probably absorb all the receipts. Our prognostications have proved, in the main, correct.


The Government has decided to favour the local iron and steel industries, and provisionally proposes certain duties which, if brought into force, will materially assist the manufacture of metals here. The idea of these duties being "provisionally proposed" is, we consider, a wrong one. They lead to much uncertainty in trade, and the Government should either have im-

posed them at once or kept their intentions quiet until they were satisfied that such industries as they propose to assist could be carried on successfully in the States. Metal goods and machinery bear duties under the new tariff of fair extent. Some are protective, the majority revenue producing, and their incidence has disturbed trade for the time being.

Tobaccoes.

In the tobacco duties, the Government proposals are rather different to those expected. On plug tobaccoes, being in want of revenue, the increases may be fair, but we again see the enormous protection to local plug manufacturers continued almost in its entirety. Under the old tariff, the import duty on leaf tobacco for manufacture was 1s. per lb.; the excise on the finished article, 9d. per lb., total 1s. 9d., against 3s., the import duty on plug tobacco. The "protection" was thus 1s. 3d. per lb. Under the new tariff the excise duty is now 1s. per lb. and the import duty on leaf 1s. 6d. per lb., total 2s. 6d.; but the import duty on plug tobacco is raised to 3s. 6d., therefore the "protection" now stands at 1s., or only 3d. per lb. less than previously, while it is extended to the whole Commonwealth. Thus, for a market at least four times as

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large, the local tobacco companies have been asked to only sacrifice 3d. per lb. of their protection from which enormous profits have been made during late years. They could afford to pay more to the revenue.

Cigars are treated far less satisfactorily. The import duty on cigars is an abortion. Under the old tariff it was 6s. per lb.; it is now 5s. 6d. per lb. and 15 per cent. ad valorem. Enough bad cigars are imported, surely, without encouraging such a practice. The duty is nothing less than a tax on quality. Mr. Kingston evidently thought that the poor man should smoke a bad cigar—so he lets it in cheap. He denies him the opportunity of smoking a good imported cigar by raising the duty on it materially. On standard brands, such as Flor de Naves and Flor de Murias, it means an increase of about £2 per mille, and these cigars will probably both go off the 6d. retail list, if the duty be carried in its present form. Local cigar manufacturers come off very badly. They pay 1s. for their leaf and filters, against 9d. per lb. formerly, a rise of 3d., and they have now to pay 1s. 6d. per lb. excise against 9d. previously. They are therefore at a disadvantage of 1s. per lb. as compared with the old tariff, or over 13s. per mille on an ordinary weight cigar. Thus the excise duty on cigars manufactured here is raised by 13s. per mille, while the import duty on cheap Indian and Manila cigars, which are the chief competitors with the local article, is practically raised to only a very small degree. Many of the cigars mentioned, particularly the Indian, sell at 20s. per mille, free on board at port of shipment. Take them at even at twice this price in bond in Melbourne. They have to pay 5s. 6d. and 15 per cent.; they will have to pay 7s. 6d. fixed duty and 9s. ad valorem duty, total 80s. 6d., against 78s. under the old fixed tariff of 6s. per lb. The local manufacturer, however, has to pay over 13s. per 1,000 extra in increased duties on tobacco alone, apart from other considerations. The change is a pretty stiff one to the local makers, who have to meet the competition of cheap made foreign produce. In the cigarette duties, no consideration has been given to the local hand-makers. Their number is very considerable, but they are treated harshly, and the duties, as they at present stand, must be most satisfactory to the monopoly which employs machinery only, and turns out its article at practically a third less in labour alone than the hand-makers. It is really the death-blow to the hand-made cigarette industry in Victoria. The consumption of cigarettes annually in Australia exceeds 780,000,000. If these were all manufactured by hand, the total number of employees would be over 7,000; if by machine, the number is reduced to about 500. The duties now in force practically put a stop to the manufacture of hand-made cigarettes on a large scale.

Spirits.

In the spirit duties there is not much fault to find. The rise was inevitable, and is not cavilled at. Fourteen shillings per gallon, without allowance for under-proof, means a considerable increase in revenue, and the practical abolition of the case-trade as far as importers are concerned. Under the new duty, the spirits will be imported in bulk, the cases, bottles, envelopes, etc., all made here, and a vast amount of employment given to workers. The Government were evidently well advised on this subject.

The still-wine duty is 8s. in the bottle and 6s. in bulk, but we regret to see that a provision is inserted, "containing not more than 35 per cent. proof spirit." If a wine contain more than that percentage of proof spirit, the duty is 14s., the same as spirits. This is a change from the previous Victorian allowance, which was 40.6 degrees of proof spirit. Now, all sherries and ports have to be fortified up to 37, 38, or 39 degrees; in fact, in hot climates 42 is often touched, and this, in most countries, is regarded as the maximum. There would have been no objection to maintaining the Victorian standard of 40.6, but the reduction to 35 degrees practically kills the import trade in ports and

sherries. Even if the standard inserted be maintained, surely it is an oversight to charge champagne only 12s. per gallon—the drink of the rich and excited—and ports and sherries, mostly used for invalids, 14s. per gallon.

Sugar.

The sugar duties are interesting. Glucose has been advanced to 8s. per cwt., against 6s., because it interferes with the sale of sugar, and is used as a substitute. Complaints are being made by its users, but the increase is not sufficient, in the opinion of the writer, to force the discontinuance of its use in jams and confectionery. The addition of glucose has been held in Great Britain to be fraudulent, unless its proportion is stamped on tins or packages, and generally the public would have been rather glad to see a still further increase in the duty, which, compared with the first cost, is not so heavy on the percentage basis as 6s. per cwt. on imported cane sugar and 10s. per cwt. on beet.

The excise duty on cane sugar is to be £3 per ton, with a rebate to the producers of white labour equal to £2 per ton. Rather unfairly, and certainly illegally, the Commonwealth Government is charging the duty of £3 per ton on all sugar imported prior to the tariff into Melbourne bonds, notwithstanding their manufacture prior to the duty being imposed. They admit all other inter-State produce without any objection (after the first couple of days), but sugar they treat in what is certainly an illegal manner, and this will probably be the first Customs case to be tested in the Courts, though the matter could be settled by the department withdrawing from its untenable position.

Tea and Timber.

Tea is charged a "composite" duty of 2d. per lb. and 20 per cent. ad valorem. The individual who was responsible for this duty was undoubtedly as ignorant of the tea-trade as could possibly be. In two days three parts of the trade were laid up from exhaustion after their outcry against the impost, and, wiser counsels prevailing, the Customs have now gone so far as to state that where original invoices are not produced they will assess the value of the tea at 7d. per lb. This will make the new tariff work out at about 3.25d. per lb. A composite duty on tea is an impossibility. Tea is sold in bond, mostly by auction. The buyer has little idea of the cost of the tea; he values it at what it is worth to him, and on that basis buys. Often, tea is sold at 1d. per lb. and more under cost price through "going off" on the voyage down, or other defects; and the result would be, in cases like this, that the buyer would have no intimation prior to the sale of the duty he would have to pay. Again, the seller is the only person with original invoices; and the buyer, in the case of an ad valorem duty on tea, would be forced to obtain copies, which would thus disclose the profit or loss of the original importer—an effect of the new duty which the Customs certainly did not anticipate. In committee, it is probable the tea duty will be made a specific one, at the rate of 4d. per lb., against 3d. previously ruling.

The timber duties have caused much comment. Flooring, lining, and weather-boarding have been raised by 1s. 6d. to 3s. per 100 feet super. In a standard there are 2,000 feet super, and the total cost of this line now, i.e., Baltic ports, is about £7. Thus the new duty is equal to £3.25 on what costs £7, as against £1 10s. previously charged. The increase is ridiculous. We believe it is the outcome of the suggestion of the protectionist body to make it 4s. 6d. per 100 feet lineal. Could anything be more ridiculous? The rich man's house is brick and plaster, etc., on which the duties are few and light. The poor man's house is composed of oregon, flooring, lining, and weather-boarding, on which the duties are enormous. This is fish for one and flesh for another with a vengeance. The duty on white pine has caused consternation among box manufacturers, and, though an exemption is mentioned in the list, this does not fully apply to butter-box sizes.

What with the new duties and the Factories Act, the timber merchants and manufacturers have been in an unenviable position during the past few months.

On glassware and crockery the duties are on the poorer kinds, something too awful for words, running up to very high percentages, on an ad valorem basis. Take a cheap line of glass, costing 30 dols. per cask or package f.o.b. New York. The package measures 40 cubic feet, and the duty of 8d. per cubic foot and 15 per cent. ad valorem takes no less than £2 6s. 6d., or 39 per cent. A similar quantity of high-class glass comes in an exactly similar package, and the duty works out at only 22 per cent., or a difference against the common article of 17 per cent.! Crockery is treated in a similar way, much to the dissatisfaction of the public.

In the foregoing short description of the tariff we have pointed out the chief anomalies. The work of producing the tariff has been a very great one, and we think most reasonable-minded men expected a few mistakes. The number of the latter is greater than expected, and is evidently due to lack of knowledge of the various trades by the Ministers' advisers, and in addition, to the ignorance of commercial matters displayed by the legal members of the Cabinet. Still, now that the errors are pointed out, there should not be a moment's hesitation on the part of the House, when in committee, in making the necessary alterations. First and foremost, all composite duties should be immediately abolished. The people of Australia are bound by their Constitution to submit to heavy taxation for five years through the Customs House, and the bigger States will have to pay much more than necessary in normal years to allow Tasmania, Queensland, and Western Australia to get sufficient revenue to balance their accounts. The Budget speech of Sir George Turner showed that the Ministry expect in a normal year £8,962,000 from the tariff now imposed. The writer considers that if it came into force permanently the amount would be much nearer £10,000,000 than £9,000,000.

Australian Borrowing.

This heading can almost be kept in print from month to month. The freedom with which these States are borrowing is enough to strike terror into the heart of the economical members of the community, and cause grave fears for the future, even among the men in the street. The total public borrowings since the beginning of the year are over £15,000,000 sterling, of which £3,000,000 on behalf of Victoria was for conversion purposes, leaving the net increase in the Government and Corporation debt at over £12,500,000. In addition, the Victorian Government has announced its intention of issuing half a million locally at the close of the year, and the Commonwealth Government marks its first year of office by also raising a loan of £500,000, and will sell over the counter as well as at the Treasury another £500,000, in the form of inscribed stock, as the funds may be required. The increase in the debt of Australia for the past two years is over £4 per capita, and naturally the interest charge is also steadily mounting up. This interest charge, though indirectly collected, is becoming more perceptible year by year. Not until its true weight is discovered by the forbearing taxpayer will the present rotten system of public finance be discontinued. If the Governments of the States would give more attention to the position of the workman, and the effect of the taxation he has to bear, than in bringing forward "advanced" and restrictive legislation, their time would be better expended, and the public funds more closely guarded.

The practice of issuing loans at a discount is becoming more and more objectionable. The net return on the Victorian £3,000,000 loan, the New South Wales £4,000,000 issue, the Queensland £1,347,000 issue, the Tasmanian £450,000 issue and the Western Australian £1,500,000 issue shows that the States named bound themselves to repay on fixed dates £10,297,000, whereas the actual amount received was but little more than

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UNION INSURANCE SOCIETY OF CANTON LTD.

(MARINE).

ESTABLISHED 1835.

Subscribed Capital	\$2,500,000
Paid-up	\$500,000
Reserve Fund	\$1,425,000
Accumulated Funds	\$5,115,956
Including £235,189 Sterling, Invested in London and Melbourne.			

This Society offers special inducements and facilities for Marine Insurances, and has made a name for prompt and liberal settlements of all claims.

Bonus is paid annually out of profits to contributors of business, and for the last six years has averaged twenty-three per cent.

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£20,000,000, or a discount of about £1,200,000. In several instances it would have been far better for the States concerned to pay a higher rate of interest and issue the loan at par.

We note from London files that the underwriters of the New South Wales £4,000,000 issued, "not only made the handsome sum of £40,000 in commission, but had the first opportunity of knocking down the old stock, which stood at £98, thus making a further large profit." This may be a good thing for underwriters; we doubt if it is good for the credit of the State, and it certainly cannot be palatable to holders of old stock.

Banks.

THE ROYAL BANK OF AUSTRALIA.

Before referring to the balance-sheet of the Royal Bank, a word of congratulation on the adoption of an up-to-date system of informing shareholders and others of the Bank's terms may be given. Together with the balance-sheet, and report of the Bank, comes a short list of the terms for the Bank's business which directly brings their liberality before shareholders and others. The net profits during the half-year, together with £3,888 brought forward, amounted to £10,559, out of which a dividend at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum is paid, and £3,750 carried forward. Business has been well maintained during the year, and increases are shown under all headings. We append a comparison of the Bank's business during the last few years:—

	Sept., 1899.	Sept., 1900.	Sept., 1901.
Capital (paid)	£150,000	£150,000	£150,000
Reserve Fund	5,000	10,000	15,000
Notes and bills	47,040	25,410	45,451
Deposits	368,216	425,342	552,400
Liquid assets	114,167	185,028	241,300
Real estate (less deprec.) .	15,357	19,079	19,573
Advances, bills, etc. . . .	450,630	417,474	511,080
Gross profits	7,304	8,480	9,902
Net profits	4,024	5,883	6,702
Dividend per cent. . . .	3	4	5

The improvement is decidedly satisfactory.

THE COLONIAL BANK.

This institution is the third to completely repay its depositors of 1893. The whole of the £3,800,000 indebtedness has now been provided for, and the Bank starts on January 1 next with a clean sheet and an open road for ordinary shareholders to receive dividends. The capital is small and the business good. We congratulate the management on their success.

The Outlook for the Country.

An excellent rain has just fallen throughout Victoria, and the agricultural and pastoral position has thereby been much improved. At the moment, everything promises fairly well. True, the crops are backward in many centres, but the season is a late one, and with good weather over the next few weeks the yield should be fairly heavy. With regard to the other States, the position is scarcely so satisfactory. The agricultural areas of South Australia promise well, while the greater part of similar districts in New South Wales is in good fettle, but the back country is still poor, and wants much moisture to bring it back to anything like a habitable region. The rise in wool has been a distinct lift to pastoralists, and it is trusted that some similar movement will take place in wheat, and materially increase the returns of our hard-working agriculturists.

Insurance News and Notes.

The New South Wales Court of Marine Enquiry held an investigation at Sydney on the 20th and 27th ult., concerning the stranding of the steamer *Moonstone* at Ocean Island on July 27 last. G. O. Williams,

the master, stated that on the night of July 26 the steamer left the south end of the island, and steamed out to sea. He went to bed at 10 p.m., and coming on deck next morning at 3 a.m., saw the island about seven miles distant. The current was taking the vessel away from the island. He gave orders for the steamer to be kept to the west end of the island, and for himself to be called at 5 o'clock. At half-past four he felt the vessel bumping, and noticed the telegraph was half-spiced ahead. The chief officer was on deck. David James, the first officer, stated he took charge at 5 o'clock, and the vessel struck nineteen minutes later. When he came on deck he saw the island one and a half miles off. At 4.15 he heard the sound of breakers, and rang the telegraph full speed astern. The order was not obeyed. He rang twice again; on the last the vessel struck. A short time after he saw the chief engineer was under the influence of drink. In cross-examination he stated he had complained a number of times to the captain that one boiler was not sufficient to work the ship. The chief engineer denied that he had tasted liquor that night. The court held that both the captain and first mate were to blame, and suspended Captain Williams' certificate for twelve months, and that of the first mate for eighteen months. The court considered this case to be the worst that has ever come before it. Property to the value of £25,000 to £30,000 was thrown away, when the slightest care might have avoided the loss.

* * * * *

A public trial of a new fire extinguisher—the "Rex"—was given on the vacant land near Prince's Bridge, Melbourne, on the 24th ult. The apparatus is a simple one, and consists of a metal cylinder, fitted with a hose and nozzle. It is neatly filled with water, in which bicarbonate of soda has been dissolved, and then a few ounces of sulphuric acid are placed in a bottle, which fits into the cylinder. This bottle contains a metal ball, and is covered with a mica seal, and after the bottle has been inserted the cylinder is closed by a screw cap. To use the "Rex" the apparatus is merely turned upside down, the ball in the bottle breaks the mica seal, releasing the sulphuric acid, which, in combination with the water, forms the carbonic acid gas which extinguishes the fire. At the test, a large pile of light wood battens was soaked with kerosene, and set fire to. A strong wind was blowing, which made them blaze fiercely. The apparatus was set to work, and in a few minutes the fire was completely extinguished, leaving nothing but a charred mass. Superintendent Stein, of the Melbourne Metropolitan Fire Brigade, recently spoke of the advantages of chemical engines in fighting fire, and this one, on a small scale, seems to be a valuable success. Another trial, on a larger scale, would be interesting.

* * * * *

A curiosity in the way of a very old fire insurance policy was catalogued recently by a London curiosity dealer. It consisted of an original policy in the "Sun" office, dated 1716, by which that office insures the house of one Margaret Jolliffe, in New Sarum, in the County of Wilts, for any damage done by fire, up to the sum of £500, she paying two shillings for every three months her property remains insured. The policy, which is numbered 7,158, bears the seal of the office, the full Sun, and is signed by five of the officers, the Government stamp duty amounting to 3s. 10d. The size of document is only 13 in. by 8 in., and though taken out nearly two hundred years ago, it is as clean as when it left the hand of the clerk who filled in the document.

* * * * *

A recent interview with Superintendent Stein, of the Melbourne Metropolitan Fire Brigade, appearing in the "Argus" on Melbourne's danger from fire, elicited some information of much interest to insurance men. Mr. Stein expressed his approval of the advantages of chemical engines and water towers, but the present strength and financial resources of the

Brigade debarred them. He hoped, however, to induce the Board to procure some chemical engines next year, which would prove of much service where the water supply was poor. With an increase in the number of men of the Brigade, water towers would be invaluable in coping with fires in tall buildings. The towers were about seventy-five feet high, and with a Monitor nozzle could carry a stream to the height of 250 feet, one which would be quite out of control worked by hand. Comparing Australian and American fire brigades, he pointed out the immense superiority, both in numbers and equipment, of the latter, proportionate to the area controlled. Money was lavishly expended there, while here every item was criticised and reduced as far as possible. High buildings in the States, too, were compelled to have fixed water pipes, extending from basement to roof, and by attaching the engines, a much better supply could be got at any level than is possible anywhere in Melbourne. The necessity of a floating fire engine on the River, to protect the shipping, and large buildings round about the wharves, was also pointed out.

* * * * *

At the close of last month cable advice was received by Mr. T. B. Bell, manager of the Australian branch of the Atlas Assurance Co., from the general manager in London, that provisional agreements had been entered into for the amalgamation of the Phoenix Assurance Co. and the Atlas Assurance Co., under the name of the Phoenix and Atlas Fire Office Ltd. The general manager of the new company will be Mr. Samuel J. Pipkin, at present general manager and secretary of the Atlas, and the agencies of both companies will be maintained as at present. This is an important amalgamation, both offices being of long standing, both possessing an honourable record, and both being in a flourishing position. The fire premiums and losses paid for the year 1900 were as follows:—

	Premiums.	Losses.
Phoenix	£1,268,974 ..	£818,072
Atlas.. . . .	435,355 ..	259,345
Total	£1,704,329 ..	£1,077,417

On the basis of the 1900 figures, the combined net premium income places the amalgamated office in the second place in British fire insurance business. The funds of the companies are as follows:—

	Capital Paid up.	Reserves, etc.	Total.
Phoenix.. . . .	£268,880 ..	£1,246,111 ..	£1,514,991
Atlas.. . . .	144,000 ..	473,532 ..	617,532
Total	£412,880 ..	£1,719,643 ..	£2,132,523

The total of £2,132,523 is represented by investments in first-class securities. The manager for Victoria, of the Phoenix, is Mr Robert W. Martin.

* * * * *

News has been received that the steamer Papanui, which left Wellington, New Zealand, on August 1, with a cargo of frozen meat for London, and put into Vigo, Portugal, with the charcoal insulating apparatus in the hold on fire, has arrived at Plymouth. The captain reports that 38,000 carcasses of frozen mutton were thrown overboard at Vigo, and, in addition, the lower tiers of frozen rabbits in the No. 2 hold were damaged by water.

* * * * *

The June record of the New York Life Assurance Co. amounted to no less than 33,700,000 dollars of new business—the greatest ever received by the company for the same month.

* * * * *

The "Financial News," London, is responsible for the statement that a new departure in insurance—in fact, a revolution of old-time methods—has been inaugurated

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by a powerful concern, the Profits and Income Insurance Co. The capital is £100,000, and is engineered by four of the most successful men of the time—the managers of the Legal and General, Law Accident, Law Guarantee, and Licenses Insurance Corporation. Its business is explained by its title, i.e., to insure profits and income lost through fire. The axiom of fire insurance is that no profit of any kind must be included in a claim, and beneficial as the indemnity against loss of buildings, stock, and machinery by fire is to the policy-holders, in many cases he suffers a still greater loss by the stoppage of his business. In certain manufacturing risks, for example, the plant may be a complicated one, which can only be replaced after a number of months, during which the insured's business is at a standstill. Present orders cannot be executed, new orders cannot be taken, and many a firm finds itself ruined by the time the factory can be again got in running order. The new company agrees to pay the expenses and profits of the firm after a fire, for a certain period to be agreed upon (maximum period, twelve months), until the premises are rebuilt and the work can recommence. The books of the firm (or the income tax returns) show the profits made in previous years as a percentage to the gross sales; and the profit, after the fire, is continued on this basis. If business can partly be carried on, and thereby some profit made, the insurance company only pays the balance to make up a profit equal to that in past years. There are various other points in connection with the plan, but they are minor points, and this broadly describes the scheme. It is undoubtedly a necessary departure, and will be a great help to industry. The rate is cheap—being only one-half more per cent. than the rate charged for fire insurance of the property. Thus, if the rate for the latter be 5s. per cent., the rate for the insurance of the profits for one year is 7s. 6d. per cent. on the yearly amount of the profit, and on the score of cost no difficulty could possibly be urged against it.

* * * * *

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States has advanced its limit on a single life from 200,000 dollars to 250,000. The New York Life is restricted to 200,000, while the Mutual of New York has no fixed limit.

An account of the Ruskin Memorial Cross at Conington is given with photographs in the September "Sunday Magazine."

The shrinkage of the world and the next-door-neighbourhood of all the peoples are illustrated in Major Maunsell's paper in the "Geographical Journal" for August. He mentions a place named Jelu, in Central Kurdistan, where people talking a little English were easy to find, but where he found also a man who had been through the recent Spanish War as an American sailor, and had just returned to tend his home farm, an old man who knew London well, and a man who had just come back from a successful tour of Brazil and was starting for Lisbon to claim a bequest from a fellow-merchant. "This," says the major, "gives a good idea of the extraordinary way in which these people exploit the whole world in their tours."

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave £5,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 500 N, The Nicholson Institute, Longcott, Gunnersbury, London, W.

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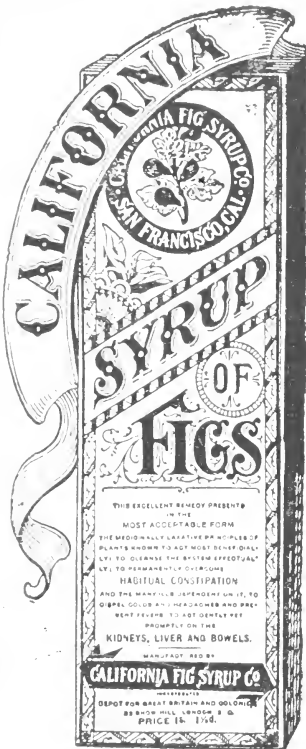
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DISPELLING COLDS AND HEADACHES,
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